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HUGH MILLER OF CROMARTY.*

For some ten or twelve years at least, the name of Hugh Miller has been known all over Scotland, and also in not a few circles out of it, as that of one of our most remarkable men. It was in 1840 that he came from his native district of Cromarty to settle in Edinburgh as the editor of a newspaper, then established to advocate, with a moderate amount of whiggism in general politics, the cause of the non-intrusion party in the Scottish Church. The fame that preceded him to Edinburgh on this occasion was that of a man who, having worked the greater part of his life as a common stone-mason in the north of Scotland, had in that capacity exhibited very unusual powers of mind, and, in particular, such unusual abilities as an English prose-writer, as to have attracted the notice not only of local critics, but also of men of eminent public station. Of his last and best known production—a pamphlet on the non-intrusion question—no less a person than Mr. Gladstone had said, that it

showed a mastery of pure, elegant, and masculine English, such as even a trained Oxford scholar might have envied. Apart from Mr. Gladstone's opinion, Scottish readers of the pamphlet were able to see that its author had beaten college-bred clergymen and lawyers in his own country, as a popular writer and reasoner on the national question of the day. It was, therefore, with a ready-made reputation as a self-educated prodigy from Cromarty, that Mr. Miller settled in Edinburgh as editor of the *Witness*. He was then thirty-seven years of age. During the fourteen years which have elapsed since then, he has largely increased his reputation, and, at the same time, considerably modified its character. As a Scottish journalist his place has been one of the highest, and his method almost unique. Without that sharp immediate decisiveness which enables some of the best of his brother-editors to write currently and well on topics as they momentarily occur, he has exercised a weighty influence, by sending forth a series of leading articles remarkable for their deliberate thought, their elevated moral tone, their strong Presbyterian feeling, and their high literary finish. These essays, as they may

* *My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education.* By HUGH MILLER, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," &c. &c. Edinburgh, Johnstone and Hunter, 1854.

be called, have been of very various kinds,—some of them little disquisitions on points of passing interest; others sketches of contemporary men and events; others humorous and satirical; and others in a highly poetical and imaginative vein. All of them, however, bearing the stamp of a massive individuality, and received with an amount of attention not usually accorded to newspaper articles, have contributed powerfully to the formation of Scottish public opinion during the period over which they extend; while, on some questions—as, for example, on Scottish banking, and on national education—Mr. Miller has stood forward manfully, and with all the energy of a leader, on ground of his own. All this, in spite of the necessary disadvantage attending a position where conflict both with individuals and with parties has been unavoidable, has rendered Mr. Miller a far more influential man than when he first came from Cromarty. But this is not all. During the fourteen years of his editorship, Mr. Miller has made various appearances in other walks than that of the journalist. Before his editorship, and while yet a comparatively unknown man, he had published one or two volumes, both of prose and verse, showing imaginative powers of no common order,—particularly his “Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland;” and these, either reproduced by himself, or sought out by his admirers since he became better known, have helped to give a more full impression of the character of his mind. He has also found time to write one or two new works of a literary nature, exhibiting, on a tolerably large scale, his genius for description and narration, his fine reflective tendency, his cultivated acquaintance with the lives and works of the best English authors, and his shrewd relish for social humors. One of these works—an account of a vacation tour, entitled “First Impressions of England and its People”—has been of a kind to find numerous readers out of Scotland. That, however, which has done most to add to his eminence in Scotland, and to make his name known over a wider circle since he began to be conspicuous as a journalist, is the independent reputation which he has since then acquired by his services in one most important department of natural science,—that of practical and speculative Geology. At the very time, it seems, when his first local admirers about the Moray Firth were hailing in the Cromarty stone-mason a man likely to take a place in literature, and especially in the literature of Scottish legend,

as high as that won in the south country by the Ettrick Shepherd, the same man was in possession of another, and, in some respects, more substantial title to public regard, of a kind to which Hogg never had any pretensions. Led partly by circumstances, partly by inclination, he had, from his boyhood, been an industrious student in a science the principles of which he learned almost before he knew its name. On the beach and among the rocks of his native district, he had picked up fossils and other objects of natural history; and afterwards, in his various journeys as an operative in different parts of Scotland, he had so extended his observations, and so digested their results, with scanty help from reading, as to have become, while yet hardly aware of it, not only a self-taught geologist, but also a geologist capable of teaching others. He had broken in upon at least one geological field in which no one had preceded him, and had there made discoveries which only required to be known to insure him distinction in the scientific world. When he came to Edinburgh, therefore, it was with a collection of belemnites, fossil fishes, &c., and a collection of thoughts and speculations about them, which formed, in his own eyes, a more valuable capital than his merely literary antecedents. Nor was he mistaken. In the very first year of his editorship, bringing his literary powers to the aid of his geology, he published those papers, since known collectively under the title of “The Old Red Sandstone,” in which, while treating the general public to a series of lectures in the science more charming than any to be found elsewhere, he detailed the story of his own researches. The effect was immediate. Geologists like Murchison, Buckland, and Mantell in England, and Agassiz and Silliman in America, at once recognized Mr. Miller's discoveries as forming an important addition to the geology of the day, and hailed himself as a fellow-laborer in the literature of the science, from whose powers as a writer great things were to be expected. At the meeting of the British Association in 1840, Mr. Miller and his discoveries were the chief theme;—on that occasion, honest Scotch fossils, modestly picked up by him several years before in his native district, were promoted to their due Latin rank as the *Pterichthys Milleri*, and so qualified for the British Museum; and Murchison and Buckland spoke of his expositions as casting plain geologists like themselves into the shade, and making them ashamed of their meagre style. Since that time, accordingly, the editor of the *Wit-*

ness has held a place among the first living geologists, as well as among the best Scotch writers. In his scientific capacity he has not been idle. Among the many replies on the orthodox side called forth by the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," Mr. Miller's "Footprints of the Creator" has been esteemed one of the most solid and effective; and it is no secret that, in the intervals of his other labors, he is, piece by piece, achieving what he intends to be the great work of his life—a complete survey, practical and speculative, of the geology of Scotland.

From this retrospect of Mr. Miller's history during the last fourteen years, it is obvious that, if his admirers still persist, with a kind of fondness, in thinking of him as the Cromarty stone-mason, and if he himself continues to accept that designation, it is from a deeper reason than any cringing appeal *ad misericordiam*, or any desire to benefit too much by the plea of having pursued knowledge under difficulties. Mr. Miller is a man who can disdain any such appeal, who requires no such plea. A man who has grappled in hard fight with many a college-bred notability, and visibly thrown not a few he has grappled with on ground of their own choosing; a man who has taken rank among the eminent in at least one walk of natural science; a man whose writings are not mere exhibitions of rough natural genius, in which one has to overlook a grain of coarseness, but careful and beautiful performances, in which the most fastidious taste can find nothing inelegant; a man whose mastery of the English idiom is so perfect, that, but for an occasional *would* where an Englishman would say *should*, he might have been taught composition in an English grammar-school—such a man, so far as the critics are concerned, can afford to throw the Cromarty stone-mason overboard whenever he likes.

Indeed, the whole notion of being unusually charitable or unusually complimentary to what are called "self educated men," admits of question. This is the case now, at least; and especially as concerns Scotland. There has been far too much said of Burns's having been a ploughman, if any thing more is meant than simply to register the fact, and keep its pictorial significance. Burns had quite as good a school education, up to the point where school education is necessary to fit for the general competition of life, as most of those contemporary Scottish youths had, whom the mere accident of twenty or thirty

pounds more of family cash, with the paternal or maternal will to spend it in college fees, converted from farmer's sons like himself into parish clergymen, schoolmasters, medical men, and other functionaries of an upper grade. At this day, too, many Scottish mechanics, clerks, and grocers, have had just as good a school education as a considerable number of those who, in the English metropolis, edit newspapers, write books, or paint Academy pictures. There are at this moment not a few gentlemen of the press in London, whom no one dreams of calling uneducated, or who, at least, never took that view of the subject themselves, who yet know nothing of Latin, could not distinguish Greek from Gaelic, might suppose syllogistic to be a species of Swiss cheese, and would blunder fearfully if they had to talk of conic sections. After all, the faculty of plain reading and writing in one's own language is the grand separation between the educated and the non-educated. All besides—at least, since books were invented and increased—is very much a matter of taste, perseverance, and apprenticeship in one direction rather than in another. The fundamental accomplishment of reading, applied continuously in one direction, produces a Cambridge wrangler; applied in another, it turns out a lawyer; applied in many, it turns out a variously cultivated man. The best academic classes are but vestibules to the library of published literature,—in which vestibules students are detained that they may be instructed how to go farther; with the additional privilege of hearing one unpublished book deliberately read to them, whether they will or no, and of coming in living contact with the enthusiasm of its writer. To have been in those vestibules of literature is certainly an advantage; but a man may find his way into the library and make very good use of what is there, without having lingered in any of them. In short, whoever has received from schools such a training in reading and writing as to have made these arts a pleasant possession to him, may be regarded as having had, in the matter of literary education, all the essential outfit. The rest is in his own power.

All this, we say, Mr. Miller knows well; and if now, after fourteen years of celebrity as a journalist, a man of letters, and a geologist, he still reverts, in his intercourse with the public, to the circumstances of his former life, it is for a nobler reason than the desire of increased credit for himself. It is because, like Burns, he can regard the fact of having

been one of the millions who earn their bread by manual toil, as, in itself, something to be spoken of with manly pleasure. It is because, reverting in his own memory to his past life, and finding that nearly one-half the way through which that memory can travel, lies through scenes of hard work in quarries, and on roadside moors, and among headstones in Scottish churchyards, he feels that it would be a kind of untruth, if, appearing in the character of a descriptive writer at all, he were to refrain from drawing his facts largely and literally from that part of his experience. Lastly, it is because, having thoroughly discussed with himself that very question of the mutual relations of school-education and self-education upon which we have been touching, he has come to certain conclusions upon it, which, in sober earnest, he thinks the story of his own life as a Cromarty stonemason better fitted to illustrate than any thing else he knows.

As the title shows, it is this last reason, in particular, that has prompted Mr. Miller's present book, or, at least, that has been kept in view in its composition. Under the title of "My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of my Education," the book is really an autobiography. Written by Mr. Miller in his fifty-second year, it is an account of his whole life anterior to the period when public reputation evoked him from obscurity; that is, it closes with his thirty-eighth year, when he left Cromarty for Edinburgh. Mr. Miller had previously published occasional fragments from his autobiography; and, indeed, as has been stated, an autobiographic vein runs through most of his writings, even those which are geological; but here, for the first time, we have a large portion of his autobiography complete. It is, as all would anticipate, no ordinary book. Written with all Mr. Miller's skill and power, and exhibiting all his characteristic excellences, it is about as interesting a piece of reading as exists in the whole range of English biographical literature. Its healthiness, its picturesqueness, its blending of the solid and suggestive in the way of thought with all that is charming and impressive in description and narrative, make it a book for all readers. It is calculated to please the old as well as the young, and be no less popular in England than in Scotland. But though thus sure to attract generally as a work of fine literary execution, and as the autobiography of a remarkable man, it is still an autobiography written with a special purpose. It is less an account of Mr. Miller's whole life, than an

account of what he considers the process of his education. Proceeding on the idea, which he may well assume, that the last fourteen years of his life are regarded as a *result*, the steps towards the attainment of which cannot fail to be interesting to many, and especially to working-men, he undertakes to show honestly what these steps were. The very ambiguity of the title, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," has its effect in relation to the writer's purpose. Reading such a title before seeing the book itself, one might expect a series of sketches of north country pedagogues, somewhat after the manner of Wilkie's paintings. Catching the reader in this trap, Mr. Miller gains his first point. "Yes," he as much as says, addressing more particularly working-men, *"there is the mistake. The word 'schools' cannot be mentioned without calling up the idea of certain buildings where youths of different ages sit on forms to be taught; the word 'schoolmasters,' without calling up the idea of certain men in desks teaching in those buildings. This is a mistake, of which the story of my life is calculated, I think, to disabuse you. I have been at schools, but the best of them have not exactly been these; I have had my schoolmasters—good schoolmasters, too—but they have not been chiefly of that kind. My education has been mainly of a kind from which no one is debarred; and, as it may interest you to know what it has been, and where it is to be had, I propose to give an account of it."*

Hugh Miller was born in Cromarty in the year 1802. Such is the first fact; and there is something bearing on the result even here, if we knew how to bring it out. The year 1802 can never come back again; neither can every working-man be born in Cromarty. To be a Scotchman of the east coast,—to be one of that half Scandinavian population which inhabits the Scottish shores of the German Ocean from Fife to Caithness, and so to have the chance of a bigger head and a more massive build than fall to the lot of average mortals, or even of average Britons, is, as some believe, itself a privilege of nature. Most eminent Scotchmen, say some, have come from the east coast, or from certain districts of the Border. The "some" who say this are, we fear, east coast people themselves, which may mar their testimony. It is, at all events, a fact for their budget, that Hugh Miller is an east coast man. What special type of the general east coast character belongs to Cromarty, or wherein a Cromarty man should differ from a Fife man,

or an Aberdeen man, are points of local ethnography which we are not qualified to discuss; though we believe there are notions even on these points. The traditions of Cromarty, as a fishing and trading-town, go as far back as the Macbeth days; and any time within this century, we suppose, it has contained as many as two thousand inhabitants. It has produced, we have no doubt, many a stalwart fellow in its day; but Hugh Miller, we believe, is the first man of *literary* eminence to whom it can lay claim. Considering how slow the turn comes round for the appearance of a Scottish product of this kind out of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and one or two other favored spots, both the town and the shire of Cromarty may think they have had good fortune. How far the Cromarty characteristics, supposing them ascertained, are represented in Hugh Miller, how far he has brought the Cromarty genius into literature, it is for his fellow-townsmen, and not for us, to decide. Some *physical* traits, at least, which we suppose the Cromarty men share with their brethren of the east coast generally, he does seem to possess in a very pronounced manner. From direct indications in his books we gather that he is, as Burns was, a man of unusual personal strength. He speaks of "raising breast-high the great lifting-stone of the Dropping Cave," near Cromarty—a feat which those who have seen the stone will be able to appreciate better than we can; and he speaks also of being able, as a mason, to raise weights single-handed which usually required two men. We gather also that phrenologists may place him among their large-brained men,—his hat, on one occasion during his tour in England, almost extinguishing a venturesome Englishman whom he inveigled into an exchange of head-coverings as they were walking together on a dusty road. In fact, not to beat about the bush, we have seen him, and can speak from personal observation on these points. He is a massive, rough-hewn, broad-chested man, upwards of five feet ten inches high,—somewhat taller, therefore, than Burns was; from whom he also differs in being of the fair, whereas Burns was of the swarthy or black type. His head would be a large one in any Scottish parish,—not reaching the dimensions of that of Chalmers; but larger considerably than that of Burns.*

* Mr. Miller himself, though not an implicit phrenologist, is a great observer of heads. When visiting Stratford-on-Avon, he was particularly struck with the bust of Shakespeare in the church, thinking it, as we do, far likelier to be the true

In short, if Mr. Miller is an average specimen of a Cromarty man, the men of Cromarty must be a rather formidable race.

Mr. Miller, however, is not only a Cromarty man; he is the descendant of a long line of Cromarty's most characteristic natives,—her sailors. As far back as the times of Sir Andrew Wood and the bold Bartons, his ancestors had coasted along the Scottish shores; and during the generation or two immediately preceding his birth, hardly a man of them but died a sailor's death. His father, following the family career, had, after a hard and manly sea-faring life, become master of a vessel of his own, when in the mature prime of his age the family fate overtook him. He was lost with his vessel in a storm off the Scottish coast, when his son was five years old. We know of no tribute of filial affection finer than that paid in the beginning of Mr. Miller's Autobiography to the memory of this father, whom he is just old enough to recollect. One sees him as he was, a noble, genuine man, in sailor's garb, "one of the best sailors that ever sailed the Moray Firth;" one sees yet his sloop, just as it was nearly fifty years ago, with her two slim stripes of white on her sides, and her two square top-sails; and it is with a feeling almost of supernatural awe, as at a death of yesterday, that one follows the fatal sloop from her last harborage in the port of Peterhead, out into that storm of November, 1807, in which she foundered. On the very evening when, so far as could afterwards be ascertained, Miller of Cromarty was lost, a strange thing happened in the long low house which he inhabited in Cromarty. A letter from him, written at Peterhead, had just arrived; there were no forebodings of harm, and his wife and child were sitting by the fire, the only person present besides being the servant-girl. Here we quote from the Autobiography:

My mother was sitting beside the household fire, plying the cheerful needle, when the house door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and I was despatched from her side to shut it. What follows must be regarded as simply the re-

Shakespeare than the idealized portraits of the artist. Speaking of that bust he says, "The head, a powerful mass of brain, would require all Dr. Chalmers's hat; the forehead is as broad as that of the Doctor, considerably taller, and of more general capacity." In this we believe he is wrong. Whatever Shakespeare's head may have been, the head in that bust is not above average English size; and Mr. Miller's own hat would be much too large for it. The professed plaster casts of the bust are too massive.

collection, though a vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw any thing, a dis severed hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother, going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it.

This passage, here detached, takes, whether intentionally or not on Mr. Miller's part, a kind of ghastly connection, in the text, with the story of a previous shipwreck which happened to his father on a homeward voyage from the same port of Peterhead, almost exactly ten years before; on which occasion, though the master and crew were saved, a woman and her child, who had been reluctantly taken aboard as passengers, were drowned and washed away. Besides this tinge of the supernatural mingling with the recollections of his father's death, there occurs one other incident in the record of the author's childhood, which, in these days of revived belief in such things, might be construed as indicating something unusual either in the "long low house," or in its boy-in-mate. The builder of the "long low house" was Mr. Miller's great-grandfather, an old sailor named John Feddes, who had made a little money as one of the last of the buccaneers in the Spanish main, and returned to Cromarty to enjoy it. This old patriarch had died considerably more than half a century before Mr. Miller's birth; but the tradition of him was still fresh in the house; and on one occasion his descendant had a sight of him.

One day, while playing all alone at the stair-foot,—for the inmates of the house had gone out,—something extraordinary caught my eye on the landing-place above; and, looking up, there stood John Feddes,—for I somehow instinctively divined that it was none other than he,—in the form of a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light-blue

great-coat. He seemed to be steadfastly regarding me with apparent complacency; but I was sadly frightened; and for years after, when passing through the dingy ill-lighted room out of which I inferred he had come, I used to feel not at all sure that I might not tilt against old John in the dark.

Let all this pass for what it is worth; the fact that Mr. Miller has in himself the blood of several generations of sailors and drowned men still remains. From his father he seems to have inherited his physical strength and various other characteristics; and among the most powerful of the influences that have affected him through life, he reckons the intense interest with which, during the whole period of his boyhood, he used to collect and brood over every thing pertaining to the story of his father's life. One of his first efforts in verse was to figure his father—

A patient, hardy man, of thoughtful brow;
Serene and warm of heart, and wisely brave,
And sagely skilled, when gurdy breezes blow,
To press through angry waves the adventurous
prow.

With the noble memory of such a father as the chief bond connecting his heart and imagination with the past, that memory leading back, in the same line, to other and still other sailor-ancestors, among whom John Feddes, the buccaneer, figured most conspicuously, our author could, in another line, fall back on other progenitors to whom his debt was hardly less. Ascending through five progenitors on the mother's side, and so reaching the days of Charles II. and the persecutions of the Covenanters, he could claim as his ancestor Mr. James M'Kenzie, the last curate of Nigg, a semi-Celtic parish in Ross, adjacent to Cromarty. This claim, indeed, might have amounted to little, so far as the curate himself was concerned, the utmost that could be said in his favor being that, though on the wrong side, he was a simple, easy man, who was content to be an Episcopalian himself, without seeking to persecute those who were not. A passage of one of his sermons had even been quoted in print to prove that the Episcopalian ministers of that day could talk as great nonsense as any attributed to the Presbyterians. Describing heaven to his parishioners, Mr. M'Kenzie had told them that there they would be in such a state that nothing could hurt them,—“a slash of a broadsword could not harm them; nay, a cannon-ball would play but *buff* upon them.” To have had among one's ancestors a man who had administered for a series of

years to the intellect of a whole parish, even in this style, was, after all, something. But if Mr. McKenzie was no oracle himself, he had a son-in-law who made up for his deficiencies. During his incumbency of Nigg his youngest daughter had married one of his parishioners, a wild young Highland farmer, of the clan Ross, called, from the color of his hair, Donald Roy, or Donald the Red. For a great part of his life Donald Roy was no better than his neighbors, except at club-playing, broadsword exercise, and other Highland sports. But about the time of the Revolution a great change came over him; religious convictions of a very different kind from those which had been the pulpit stock of his father-in-law, the curate, took possession of his wild Highland nature; and from that period to his death, at a very advanced age, Donald Roy was known all over Ross-shire as a man of the same stamp as those older Presbyterian worthies of the south, such as Welsh and Peden, in whom piety assumed a character verging on the superhuman. Anecdotes of Donald Roy and his second-sight still survive in various districts of Ross-shire, which, if transferred to Peden or Cargill, would be found quite in keeping with the strange stories which are told of their lives. All have heard of the story made famous in the annals of the Non-Intrusion controversy, how, when, more than a hundred years ago, in obedience to the orders of the moderate General Assembly of that time, the members of a Highland Presbytery were proceeding, in defiance of the wishes of the people, to settle an unpopular presentee in a parish, they were terrified by the appearance of a single venerable man who rose up in the empty church, as the representative of the absent parishioners, and protested against the deed, saying, that "if they settled a man on the walls of that kirk, the blood of the parish would be required at their hands." The parish was the parish of Nigg, in Ross-shire, and the protesting parishioner was Donald Roy. Of three granddaughters, whom he left orphans at his death, and all of whom remained true to the pious principles he had instilled into them, one married a tradesman in Cromarty, and one of her daughters became the second wife of the Cromarty shipmaster, and the mother of Hugh Miller. Thus, the fourth in descent in one line from old John Feddes, the Cromarty buccaneer, Mr. Miller is the fifth in descent, in another line, from old Donald Roy, the Ross-shire seer. Persons skilled in this species of investigation might make an ingenious

hypothesis, to the effect that when the little boy in the "long low house" saw his one ancestor, the buccaneer, looking down upon him complacently from the landing-place, it was because a portion of his other ancestor, the seer, looked out from his eyes. More prosaically, it results from this pedigree that Mr. Miller is not wholly Scandinavian and sea-faring by descent, but has some Highland blood in him.

After the death of his father, Mr. Miller, though still living with his mother in the "long low house," was chiefly under the care of two maternal uncles, who lived unmarried in the house of their parents. "Both of them," he says, "bore a marked individuality of character, and were much the reverse of commonplace or vulgar men." Their portraits are thus sketched:—

My elder uncle, James, added to a clear head and much native sagacity a singularly retentive memory and great thirst of information. He was a harness-maker, and wrought for the farmers of an extensive district of country; and as he never engaged either journeyman or apprentice, but executed all his work with his own hands, his hours of labor, save that he indulged in a brief pause as the twilight came on, and took a mile's walk or so, were usually protracted from six in the morning till ten at night. Such incessant occupation of course left him little time for reading, but he often found some one to read beside him during the day; and in the winter evenings his portable bench used to be brought from his shop at the other end of the dwelling into the family sitting-room, and placed beside the circle round the hearth, where his brother Alexander, my younger uncle, whose occupation left his evenings free, would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit,—placing himself always at the opposite side of the bench, so as to share in the light of the worker. Occasionally the family circle would be widened by the accession of from two to three intelligent neighbors, who would drop in to listen; and then the book, after a space, would be laid aside, in order that its contents might be discussed in conversation. In the summer months, uncle James always spent some time in the country in looking after and keeping in repair the harness of the farmers for whom he wrought; and during his journeys and twilight walks on these occasions there was not an old castle, or hill-fort, or ancient encampment, or antique ecclesiastical edifice, within twenty miles of the town, which he had not visited and examined over and over again. He was a keen local antiquary, knew a good deal about the architectural styles of the various ages, at a time when these subjects were little studied or known, and in long after they were traditional lore, picked up chie—. Even in such journeys, than any man I ever ly of local circum- once heard he never forgot, especially in youth, which he had acquired he co- pleasingly and succinctly, in a stories and associa-

collection, though a vivid one, of a boy who had completed his fifth year only a month before. Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw any thing, a discoloured hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother, going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it.

This passage, here detached, takes, whether intentionally or not on Mr. Miller's part, a kind of ghastly connection, in the text, with the story of a previous shipwreck which happened to his father on a homeward voyage from the same port of Peterhead, almost exactly ten years before; on which occasion, though the master and crew were saved, a woman and her child, who had been reluctantly taken aboard as passengers, were drowned and washed away. Besides this tinge of the supernatural mingling with the recollections of his father's death, there occurs one other incident in the record of the author's childhood, which, in these days of revived belief in such things, might be construed as indicating something unusual either in the "long low house," or in its boy-in-mate. The builder of the "long low house" was Mr. Miller's great-grandfather, an old sailor named John Feddes, who had made a little money as one of the last of the buccaneers in the Spanish main, and returned to Cromarty to enjoy it. This old patriarch had died considerably more than half a century before Mr. Miller's birth; but the tradition of him was still fresh in the house; and on one occasion his descendant had a sight of him.

One day, while playing all alone at the stair-foot,—for the inmates of the house had gone out,—something extraordinary caught my eye on the landing-place above; and, looking up, there stood John Feddes,—for I somehow instinctively divined that it was none other than he,—in the form of a large, tall, very old man, attired in a light-blue

great-coat. He seemed to be steadfastly regarding me with apparent complacency; but I was sadly frightened; and for years after, when passing through the dingy ill-lighted room out of which I inferred he had come, I used to feel not at all sure that I might not tilt against old John in the dark.

Let all this pass for what it is worth; the fact that Mr. Miller has in himself the blood of several generations of sailors and drowned men still remains. From his father he seems to have inherited his physical strength and various other characteristics; and among the most powerful of the influences that have affected him through life, he reckons the intense interest with which, during the whole period of his boyhood, he used to collect and brood over every thing pertaining to the story of his father's life. One of his first efforts in verse was to figure his father—

A patient, hardy man, of thoughtful brow;
Serene and warm of heart, and wisely brave,
And sagely skilled, when gully breezes blow,
To press through angry waves the adventurous
prow.

With the noble memory of such a father as the chief bond connecting his heart and imagination with the past, that memory leading back, in the same line, to other and still other sailor-ancestors, among whom John Feddes, the buccaneer, figured most conspicuously, our author could, in another line, fall back on other progenitors to whom his debt was hardly less. Ascending through five progenitors on the mother's side, and so reaching the days of Charles II. and the persecutions of the Covenanters, he could claim as his ancestor Mr. James M'Kenzie, the last curate of Nigg, a semi-Celtic parish in Ross, adjacent to Cromarty. This claim, indeed, might have amounted to little, so far as the curate himself was concerned, the utmost that could be said in his favor being that, though on the wrong side, he was a simple, easy man, who was content to be an Episcopalian himself, without seeking to persecute those who were not. A passage of one of his sermons had even been quoted in print to prove that the Episcopalian ministers of that day could talk as great nonsense as any attributed to the Presbyterians. Describing heaven to his parishioners, Mr. M'Kenzie had told them that there they would be in such a state that nothing could hurt them,—“a slash of a broadsword could not harm them; nay, a cannon-ball would play but *buff* upon them.” To have had among one's ancestors a man who had administered for a series of

years to the intellect of a whole parish, even in this style, was, after all, something. But if Mr. M'Kenzie was no oracle himself, he had a son-in-law who made up for his deficiencies. During his incumbency of Nigg his youngest daughter had married one of his parishioners, a wild young Highland farmer, of the clan Ross, called, from the color of his hair, Donald Roy, or Donald the Red. For a great part of his life Donald Roy was no better than his neighbors, except at club-playing, broadsword exercise, and other Highland sports. But about the time of the Revolution a great change came over him; religious convictions of a very different kind from those which had been the pulpit stock of his father-in-law, the curate, took possession of his wild Highland nature; and from that period to his death, at a very advanced age, Donald Roy was known all over Ross-shire as a man of the same stamp as those older Presbyterian worthies of the south, such as Welsh and Peden, in whom piety assumed a character verging on the superhuman. Anecdotes of Donald Roy and his second-sight still survive in various districts of Ross-shire, which, if transferred to Peden or Cargill, would be found quite in keeping with the strange stories which are told of their lives. All have heard of the story made famous in the annals of the Non-Intrusion controversy, how, when, more than a hundred years ago, in obedience to the orders of the moderate General Assembly of that time, the members of a Highland Presbytery were proceeding, in defiance of the wishes of the people, to settle an unpopular presentee in a parish, they were terrified by the appearance of a single venerable man who rose up in the empty church, as the representative of the absent parishioners, and protested against the deed, saying, that "if they settled a man on the walls of that kirk, the blood of the parish would be required at their hands." The parish was the parish of Nigg, in Ross-shire, and the protesting parishioner was Donald Roy. Of three granddaughters, whom he left orphans at his death, and all of whom remained true to the pious principles he had instilled into them, one married a tradesman in Cromarty, and one of her daughters became the second wife of the Cromarty shipmaster, and the mother of Hugh Miller. Thus, the fourth in descent in one line from old John Feddes, the Cromarty buccaneer, Mr. Miller is the fifth in descent, in another line, from old Donald Roy, the Ross-shire seer. Persons skilled in this species of investigation might make an ingenious

hypothesis, to the effect that when the little boy in the "long low house" saw his one ancestor, the buccaneer, looking down upon him complacently from the landing-place, it was because a portion of his other ancestor, the seer, looked out from his eyes. More prosaically, it results from this pedigree that Mr. Miller is not wholly Scandinavian and sea-faring by descent, but has some Highland blood in him.

After the death of his father, Mr. Miller, though still living with his mother in the "long low house," was chiefly under the care of two maternal uncles, who lived unmarried in the house of their parents. "Both of them," he says, "bore a marked individuality of character, and were much the reverse of commonplace or vulgar men." Their portraits are thus sketched:—

My elder uncle, James, added to a clear head and much native sagacity a singularly retentive memory and great thirst of information. He was a harness-maker, and wrought for the farmers of an extensive district of country; and as he never engaged either journeyman or apprentice, but executed all his work with his own hands, his hours of labor, save that he indulged in a brief pause as the twilight came on, and took a mile's walk or so, were usually protracted from six in the morning till ten at night. Such incessant occupation of course left him little time for reading, but he often found some one to read beside him during the day; and in the winter evenings his portable bench used to be brought from his shop at the other end of the dwelling into the family sitting-room, and placed beside the circle round the hearth, where his brother Alexander, my younger uncle, whose occupation left his evenings free, would read aloud from some interesting volume for the general benefit,—placing himself always at the opposite side of the bench, so as to share in the light of the worker. Occasionally the family circle would be widened by the accession of from two to three intelligent neighbors, who would drop in to listen; and then the book, after a space, would be laid aside, in order that its contents might be discussed in conversation. In the summer months, uncle James always spent some time in the country in looking after and keeping in repair the harness of the farmers for whom he wrought; and during his journeys and twilight walks on these occasions there was not an old castle, or hill-fort, or ancient encampment, or antique ecclesiastical edifice, within twenty miles of the town, which he had not visited and examined over and over again. He was a keen local antiquary, knew a good deal about the architectural styles of the various ages, at a time when these subjects were little studied or known, and possessed more traditionary lore, picked up chiefly in his country journeys, than any man I ever knew. What he once heard he never forgot, and the knowledge which he had acquired he could communicate pleasingly and succinctly, in a style which, had

he been a writer of books, instead of merely a reader of them, would have had the merit of being clear and terse, and more laden with meaning than words. From his reputation for sagacity, his advice used to be much sought after by the neighbors in every little difficulty that came in their way; and the counsel given was always shrewd and honest. I never knew a man more entirely just in his dealings than uncle James, or who regarded every species of meanness with a more thorough contempt. . . . My uncle Alexander was of a different cast from his brother, both in intellect and temperament, but he was characterized by the same strict integrity; and his religious feelings, though quiet and unobtrusive, were perhaps more deep. James was somewhat of a humorist, and fond of a good joke. Alexander was grave and serious, and never, save on one solitary occasion, did I know him even attempt a jest. On hearing an intelligent but somewhat eccentric neighbor observe that "all flesh is grass," in a strictly physical sense, seeing that all the flesh of the herbivorous animals is elaborated from vegetation, and all the flesh of the carnivorous animals from that of the herbivorous ones, uncle Sandy remarked, that, knowing, as he did, the piscivorous habits of the Cromarty folk, he should surely make an exception in his generalization, by admitting that in at least one village "all flesh is fish." My uncle had acquired the trade of the cartwright, and was employed in a workshop in Glasgow at the time the first war of the French Revolution broke out, when, moved by some such spirit as possessed his uncle, [the adventures of this uncle are related in the narrative,] he entered the navy. And during the eventful period which intervened between the commencement of the war and the peace of 1802, there was little either suffered or achieved by his countrymen in which he had not a share. He sailed with Nelson; witnessed the mutiny at the Nore; fought under Admiral Duncan at Camperdown, and under Sir John Borlase Warren off Loch Swilly; assisted in capturing the *Généreux* and *Guillaume Tell*, two French ships of the line; was one of the seamen who, in the Egyptian expedition, were drafted out of Lord Keith's fleet to supply the lack of artillerymen in the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby; had a share in the dangers and glory of the landing in Egypt; and fought in the battle of the 13th March and in that which deprived our country of one her most popular generals. He served, too, at the siege of Alexandria; and then, as he succeeded in procuring his discharge during the short peace of 1802, he returned home with a small sum of hardly-earned prize-money, heartily sick of war and bloodshed. He had not his brother's fluency in speech, but his narratives of what he had seen were singularly truthful and graphic; and his descriptions of foreign plants and animals, and of the aspects of the different regions which he had visited, had all the careful minuteness of those of a Dampier. He had a decided turn for natural history. My collection contains a *murex*, not unfrequent in the Mediterranean, which he found time enough to transfer, during the heat of the

landing in Egypt, from the beach to his pocket; and the first ammonite I ever saw was a specimen, which I still retain, that he brought home with him from one of the liassic deposits of England.

From his mere infancy till the time of his manhood, these were the two men that had the greatest influence and the most direct authority over our author. From them he received his drilling in the Shorter Catechism, his first impressions of Scottish theology, and his insight into the true Presbyterian heart of his native land. From their conversations and counsels he acquired his first notions of the ways of the world, and of a man's duty in the world. One maxim of his uncle James, he says, he carried with him throughout his whole subsequent life as a working-man, and found it to answer admirably as a rule of practical ethics. It was the harness-maker's maxim that a man, in his business dealings with others, ought always, as a matter of principle, to give them, as he phrased it, "the cast of the baulk"—that is, ought always, in his calculations of what was due to himself for work done, to bring the account sensibly within the proper mark, so as to give the other party somewhat more than full measure. While the two uncles contributed about equally to the intellectual stock of their orphan-nephew, each, as was natural, contributed most largely in the direction of his own tastes. From his uncle James he derived in part, at least, his liking for traditional lore, Scottish antiquities, and social humors; from his uncle Alexander he received his first bent towards the study of natural history, and his first rudiments of instruction in that science.

Have we dwelt too long on these particulars of the ancestry and pedigree of the greatest Scotchman that has yet come from the shire of Cromarty? We do not think so. Allowing as much as any one chooses for the influence of natural affection coloring the writer's accounts of his relatives, it is clear that here was a stock out of which something good might well have been expected. Not in Collins's "Peerage" will there be found a pedigree truly nobler than that of Hugh Miller, now one of Scotland's most distinguished men, but who, save for certain so-called accidents, might have lived and died a Cromarty stone-mason. Such a pedigree is, indeed, a rich possession; and the man is little better than a liar who, having nothing of the kind himself, can pretend absolute indifference to the want. Burns, though he could write in jest,—

My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,

yet lost no opportunity of showing how proud he was of the character of his father. The pedigree of the Ayrshire ploughman, reaching as it did only to the poor Kincardineshire Burnesses of the previous generation, cultivating crofts of sour land in Glenbervie and about Dunottar Castle, and succeeding but ill in their speculations, is incomparably less intertwined with the picturesque, than that of the stone-mason of Cromarty. Burns's father, the upright farmer of the Carrick Border, pronounced by one who knew him "by far the best man he had ever seen," may be set off against the manly sailor of the Moray Firth, who was the father of Hugh Miller; but Burns could look back to no John Feddeses or Donald Roys, nor even round to such men of his own blood as the Cromarty harness-maker and his brother. And though there is no point on which Mr. Miller seems to be more strongly convinced than that virtues are not so hereditary as is generally supposed; though in the course of his writings he seems to be fond of quoting instances both of excellent parents having degenerate sons, and of noble characters springing from a corrupt lineage—yet, in his own case, one feels that the theory of transmission is powerfully supported. Here, indeed, many who read the book may well feel that they and the writer are not on the same terms to begin with. "This is a 'school,'" they may say, "which we at least can never enter. We have not the bone and muscle of stalwart progenitors to bear us up, nor the brain of east coast sailors in our heads, nor the blood of old Donald Roys and old John Feddeses flowing in our veins. No noble links connect us with the past; nor is it in *that* direction to which we can look for stimulus and inspiration. Not an uncle of ours was ever fit to give advice to anybody, or to take advice, poor man, when he got it himself; nor are we quite sure how either of our grandfathers would have behaved, if placed in too close neighborhood to a loaded cannon." All this may be said; and yet Mr. Miller is right. The first "school" at which every man ought to learn, and indeed does learn, is the school of his own kindred and ancestry. Every one may and does derive lessons from this school, though the lessons need not in all cases be the same. If one's grandfather was hanged, there is a lesson even in that, if one has the skill to learn it; and men do learn very variously. Besides, the probability is that, after

all, the heroic abounds in humble lineage to an extent not fully known. This is one of the lessons of the present book. By the power of one man possessed of the literary gift, we have brought before us in these pages a group of kinsmen living together some forty or fifty years ago in one small Scottish town of the east coast—sailors, harness-makers, and cartwrights; and the impression left is, that for the real purposes of outfit in life it was better then to be a Miller of Cromarty, residing as an orphan in an old house, than to have been born in a castle and had the blood of all the Plantagenets.

The next "school" in a man's life, after that of ancestry and kindred, is the school of what may be called *surrounding local circumstance*. In one sense, this is a school in which one learns continuously as long as one lives, and can exercise the five senses. In the more restricted sense, however, which we have in view at present, it is a school at which one is best educated during the early period of life. One of the finest arrangements of human society is that which relates every man in a peculiar and express manner to a particular district of the earth, which he is taught to regard as his "parish." For a man in early life to be shifted about from spot to spot, perhaps even for a man to be removed at all in early life from the spot to which birth and ties of family have attached him, may be regarded as a misfortune. Every man ought to be related more especially to one district which he can regard as his own, to which he can attach himself sentimentally, and with the whole aspect and circumstance of which he can, without unnecessary labor, make himself familiarly acquainted. One of the evils of very large towns is, that they wrong those who are born in them of much that is best in this species of schooling. To be a native of the London parish of Marylebone is little better, one would think, than having been born nowhere. Such, however, is the strength in human nature of that feeling which leads men to take a peculiar interest in whatever exists within a certain definite district of earth marked out for them by arrangement or tradition, that even the natives of London do manage to cultivate the parochial sentiment. Persons born and bred in Rotherhithe or Bermondsey acquire an affection for these districts of the metropolis, which they retain long after they have migrated into others. Even in such cases there is always plenty of local circumstance round which, more especially in youth, it is possible to twine memories and associa-

tions—certain dingy streets, for example; certain old houses and inns; certain patches of grass within railings; certain pretty cottages with very green gardens; certain churches, with oddly sounding bells on Sundays; nay, even certain very conspicuous chimneys, pumps, and lamp-posts. Even in London, surrounding local circumstance acts as a very powerful means of education—the difference, on a comparison with other places, consisting chiefly in the more artificial nature of the circumstance, and its infinitely closer texture. A Londoner may contract a genuine passion for brick and lime antiquities, and an exquisite sense of the socially characteristic by mere continued residence within the bounds of his own parish; but if he is to seek that higher education which it lies in contact with a sufficient amount of very miscellaneous circumstance to afford, he must transcend his parish, relate himself to the common life of the vast city as a whole, frequent the parks and other central places, shoot up and down the Thames, and occasionally stroll out into the fields and suburbs. In a city like Edinburgh, the entire miscellany of local educating circumstance, such as it is, (and no city is richer in this respect,) lies contained within a more convenient circle. There is the splendid natural ground-plan, over which the natives may walk till they know every foot of it, and are familiar enough with all its notable objects of physical interest—its natural fetiches, so to speak—to be able to sketch them from memory; there are its picturesque masses of building, old and new, with all their associations, artistic and historical; there is its moderate bustle of various life, which one may penetrate from end to end till every important physiognomy is known, and every social peculiarity thoroughly understood. In towns smaller than Edinburgh, again, there is, for this very reason, a somewhat different arrangement and proportion of the various kinds of educating circumstance. In lieu of Arthur Seat—the influence of which, as a great natural magnet affecting the organisms of the Edinburgh people as they walk beneath it, might be a subject for a prize essay—other hills, or, where hills are scarce, other objects of physical note, take a powerful effect on the local nerve; the quantity of artificial civic circumstance, whether in the shape of buildings or of social concourse, is diminished; and there is an increased amount, in compensation, of circumstance purely rural or agricultural. Again, coming down to the mere fishing-village, or, going beyond it even, to the solitude

of a tract of Peebles-shire sheep-walk with its scattered hamlets, here, though the kind and proportion of circumstance is again altered, there is still local circumstance enough to afford by itself a characteristic education for the natives. Let a villager of the Fifeshire coast live out his aged maturity in the American backwoods, or in the Indian jungle, the images most natural to his fancy will still be images of rocky shores and a bleak sea-board, and scaly fish-boats, and jetties thick with kelp and tangle. Let a native of the pastoral region of Peebles-shire become secretary to an embassy in Vienna, and attend balls and concerts in that luxurious capital; still all the images of this his later existence will be but as paintings over a former picture; and when memory washes out the palimpsests, there will reappear, vivid as ever, the original images of the brown hills with the circular steep pens visible on their sides, and the plaided shepherds descending far asunder, and the white line of stony road in the valley, and the patient man angling in the peaty trout-stream. So also with the Englishman born on his flat tract of fertile wheat land. In short, the greater part of the education which every man receives is this education of native local circumstance; and a systematic attention to the fact that there is such an education universally going on might do much to bring it to perfection. It ought to be a principle with all interested in education, that every boy ought to have, as part of his intellectual outfit, a tolerably complete acquaintance with the natural phenomena, the social processes and ongoings, and the legendary lore of at least his own parish or district. Healthy boys do attain a good deal of this for themselves; and this is the meaning of that perpetual locomotion and inquisitiveness of the boys about towns, leading them for ever down lanes, and on board ships, and through markets, and into the purlieus of tan-pits, and weaving-shops, and iron-foundries, and wherever else nobody wants them. When kindly educational theorists shall have duly systematized all this for the poor fellows, if such an event shall ever happen, they will be led through a regular course of parochial natural history, studies in the parochial arts and manufactures, inspection into what is parochially whimsical or morbid, and information respecting the parochial antiquities, traditions, and social arrangements. As it is, we see many of them by instinct, as it were, far more eager students in this school of the parish than they are in the parish-school. And, in point of fact, there have

been few eminent men, not of the purely speculative order of intellect, to whose genius the local circumstances around which they passed their lives will not be found to have imparted a characteristic quality and color. In many of Shakespeare's plays we trace the influence of circumstances peculiar or all but peculiar to woody Warwickshire; in all Charles Lamb's writings we seem to breathe the air of Cheapside; and in the very face and phraseology of Chalmers, we recognize an affinity with the village of Anstruther. About the most hideous fate, in the way of nativity, we could wish to our worst enemy, supposing we could stand in that relation to a merely prospective individual, would be that he should be born and bred in Wapping.

All this is appropriate in connection with Mr. Miller's book. It is not without a peculiar significance that even to this day, although for fourteen years he has been an inhabitant of Edinburgh, he is often spoken of and thought of as Hugh Miller of Cromarty. Not only is he a Cromarty man by birth and lineage; he is a Cromarty man in that higher sense to which we have been alluding—as having received a great part of his best education in what we may now be allowed to call the school of Cromarty scenery and Cromarty circumstance. Of the thirty-seven years of his life preceding his final removal to Edinburgh, not more than a few in all were spent out of Cromarty or its neighborhood; so that, of necessity, a large proportion of all that he has learnt, whether of nature or of men, by direct observation, has been drawn from this part of the general Scottish area. We have said that the case is similar with almost all men, and that in almost all distinguished men it will be found that the substratum of acquired fact and image upon which they have built the thoughts of their lives, has been constructed of firm local material. In Mr. Miller's case, however, this is visible in a more than ordinary degree. Few men seem to have so thoroughly exhausted, in the process of their education, all the circumstance of all kinds within the limits of their native district, capable of being in any way turned to account. About two-thirds of the present volume may be regarded as a continuous illustration of this remark. It is in the earlier part of the volume, however, containing the records of Mr. Miller's boyhood and youth, that one will be the most struck with his ardor as a student in this "school," from which he has learnt so much. We follow him there with all the more interest that his scholarship was in-

stinctive—that he had not yet learnt to know that what he was doing was scholastic at all. We see him ranging, as a boy, over every rood and acre of the surrounding district,—strolling along the beach, climbing the rocks, making bonfires in the caves, deviating into the morasses, pushing through the woods, swimming round ships in the harbor, and entering at his pleasure the shops of tradesmen and mechanics in the town. We see him becoming acquainted with specimens of almost all the types of Cromarty humanity, from boys of his own age upwards to more elderly personages both of staid and of eccentric character, some of whom he sketches from memory. How much knowledge relating to ways, things, and people, he thus picked up in the mere course of his spontaneous locomotion and research as a boy, will be best inferred from the volume itself.

Out of school, the range was wider and more exciting. There were the sports on the town-links, in which all the boys participated. There were excursions, in which our author led the way, and was followed but by a few more enterprising spirits, along the precipices on the coast. There was the sea, in all its aspects of storm and calm, with occasionally the variation of a ship in distress, or the dead body of a shipwrecked sailor cast up on the beach, to become the subject of mingled pity, disgust, and speculation. There were opportunities of going out to sea with the fishermen, and witnessing scenes of herring-fishing at night, with darkness and water all round, and torches gleaming from the boats. Nor was there wanting, in our author's case, such instruction and leading as might impart order and scientific direction to all this medley of sensations, objects, and incidents. His uncle Alexander, who was by far the most frequent of his grown-up companions out of doors, furnished him with what was in fact equivalent—though the lessons were not dignified with such a name—to a rudimentary course of expositions in the Natural History. He learnt himself to collect on the beach, and to distinguish from one another, the various individual minerals of the locality,—porphyries, granites, gneisses, quartz, clay-slates, mica-schists, &c.; and he could claim the credit of having discovered for himself, that Cromarty had one precious stone among her minerals,—the garnet. In the mineralogy, therefore, of his native district, and by consequence in the elements of its more obvious geology, he was practically self-taught at an early age; though, even here, uncle Sandy was his referee in cases of difficulty. Of the

botany of Cromarty he learnt a great deal in the same way, acquiring an extensive knowledge of the names and appearances of all the commoner local wild flowers, plants, and forest trees, as well as of the nature and grain of the different woods. It was in the meteorology, the hydrology, and the zoölogy of Cromarty, however,—if we may use such grand words, where uncle Sandy would doubtless have used their concrete equivalents,—that uncle Sandy was greatest. In walks with his nephew along the beach, he taught him much about the weather, much about the tides, and infinitely more about the shell-fish, the crabs, and other crustaceans, and the sea-fowl, with which the coast abounded; while, if, leaving the beach, they strolled into the woods, there was plenty to talk about in the birds, bees, wasps, spiders, and the like, which, though content to be parishioners of Cromarty, preferred being out of the aroma of the sea-weed. Meanwhile, within doors, uncle James was, in a similar manner, organizing and enlarging his nephew's observations and acquisitions in another direction. What uncle Sandy was to him in the natural history of Cromarty, or the little world of its natural physical circumstance,—its rocks, its clouds, its rains, its tides, its trees, its ferns, its shell-fish, and its insects,—uncle James was in the other and no less important department of its social and human history, or the whole little world of its humors and legendary circumstance. From him he acquired no small stock of local traditions, and sketches of past and present Cromarty life. Add to this, that an occasional trip carried him away out of Cromarty and its neighborhood altogether, into wider and stranger fields of observation. Of these trips he records, as of most interest, one or two into the highlands of Sutherlandshire, where, among cousins of the true Gaelic breed, he had glimpses not only of natural scenery, but also of customs, physiognomies, and modes of living and thinking, very different from those of his own Lowland and semi-Scandinavian home. Finally, and also properly belonging to this schooling of native and local circumstance, there were numerous direct living links, besides the well-stored memories of his uncle James and his grandfather, by which he could ascend into a world of past incidents, manners, and costumes, very different from that which he saw around him. He knew and talked with men who had fought at Culloden, and who could tell him, as no book could tell him, of the incidents of that day, and the scenes after the battle. He had seen one old lady who

had been carried, when a child, to witness the last witch-burning in the north of Scotland, and still remembered, with horrible distinctness, the sputtering of the charred flesh of the poor wrinkled victim, and the stench of the smoke as the wind blew it where she and her nurse were standing. And he had conversed with an aged woman, who had herself conversed with an aged man, who told her his own recollections of the Covenanting times, and especially of the great popular excitement caused by the death of Renwick in 1687.

Like Burns, Hugh Miller had a perfectly competent amount of good school-education. In his fifth or sixth year he went to a dame's school, where he learnt to read. Thence he was transferred to the grammar-school of Cromarty, where, with one hundred and twenty other boys, his coevals in the town and neighborhood, he went through the ordinary course of reading, writing, arithmetic, and whatever else was taught in parish schools in the north of Scotland. He even began Latin, with a view to college. Finally, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, as near as we can make out the date, he attended for some time a kind of private or subscription-school, set up in the town as a rival to the grammar-school. All this, we suppose, amounted to just as good a school education as was at that time to be had by any youth in Cromarty; and if Burns, remembering *his* school training, with its smattering of French and trigonometry, could say with literal truth, according to the standard of Ayrshire,

My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education O,

Hugh Miller, among his contemporaries of the north of Scotland, can say quite as much. The truth is, as we have already hinted, there is much misapprehension on this point, especially among Englishmen. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the state of things in Scotland, or, at least, in the north of Scotland, as regards the possibility of education for a poor man's son. Fifteen years ago, (and, we believe, still,) the very best classical school education that a boy could have in the chief city in the north of Scotland, was to be had for ten shillings and sixpence a quarter. Any boy, a native of that town, and living with his parents, could receive not only the best, but absolutely the most *dignified* school education that the town afforded, for precisely that sum; and it was not in the power of the wealthiest citizen to procure for his son

a better classical schooling than that sum purchased for the poorest. The sons of the richest and of some of the poorest men in the town passed equally through that school, and were taught Latin five hours a day all at the same rate of half a guinea a head quarterly. That was the grammar-school of a university town, and a kind of preparatory classical seminary, where boys of the town, or who were boarded in the town, were prepared for the university. To the same or to a neighboring university came youths who had received their preparatory training in the ordinary parish-schools scattered over the north of Scotland, the difference between the city grammar-school and these parochial schools being, that in the former the instruction was wholly in Latin, Greek, and their accompaniments, whereas, in the latter, Latin was taught only as something accessory, to the few who wanted it. Cromarty grammar-school, then, was the parochial school of a considerable town, where a boy could receive all the elements of an English education, and could also, if he chose to enter the Latin class, be fitted for college. Thus, in the matter of school education, Hugh Miller's position is exactly this, that he went, along with his co-evals, up very nearly to the last point that Cromarty means and appurtenances could carry him. To go farther would have involved leaving Cromarty and going, for five months every year, to King's College, Aberdeen, as the nearest university. About two or three per cent., at the utmost, of the Cromarty youths did so; and Hugh Miller was not one of these, though he was on the point of being one. Or, to represent the matter on a larger statistical scale, about six or seven hundred youths annually at that time in all Scotland were drafted into the universities; and Hugh Miller of Cromarty just stopped short of being one of the seven hundred of his year. This is a fair measure of his education in the scholastic and technical sense.

What pedagogy did for Hugh Miller, was to put him in possession of the franchise of books. At the dame's school, as he himself says, he thoroughly "mastered the grand acquirement of his life—the art of holding converse with books;" his subsequent schooling being little more than a continued exercise of this acquirement under superintendence. He became, as is invariably the case with such men in their boyhood, an insatiable and omnivorous reader. First, of course, came the Bible and the Shorter Catechism—the foundation of all, even if regarded only as so much literature. Then came a course

of congenial reading in "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," the "Yellow Dwarf," "Sinbad the Sailor," and other "immortal works" of that class. Moving on, our author attacked in succession "Pope's Odyssey and Iliad," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," the judgment chapter in Howie's "Scotch Worthies," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," "Ambrose on Angels," "Miracles of Nature and Art," the "Adventures of Philip Quarll," and a collection of "Voyages and Travels," including those of Cook, Byron, Anson, Drake, Dampier, Raleigh, and Captain Woods Rogers. All these were read, sometimes in odd volumes, before his eleventh year, by which time also he had dipped into "Flavel," Henry's "Commentary," the "Cloud of Witnesses," and other works of old Scottish theology. Then came Hamilton's version of Blind Harry's "Wallace," and with it the usual fit of enthusiastic Scotticism. Dryden's "Virgil" and other translations followed. The family stock of literature having been thus exhausted, neighbors and friends in Cromarty were laid under contribution, and especially one Francie, a retired clerk and supercargo, out of whose stock were obtained the "Nineteen Years' Travels of William Lithgow," the complete "British Essayists," from Addison to Mackenzie, Goldsmith's "Essays" and "Citizen of the World," a number of translations of "Voyages and Travels" from the French, translations from Klopstock, Lavater, and some other German writers, and a collection of the minor poems, &c., of the wits of Queen Anne. "Shakespeare" came in due time, and other books and medleys of which it is useless to take reckoning. We have only to fancy such a mass of miscellaneous pabulum as the above healthily digested, and to remember that the ingredients most likely to take a permanent effect on the constitution were the Voyages and Travels, Blind Harry, the Scottish Worthies, Pope, the British Essayists, and the Queen Anne wits, and we shall have an idea of what may have been the literary capacities and tastes of our author in his sixteenth or seventeenth year. That he should by this time have begun to venture on literary production for himself was a matter of course. At the grammar-school he had acquired a reputation among his class-fellows as a narrator of stories. In his letters to his schoolfellows he began to consider expression and style. Lastly, obeying the usual imitative instinct, he wrote verses. His last exploit as a schoolboy was to engage in a wrestling-match on the school-

floor with the master, and then, in revenge for having been thrown, to write a satire upon him. The piece, entitled "The Pedagogue," was much relished by those who were in the secret of the authorship, and was duly copied out and forwarded to its victim by the penny-post. It opens thus:

With solemn mien and pious air,
S—k—r attends each call of grace;
Loud eloquence bedecks his prayer,
And formal sanctity his face.
All good; but turn the other side
And see the smiling beau displayed—
The pompous strut, exalted air,
And all that marks the fop is there.

Our young Cromarty hero is evidently becoming formidable. If he can first nearly throw his schoolmaster in a wrestling-match, and then make him wince by the use of his pen, it is clear that the man is already stirring in him, and that it is time for him to be done with pedagogues. Accordingly, the foregoing lampoon was his farewell to school-life.

Doing our best to realize the exact state of the case, and expressing distinctly what, in the modesty of autobiography, can only indirectly appear, we can pronounce Hugh Miller to have been, at this period of his life, undoubtedly the foremost youth in the whole district of Cromarty—the strongest in body, the largest in brain; the most adventurous in pedestrian excursions; the best informed in local natural history, local legend, and local fact of all kinds; the most extensively read in books; the best writer of letters and verses; the most cultivated, in short, in every thing held in scholastic repute, except spelling, Latin, and English pronunciation. This, though we have to infer it, seems the literal truth. The only natural faculty in which, so far as we can gather, he was decidedly deficient, was that known as the musical ear. Nature, he says, in despite of unusually large phrenological indications, had entirely withheld from him this one of her gifts. His uncle Sandy, who was profound in psalmody, had, as he thought, once taught him to recognize the psalm-tune of St. George's; but even this supposed acquisition broke down the first time that another tune was sung in church, in which, as in St. George's, the last line of the stanza was repeated. If, however, even now, the real connection between the musical ear and the general intellect is an insoluble problem; if, even now, Hugh Miller's is another name to be added to those of Coleridge, Chalmers, Scott, Burns, and many more, all

proving that the technical ear for music is distinct even from so apparently similar a thing as the passion for rhythm, cadence, and rhetorical harmony—it is not likely that in Cromarty at that time the want was regarded as any thing very serious. At the outset of life, at least, the swarthy Ayrshire poet was no better endowed with the ear for music than his fair-haired admirer and fellow-countryman of the north,—Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert having been, according to the testimony of their schoolmaster, the least musically sensitive of all the lads in the parish. By perseverance on the violin, Burns partly overcame this defect in later life; but Mr. Miller, it seems, remains as he was. But whether he could distinguish St. George's from Peterborough or not, he was decidedly the ablest and most accomplished lad in all Cromarty and its neighborhood. *That was*, or ought to have been admitted; and it would have been but a very probable calculation, on the back of this, that he was also the ablest and most accomplished lad in all that region of the north of Scotland which Cromarty could survey. What was to be done with this youth, in whose subsequent career his native place and the whole north of Scotland might well feel interested?

No public meeting of the inhabitants of Cromarty was convened to decide this question. It was decided in a small committee, of which the youth himself, and his uncles, James and Sandy, were the principal members. Family circumstances and the custom of the place had limited the choice of courses to these two—a migration, after a little while of further preparation, to King's College, Aberdeen, there to study for one of the learned professions, and, most naturally, for the Scottish Church; or, immediate apprenticeship to some trade. There were serious discussions in the committee on the subject. Uncles James and Sandy were decidedly for college and a learned profession, towards which course their own scanty means were freely offered. The youth demurred. "I had no wish and no peculiar fitness," he says, "to be either lawyer or doctor; and as for the Church, that was too serious a direction to look in for one's bread, unless one could honestly regard one's self as *called* to the Church's proper work; and I could not." This argument was decisive; "better be any thing," said the uncles, "than an *uncalled* minister." Even then fifty pounds in hand might have arrested the decision; but, as it was, a trade was resolved upon. The husband of a maternal aunt was a stone-mason

in a small way of business, and to him Hugh Miller was apprenticed. An important fact, as it has turned out, in the history of the mason trade!

We cannot pretend to do any thing like justice to this new "school" into which our author thus entered in his seventeenth year, and in which he remained, with only a change from *form to form*, till his thirty-fourth. One thing is to be borne in mind: The scholar carried with him into the new school not only all his previous acquisitions, but also a firm resolution that the circumstances of his new position should not interfere with his efforts to add to them. "Daring to believe," he says, "that literature, and mayhap natural science, were, after all, my proper vocations, I resolved that much of my leisure time should be given to careful observation, and the study of our best English authors." Bearing this in mind; bearing in mind that our author, when he donned his apron and took the mallet in hand, carried with him into the trade a determinate character and bent, which its occupations could neither subdue nor satisfy, and to which he was resolved that they should even all minister, it will not be difficult to see, further, that there were precisely two ways in which his new mode of life could affect him. In the first place, as a philosophic friend of ours would say, it would affect himself *subjectively*, by gradually bringing him into that point of view from which the stone-mason, in particular, surveys nature and society,—it would gradually beget in him the stone-mason cast of thought. In the second place, it would affect him by introducing him to quite a new range of *objective* circumstances and particulars—the peculiar world, so to speak, of the Scottish stone-mason. To express the same thing otherwise, the man whose profession it is to handle a mallet and hew and set stones, learns to think in a certain corresponding manner, the peculiarities of which might be investigated; and he is also led into scenes and places where only men who handle mallets and hew and set stones habitually go. The two effects, it will be seen, are fundamentally one; but they are nevertheless distinguishable.

Subjected to all the influences of this mode of life, so well described by Miller, our author, first as a stripling apprentice among older masons, and then for some years as a full-grown journeyman, skilled in his craft, and earning its highest wages, willingly contracted his competent share of "the mason's" peculiarities. It is to be noted, however, that it was only during the first half of his

entire connection with the trade of a stone-mason that he was subjected to those more coarse and rough experiences of bothy-life and the like, which he has pictured in such a graphic manner. After having worked as a journeyman for some years, and having, during that time, had his due share of such hardships, he was able in part to release himself from them, and to support himself in a manner more agreeable to his tastes, and more conducive to his comfort, by exchanging the life of a journeyman operative, working, season after season, for different masters, and in company with other journeymen, for that of a jobbing-mason, undertaking such small private commissions in the way of his trade as he could himself execute within a moderate distance either of Cromarty or Inverness. Of this kind of work—and much of it consisted in the sculpturing and lettering of tomb-stones, stone dials, and the like,—he found quite enough to enable him during nine or ten years to earn a subsistence at least equal to that which he had before earned as a journeyman under contractors. Still, even during this improved period, his worldly condition was, in all respects, that of an operative mason. If he did not work, as one of a gang, in quarries or in sheds, near buildings in course of erection, and lodge in barracks and bothies with companions, his work was still hard manual labor in the open air in all weathers, and his domestic accommodations were the same as those of any plain, careful Scotch mechanic. Literally, therefore, and in the strictest sense, Hugh Miller's education during the greater part of his whole adult life was that of a common mason; and as truly as Thom or Tannahill can be regarded as representatives in literature of the peculiar style of mind brought on by the habits of their *trade*, may Hugh Miller be regarded as a literary representative of the habits brought on by *his*. And certainly, there is nothing in *him* of that morbid and acrid humor, that too keen and peevish state of nerve, which is apt, if his observations are correct, to characterize the genius of the sedentary operative. He thinks and writes muscularly, cheerfully and healthily, like a man whose work has been in the open air, and whose fare has been solid and farinaceous. He has carried something of the gait and massiveness of the stone-mason with him into literature. He even lays down his sentences slowly and deliberately, as if they were so many blocks to be set squarely in their proper places, plain and ornamented, just as

they come. A page of his writing in type presents to the accustomed eye a compact, and, as one might say, a well-built appearance. And the thought which is bedded in the type is always substantial, and, even where the form is most delicate and the color richest, of hard and firm material.

But, though taking on genially enough the impress and manner of his new mode of life, it was still as a man who had brought more into it than the desire to earn its wages and conform to its usages. In every company of workmen to which he belonged during his apprentice and journeyman days, his taste for reading alone must have marked him out as a man far out of the common way. Faithful to his resolution on entering the trade, he employed, from the very first moment, all the leisure which it left him in the work of earnest intellectual cultivation. In noisy bothies, on summer and autumn evenings, or at home during the winter, he continued uninterruptedly to read all kinds of books. It must have been during this, the most laborious period of his life, that he began to form that intimate and extensive acquaintance with the works of the English poets and prose writers, as well as with their lives, of which his writings give such ample proof. Of the English literature of the eighteenth century in particular, with its Swifts, its Addisons, its Popes, its Shensstones, its Goldsmiths, and its Cowpers, there was probably in all England itself no such assiduous student as this obscure Scottish operative of the years 1818-25, whose days were spent in quarries or under masons' sheds, and his evenings in wretched Highland bothies, or in scarcely superior hovels in Lowland villages. The old Scottish poets and prose-writers were also duly overtaken as occasion threw them in his way; and at this day we believe there is no Scotchman who could repeat so many passages of Barbour, Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, or Lyndsay by heart, or who could, out of his own stores, give so vivid a sketch, at bidding, of the past history and gossip of Scottish literature. To read Burns, Allan Ramsay, Byron, and the Waverley Novels, is by no means an unusual amount of literary achievement among Scottish working-men; but a course of such various and steady reading as that which our author went through would, even in these days of mechanics' institutions and local libraries, be an undertaking for a select few. Nor was it to the mere literature of fiction, history, poetry, legend, biography, and anecdote—the various field of

what might be called pleasant or amusing reading—that our author restricted himself. Something like justice was also done to the chief works of English and Scottish philosophical thought—more especially those of Locke, Kames, Hume, Reid, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and other metaphysicians of the eighteenth century. This, if we may judge from certain allusions, was rather a matter of conscience than of real liking; and probably the reader found more of genuine interest in the *biographies* of this class of British authors, the concrete facts of their lives, than in their speculations. The same, however, can hardly be said of such readings as he found opportunity for in one other field not properly included in pure literature—that of natural science. Here he ranged at large with a sense of real enjoyment; and though books in this department were not then so numerous as now, such as came in his way, from encyclopædias to manuals, must have been turned to very good profit. We are not sure even whether, leaving the walks of merely descriptive science, such as botany or zoölogy, our author did not also find time at this period to carry his school-mathematics a little farther by private studies in Euclid and other manuals, and to cultivate some acquaintance with the principles of the higher physical sciences, such as astronomy, mechanics, and chemistry. Possibly these higher exercises of self-education were reserved for the later period of his career as an operative, when his opportunities of leisure and quiet evening study were greater. This, at all events, we remark about his writings, that he never shrinks from an allusion requiring knowledge in these directions—be it to asymptote, equation, curve, parallax, atomic weight, or any thing else equally naughty to your spruce Cockney *littérateur*; and that his allusions of this kind are always perfectly accurate. When and where, too, did he get all that very good Latin for the names of his plants? Moreover, he speaks of making sketches, architectural drawings, and no end of other things; nor does it require his own statement to let us know that all this while he was writing verses, rhapsodies, reflections, and soliloquies of his own, which, if picked up among the moors or in some country churchyard, on their original dingy and well-economized paper, would have made a travelling Cambridge student wonder what uncaught Addison or Goldsmith was going loose in that hyperboreal region, falling short of stationery, and scattering his scraps to the winds.

The profession of a stone-mason, however, not only left our author time to prosecute for himself all that species of culture which could be acquired by reading and reflection; it opened up to him, also, a more direct and specific means of education, by moving him about from spot to spot, and introducing him to an ever-varying succession of new Scottish scenes and circumstances. His first scenes of labor, indeed, as an apprentice and a journeyman, were among the quarries and in the solitudes of his native region of the Moray Firth; but even there he broke in upon new ground, and became acquainted with spots with which he had not till then been familiar. His acquaintance with the Highlands, too, till then confined to Ross-shire and Sutherland, was gradually extended by journeys into totally new districts, with features peculiar to themselves. Many a spot of wild beauty, lying round the little circle of hewn and unhewn stones where he and his companions plied their midday labors, received his solitary evening visits, and breathed its quiet but everlasting influence into his trains of meditation. Even now, we suppose, he has but to shut his eyes, and a succession of these old local visions will come back—sweet inland glens created for nothing but the hush of the waterfall; clusters of hamlets, each under its patch of stars; remote village churchyards studded with their homely tombstones; rocky coves and promontories where memory still hears the sullen swinge of the sea. One journey in particular he refers to as of peculiar interest at the time—that which introduced him first to the scenery and circumstance of the western coasts of Scotland. He records at some length the novel impressions which this part of Scotland made upon him, coming upon it, as he did, fresh from the east coast, and with his mind full of east coast images. The very sea on the west coast was different; one could see the pebbles at the bottom through a far greater depth of water; and the fish and molluscs were not the same. All this, and hundreds of other facts of the kind, he noticed with the practised eye of a tourist and a naturalist; and all this he now accounts to have been no inefficient part of his schooling while a working-man. More important in many respects than his visit to the west coast, was his professional journey to the south, and his residence in the vicinity of Edinburgh during the entire season of 1824-25. The first visit to Edinburgh and its neighborhood is always an event of note

in the life of a Scottish provincial, and especially in that of a young native of the north of Scotland; and that in the case of Hugh Miller the migration was one of unusual consequence, appears from the large space assigned in the Autobiography to his reminiscences of the south country. It was immediately after this visit to the south that he abandoned the rougher life of a journeyman, and began that of a jobbing mason or stone-cutter,—finding sufficient employment in such private commissions as the neighborhood of Cromarty afforded, with occasional excursions into the adjacent counties of Ross, Elgin, and Inverness.

The whole of this education supplied to Mr. Miller between his seventeenth and his thirty-fourth year immediately out of the exercise of his trade, consisted, it will be seen, but in an extension and continuation of that "education of circumstance," of which his preceding life as a youth had afforded so conspicuous an example. The only difference was, that the school was wider. For "Cromarty scenery and circumstance," substitute "Scottish scenery and circumstance," still allowing the north of Scotland and its east coast to predominate, and the essential nature of the progress will be sufficiently indicated. Here, too, the former classification of the kinds of circumstance into the two main divisions of circumstance of the Uncle Sandy vein, and circumstance of the Uncle James vein, will still hold good. As, formerly, our author, combining in himself the tastes and predilections of the two uncles, had shown an equal aptitude for the natural history of Cromarty, and for the miscellaneous studies which it offered in the shape of legends, antiquities, social habits, and quaint individual physiognomies, so now, with his firmer powers of self-control, and his larger stock of principles and ideas, he still moved on, gathering facts from both worlds wherever he went. New minerals were picked up and polished, new arrangements of rock observed, new plants identified, new fishes and molluscs studied and dissected. What with such an increased store of materials personally collected, what with the higher scientific organization that could be given to them by hints caught from books or by original hypotheses and generalizations, Uncle Sandy and Cromarty were soon left far behind. Above all, in geology the progress was immense. Until the time of his becoming a mason, the geology of our author had amounted to little more than an empirical knowledge of the mineral charac-

ters of rocks. The wonders of the fossil world had hardly dawned upon his view. An occasional fact, such as the disinterring of the trunk of an antediluvian tree in a morass, had sufficed to bring the vision of a pre-adamite universe of organized life just within his range. But hardly had he been a few days at work in his first quarry when, attracted by the organisms in which, as it chanced, the locality was unusually rich, he began, almost instinctively, his course of geological researches. From place to place, wherever he went, from the shores of the Moray Firth to those of the Firth of Forth, the hammer was continually in his pocket, and his eye ever indefatigable in the search for fossils. The results, all the world knows. Not only did the stone-mason, blending what he saw with what he read, become a self-taught geologist, learned in all that contemporary science professed to know; not only did he add to the number of his private enjoyments that of being able to speculate as profoundly as some of the first intellects of the age on the great theme of our planet's primeval history; it fell to him also to make for himself the name of a discoverer, and to be the first to decipher in the volume of nature a passage till then unread. Hugh Miller and the Old Red Sandstone are names now indissolubly associated; and the connection was formed long before the world knew of it. Thus, at least, Uncle Sandy might have been more than satisfied with the fruits of his elementary teaching. But the vein of Uncle James was still as strongly marked in the genius of his pupil; and the claims of Scottish antiquities, legends, and social facts, were not sacrificed to those of Scottish geology. This, indeed, is Hugh Miller's peculiarity, that into whatever district he goes, the geology and the humanity of that district seem equally to attract him. There are, we doubt not, readers of his volumes who invariably skip the geological pages; and there may possibly be also—though this is not so likely—readers who skip the other pages to alight on these. Such a union of Uncle James and Uncle Sandy is very rare among our British authors. Scott, for example, was Uncle James all over. It was enough for him to have the living population, with its humors, its bustling life of joy and sorrow, its habitations and traditions, and a sufficient surface of Scottish scenery whereon to plant them. And this is what literature properly requires. Our author, however, begins deeper. He constructs the stony skeleton of a district,

carries it through the pre-adamite ages, and fossilizes for you all that has ever been in it, or on it, from its ferns to its saurians, before he considers it an available landscape, on which you and he can intelligently keep your footing. If he is discussing Argyllshire, his imagination ranges back through all those unknown and antecedent zoologies which have been swept from that region to fit it for the Campbells. But, once he has laid down his landscape, he is not like some of our geologists, who have no sympathy with what is on it. In his present volume, for example, there is hardly a single variety of Scottish concrete circumstance in which he does not seem at home. Wherever he goes, he visits old towers and forts, and collects local legends, Highland or Lowland, with all the zest of a patriot and an antiquary. He is no less delighted with the trace of a kelpie than he would be with that of a pterodactyl. With his pockets full of fossils, he would go miles to see a battle-field of Wallace; nor in any of his geological tours would he omit seeing a Covenanter's grave. Well also may he claim for his work that interest which arises from contemporaneous glimpses into the life of the Scottish people. Here we have a series of pictures of Scottish society, as various as they are authentic. East coast fishermen and sailors, Highland farmers, north country masons, south country masons, colliers of the Lothians, gipsy outlaws—all these types or varieties of Scottish life are sketched from actual knowledge, and with a range of background varying from the wild solitude of scene in Sutherland to the low squalor of a public-house in Edinburgh. There are incidental sketches also of outlying curiosities of Scottish humanity not exactly belonging to any class;—Highland maniacs, half-witted eccentrics in Lowland villages, and others besides. And lastly, there are portraits of striking individuals with whom the author came in contact—with some of them casually, with others more habitually and intimately. There is old John Fraser, the prince of north country masons, who could do with ease three times as much work as any other man; there is "Cha," the hero of the south country squad, and the type of a noble nature wrecked into a blackguard; there is William Ross, the house-painter, weak-bodied and diffident, but with the genius of a born poet and artist; there is Peter M'Craw, the tax-gatherer of Leith; there is the aristocratic-looking, silver-haired mason's laborer, the lineal descendant of the

Earls of Crawford, whom the Niddry masons used to salute with—"John, yerl o' Crawford, bring us anither hod o' lime;" and, as one reminiscence at least of a man known to fame, there is a glimpse of Dr. McCrie of Edinburgh, walking in the lane near Libberton, an erect, military-looking old gentleman, with his collar stained with powder and his hat turned up behind. From each and all of these men our author learned something; and each and all of them, accordingly, he ranks among his "schools." In fact, to whatever man, thing, or event taught him any thing, he wishes it to be understood that he applies this name.

It is not, however, merely as so many surrounding circumstances furnishing matter for observation and reflection that men are "schools" to each other. At all events, in early life this cannot be the case. In later life men do, to a great extent, exist independently of others, and regard others as merely so many *objects*—so much circumstance of costume, physiognomy, and character—more or less interesting. But in earlier life far closer educational relations are easily formed between man and man. One man becomes an educating power in the life of another, not merely by standing before him as an object to be gazed at, but by becoming, so to speak, a second subject, an additional self, through whose eyes also nature may be seen. This is the education of friendship. Our author, as much as any man, seems capable of living independently of aid from others, and of taking people as they occur to him simply as so much circumstance drifted into his net. But he also has learned not a little in the school of friendship. Of the individuals whose portraits he sketches, in addition to those of his relatives, several were men who not only interested him as objects, but had also a hold upon his affections, and thus contributed to his education in two ways at once. Even for "Cha," the blackguard-hero of the Edinburgh squad, there is evidence that his feeling was one of personal regard. But the friend, *par excellence*, of his life—the man with whom, of all those mentioned in the Autobiography, with the exception of his near kinsmen, his relations were most decisively of a sentimental character—was the house-painter, William Ross. This interesting person is thus described; the time to which the description more immediately refers being the first year of our author's apprenticeship as a mason:

During this winter I was much in the company of a young man about five years my senior, who

was of the true stuff of which friends are made, and to whom I became much attached. I had formed some acquaintance with him about five years before, on his coming to the place (Cromarty) from the neighboring parish of Nigg, to be apprenticed to a house-painter who lived a few doors from my mother's. But there was at first too great a disparity between us for friendship—he was a tall lad and I a wild boy; and, though occasionally admitted into his sanctum—a damp little room in an out-house, in which he slept, and in his leisure hours made water-color drawings and verses—it was but as an occasional visitor, who, having a rude taste for literature and the fine arts, was just worthy of being encouraged in this way. My year of toil, however, had wrought wonders for me: it had converted me into a sober young man; and William Ross now seemed to find scarce less pleasure in my company than I did in his. Poor William! his name must be wholly unfamiliar to the reader; and yet he had that in him which ought to have made it a known one. He was a lad of genius, drew truthfully, had a nice sense of the beautiful, and possessed the true poetic faculty; but he lacked health and spirits, and was naturally of a melancholy temperament, and diffident of himself. He was at this time a thin, pale lad, fair-haired, with a clear waxen complexion, flat chest, and stooping figure; and though he lasted considerably longer than could have been anticipated from his appearance, in seven years after, he was in the grave. He was unfortunate in his parents: his mother, though of a devout family of the old Scottish type, was an aberrant specimen;—she had fallen in early youth, and had subsequently married an ignorant, half-imbecile laborer, with whom she passed a life of poverty and unhappiness; and of this unpromising marriage William was the eldest child. It was certainly not from either parent he derived his genius. . . . His boyhood had been that of the poet; he had loved to indulge in day-dreams in the solitude of a deep wood beside his grandmother's cottage; and had learned to write verses and draw landscapes in a rural locality in which no one had ever written verses or drawn landscapes before. And finally, as, in the north of Scotland, in those primitive times, the nearest approach to an artist was a house-painter, William was despatched to Cromarty, when he had grown tall enough for the work, to cultivate his natural taste for the fine arts in papering rooms and lobbies, and in painting railings and wheelbarrows. . . . We used to beat over all manner of subjects together, especially poetry and the fine arts; and, though we often differed, our differences served only to knit us the more. He, for instance, deemed the "Minstrel" of Beattie the most perfect of English poems; but, though he liked Dryden's "Virgil" well enough, he could find no poetry whatever in the "Absalom and Ahiathophel" of Dryden; whereas I liked both the "Minstrel" and the "Ahiathophel," and, indeed, could hardly say, unlike as they were in complexion and character, which of the two I read oftener or admired most. Again, among prose writers, Addison was his especial favorite, and Swift he detested; whereas I liked Addison and Swift almost equally

well, and passed, without sense of incongruity, from the Vision of Mirza, or the paper on Westminster Abbey, to the true account of the death of Partridge, or the Tale of a Tub. If, however, he could wonder at the latitudinarian laxity of my taste, there was at least one special department in which I could marvel quite as much at the incomprehensible breadth of his. He was a born musician. When a little boy, he had constructed for himself a fife and clarionet of young shoots of elder, on which he succeeded in discoursing sweet music; and addressing himself at another and later period to both the principles and practice of the science, he became one of the best flute-players in the district. Notwithstanding my dulness of ear, I do cherish a pleasing recollection of the sweet sounds that used to issue from his little room in the outhouse, every milder evening, as I approached, and of the soothed and tranquil state in which I ever found him on those occasions, as I entered. I could not understand his music, but I saw that, mentally at least, though, I fear, not physically,—for the respiratory organs were weak,—it did him great good. . . . It was once said of Thomson, by one who was himself not at all morbidly poetic in his feelings, that "he could not have viewed two candles burning but with a poetical eye." It might at least be said of my friend, that he never saw a piece of fine or striking scenery without being deeply moved by it. I have seen him awed into deep solemnity, in our walks, by the rising moon, as it peered down upon us over the hill, red and broad, and cloud-encircled, through the interstices of some clump of dark firs; and have observed him become suddenly silent, as, emerging from the moonlight woods, we looked into a rugged dell, and saw, far beneath, the slim rippling streamlet gleaming in the light, like a narrow strip of the aurora borealis shot athwart a dark sky, when the steep rough sides of the ravine, on either hand, were enveloped in gloom. My friend's opportunities of general reading had not been equal to my own, but he was acquainted with at least one class of books of which I knew scarce any thing;—he had carefully studied Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty," Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," "Gesner's Letters," the "Lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds," and several other works of a similar kind; and in all the questions of criticism that related to external form, the effects of light and shade, and the influences of the meteoric media, I found him a high authority. He had a fine eye for detecting the peculiar features which gave individuality and character to a landscape,—those features, as he used to say, which the artist or poet should seize and render prominent, while, at the same time, lest they should be lost as in a mob, he softened down the others; and recognizing him as a master in this department of characteristic selection, I delighted to learn in his school,—by far the best of its kind I ever attended.

William Ross afterwards removed to Edinburgh, where our author found him, on his temporary visit there, working as a decorator, and as full of genius, but as desponding, as ever. "Ah! Miller," he used to say, "you

have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength: the world will never hear of me." Nor, but for this tribute of his surviving friend, should the world have heard of him. He died in Edinburgh, not long after Mr. Miller's return to Cromarty; and the news came at the very time when his friend had a heavier and nearer loss to grieve for in the death of his uncle James. Perhaps his case is not an uncommon one. For one Hugh Miller that has stamina to force his way, there are, not improbably, many William Rosses who die ere they can emerge from obscurity, or even attain a step towards the position they merit. Such men we have known ourselves.

As far as we can discern, none of all Hugh Miller's subsequent acquaintances succeeded to exactly that place in his regards which had been occupied by William Ross. To some of these acquaintances, however, he acknowledges debts of a very important kind. To one, in particular—an old school companion, with whom, after a long interruption, his intercourse was renewed, about the time of his return from Edinburgh to Cromarty—he assigns an influence over his thoughts of no ordinary nature. Whoever knows what Hugh Miller is, must be aware that if there is one part of his intellectual history, the omission of which in an account of his life would, more than any other omission, leave the man himself unexplained, it is that part where his personal relations to the faith and the theology of his native land would have to be considered. If Mr. Miller himself, however, has deemed it right to maintain a certain reserve on this point, it is not for others to discuss it more at large. It is enough to say that, in the few pages which he does devote to the topic, he represents himself as having been, up to the period of his return to his native place from his temporary residence in the south, in an uncertain condition as to religious belief—sufficiently decorous in his demeanor towards the Presbyterianism of Scotland, and feeling even a patriotic and hereditary respect for it, as became a descendant of Donald Roy, but personally at sea on the whole question, "now a believer and anon a sceptic," and "without any middle ground between the two extremes on which he could at once reason and believe." At this period, he says, and chiefly in consequence of theological conversations with his friend, now a minister of the Scottish Free Church, but then only a student of divinity, he began to find that rest which he had long wanted in the cardinal principles of Scottish evangelism. And the new im-

pulse thus given to his thoughts was powerfully assisted by his subsequent intercourse with the late Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Cromarty, a man who, though not widely known beyond his own parish till shortly before his death, was in reality, according to Mr. Miller's opinion, the most original mind in the Scottish pulpit of his generation, with the single exception of Chalmers.

From this period the plot of Mr. Miller's life rapidly thickens. Found out, as one may say, by the parish minister, and gradually by others, and still others, not only in Cromarty but in its neighborhood also, the stone-mason became a local celebrity. Geologists in other towns corresponded with him; editors of local newspapers solicited communications from him; he published a volume of verses, entitled, "*Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*;" the Cromarty ladies began to lionize him, and would walk up to where he was at work to have the pleasure of conversing with him; and, to add dignity to good-will, he was elected a town-councillor. In one respect, up to this time, he had been very obdurate. Though turned thirty, he still walked in bachelor meditation, fancy free. In due time, however, a conqueress appeared, and chains were wound round the Cromarty Hercules. We will not spoil this graceful episode in our author's life by attempting to narrate it. Suffice it to say, that walking by the side of a young, fair, and highly accomplished companion, between whom and himself it was well understood that they should so walk together during their whole lives, the Hercules came very soon to the conclusion that, in that case, it would not do to remain a stone-mason. What else to become, however, was not so easy a question. The editor-

ship of a country newspaper offered, in some respects, not unsuitable prospects; but to write savage local politics was not an occupation that one could conscientiously, in most cases, undertake. For several years no progress was made, and the idea of an emigration to the American backwoods became more and more familiar both to Hercules and the lady, as the only likely solution of the problem how to make their marriage possible. In the end their patience was rewarded. A branch bank was opened at Cromarty, and the agent, a respectable gentleman in the town, was left to nominate his own assistant. He offered the post to Mr. Miller, who at once accepted it; and after a short visit to Linlithgow, for the purpose of learning the nature of his future business in a branch bank there, he returned to Cromarty, no longer an operative, but an accountant. In this situation he remained one or two years, during which the marriage took place. During this time, also, his "*Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*" first saw the light, and he began to contribute with some regularity to various Scottish periodicals. The Non-Intrusion controversy was then just rising to its height, and, at the critical moment following the adverse decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, Mr. Miller, whose feelings had been gradually but strongly engaged on the side of the Church, published his celebrated "Letter to Lord Brougham." At that moment the Non-Intrusionists of the south were in quest of a suitable man to be the editor of their projected newspaper. Dr. Candlish pointed out the author of the popular pamphlet as the very man of all others to fill this post; and in 1840 Hugh Miller of Cromarty removed to Edinburgh.

From the Eclectic Review

ERASMUS.*

ON one of the bridges of the numberless canals of Rotterdam, in the centre of the city, stands a bronze statue ten feet high, of an ecclesiastic, with a soft and somewhat sickly intellectual expression, diligently reading a book which he holds in his right hand; and hard by is a mean-looking house with the inscription:—"Hæc est parva domus, magnus quæ natus Erasmus"—(this is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born.) This bronze statue was preceded by one of stone, and that by a wooden image, erected ten years after the death of Erasmus: the stone statue was substituted eight years later. In 1592, the Spaniards threw it in the Meuse, and thirty years elapsed before its place was occupied by the existing monument, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Henry de Keiser. The admirers of Erasmus have said that, in this respect, he resembled the divinities of ancient Rome, who were honored with images of clay before golden temples were erected to them. In 1652, this famous bronze was pulled down by the insurgents, who looked on it as having some connection with Popery, and had well-nigh destroyed it. The magistrates of Basel commissioned a merchant of their city, at

that time in Rotterdam, to buy the statue; but the authorities at Rotterdam having persuaded the people that Erasmus, though a cleric, was neither a saint nor a sayer of masses, and that his statue required neither adorations nor prayers, it was determined that it should not be sold, but replaced upon its pedestal.

Erasmus was the son of a citizen of Ter-gou, whose name was Gerard. Margaret, his mother, was the daughter of a physician. His parents were not married—a reproach of which his learned adversary, Julius Scaliger, did not fail to make a virulent use in a literary controversy, while the better sort of people defended Erasmus, as a man who had procured for himself a high reputation, notwithstanding the irregularity of his birth. The brothers of Gerard, who was a man of pleasure, would have persuaded him to enter the Church, leaving his patrimony to them. To escape from their solicitations he went to Rome, where he was employed as a copyist. While there, his relatives informed him that Margaret was dead. His grief for her supposed loss induced him to take orders, but on returning to Holland he found Margaret still alive. As a priest, he could not fulfil his promise of marriage to her; she would not marry any other man; and they did not live together.

At four years of age, young Gerard—who afterwards adopted the custom of scholars in that age of revived ancient learning, by translating his name into Latin (Desiderius) and Greek (Erasmus)—was sent to school, and while yet a boy, his pleasing voice secured him an appointment in the choir of Utrecht Cathedral. At nine he was removed to the school of Hegius, at Deventer, where one of his schoolfellows was Adrian, who succeeded Leo X. as Pope. Wonderful stories are told of his retentive memory at that early age. His mother, who resided for his sake at Deventer, died of the plague when he was thirteen. His father soon followed her to the grave.

Erasmus had an elder brother, who shared with him a small patrimony, which sufficed for the expenses of their studies at the uni-

* *Desiderii Erasmi Opera Emendatiora et Auctiora*. [The works of Desiderius Erasmus, Corrected and Enlarged.] Lugd. Bat. 10 tom. fol. 1703-6.

2. *Knight's Life of Erasmus*. Cambridge. 1726. 8vo.

3. *Vie d'Erasmus par Burigné*. [Burigné's Life of Erasmus.] Paris. 1757. 2 tom. 12mo.

4. *Jortin's Life of Erasmus*. London. 2 vols. 4to. 1758-60.

5. *Hess's Erasmus von Rotterdam nach seinem Leben und Schriften*. [Life and Writings of Erasmus of Rotterdam.] 2 bde. 8vo. Zurich. 1790.

6. *The Life of Erasmus*. With Historical Remarks on the State of Literature between the Tenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. London. John Murray. 1825.

7. *Bibliothèque d'Elite.—Eloge de la Folie, traduit du Latin d'Erasmus, précédé de l'Histoire d'Erasmus et de ses Ecrits*. [Select Library.—The Praise of Folly. Translated from the Latin of Erasmus. Preceded by the History of Erasmus and his Writings.] Par M. Nisard. Paris Librairie de Charles Gosselin. 1842.

verities. Their father was scarcely dead, when their relatives and their guardians robbed them of their little property, and sought to cover their delinquency by inducing the young orphans to become monks. The more active of these guardians had formerly been a schoolmaster; but he was not tinctured with the love of letters, and, under a reputation for piety, he carried a perfectly selfish nature. Young Erasmus wrote him one day a somewhat elaborately composed letter, to which he sullenly replied—"Write me no more of that kind, without sending also a commentary." He was one of those "servants of God" who thought they offered to Him an acceptable sacrifice when they enrolled some helpless youth on the list of some monastic order; and he recounted with pride the recruits he had brought to St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Benedict, St. Augustin, St. Bridget, and other heads and founders of convents. As soon as the boys were fit to go to college, their guardian, fearing, as he said, that they might there imbibe sentiments too worldly, sent them to a convent in Brabant, whose monks derived their income from the instruction of children. When a youth of lively character and precocious intelligence came into their hands, it was their practice gradually to subdue him, by harsh treatment of various kinds, to the proper tone of the monastic life. These "brothers" were ignorant enough, buried in the shades of their convent, strangers to science, spending in prayers the time not employed in scolding and whipping their pupils, incapable of teaching what they did not know, and filling the world with stupid monks or badly educated laics. In this convent Erasmus and his brother spent two years, under a master who was the more severe for his want of learning, chosen not by competent judges, but by the general of the order, often the most ignorant of the monks. This man had a gentle colleague, who loved Erasmus, and amused himself with him, and who, hearing him speak one day of returning home, labored to retain him in the convent, and unite himself with their body, telling him all sorts of tales of the happy life they led there, and bestowing on him many caresses and little gifts. The boy resisted like a man. He said simply that he would take no part until his reason was more advanced. The monk, who was a good-natured man, did not urge him. On returning to Tergou, they found that one of their two guardians had died of the plague, without having given up his accounts. The other, taken up with his trade, troubled himself but

little about his wards. They thus came entirely into the power of the other, whose name was *Guardian*. He began to speak strongly of a scheme for engaging them in the Church. Erasmus was now fifteen, and his brother three years older. The elder brother was feeble, and afraid of *Guardian*, and seeing himself poor, would willingly have suffered him to do what he liked with him, to escape the difficulty of resisting him, and the uncertainties of a precarious life. Erasmus, who appears, even then, to have felt the instinct of his future, spoke of selling the little land that remained to them, making up a small sum, going to the universities to complete their studies, and committing themselves thereafter to the grace of God. His brother was induced to consent, on condition that Erasmus would be the spokesman. *Guardian* called for them, some days after they had pledged themselves to each other. Assuming a gentle tone, he spoke largely of his paternal tenderness towards them, his zeal and his vigilance, and afterwards congratulated them on his having found a place for them in another convent nearer home. Erasmus thanked him, but told him that his brother and himself were both too young to take so grave a step—that they could not become monks before they knew what was meant by being a monk—that they wished to consider the matter more maturely, after devoting some years to the study of letters—that some time for reflection could not hurt them. *Guardian* was not prepared for a refusal. He broke forth into threats, and could scarcely keep off his hands. He quarrelled with Erasmus, and resigned his guardianship, saying that they had not a florin left, and that they must look out for themselves. The youth wept, but his resolution remained unshaken. The threatenings having failed, the guardian changed his mode of attack. He intrusted the business to his brother, a man of polish, and of persuasive talent. He had the youths into his garden, treating them with pleasant conversation and wine. He drew so attractive a picture of monastic life, that the elder youth yielded. Erasmus, at sixteen, of delicate constitution, oppressed with ague, solitary, and poor, what was to become of him!

He was beset by persons of all qualities. One gave him a lively description of monastic tranquillity; another set before him a tragical representation of the dangers of the world, as if monks were living beyond the world; this man terrified him by reciting the miseries of hell, as though convents never led

to hell; that other quoted miraculous examples—such as a man being devoured by a lion as he turned back from a monastery; some spake of monks who had been honored by conversations with Jesus Christ, and of St. Catharine, who had been affianced to him, and had enjoyed long interviews with him. Erasmus was looked on as a grand prize, whose precocious abilities promised a monk that would do honor to his gown.

While agitated by these uncertainties, he had seen, in a monastery near the town, one of the companions of his childhood, who had been in Italy seeking his fortune, but not succeeding, had been induced by the love of repose, a taste for good living, and a reputation for good singing, to become a monk. Cantelius—such was his name—persuaded Erasmus to follow his example, boasting of the quietude, freedom, harmony, angelic fellowship, and literary leisure of the convent. To Erasmus the convent now seemed to be the garden of the Muses, where the cherished tastes of his life would be indulged. Returning to the town, new assaults awaited him. Again Cantelius plied his charms, and put an end to his hesitation by asking him to become his pupil. Erasmus sought relief from present attacks in the convent, but without intending to remain there.

After many months spent in literary luxury and equality, without being obliged to fast or to perform nocturnal duties, the day arrived for taking the habit of the order. He spoke of resuming his freedom, but he was met with new threats, and after a brief struggle, he suffered himself to be made a monk. A whole year passed away without regrets. But by slow degrees, he learned that neither his soul nor his body could conform to that way of life. He saw studies neglected or despised. Instead of true piety, for which he had some relish, there were endless chants and ceremonies. His brother monks were, for the greater part, stupid, ignorant, sensual, and ready to oppose any among them who gave signs of a delicate intellect, and a stronger inclination for study than for feasting. The most robust had the greatest influence. Though at first he had been exempted from fasting, he was soon brought under rule. So tender was his constitution, that if his meal was postponed for an hour, his heart failed him, and he fell into a swoon. He suffered grievously from cold and from wind; but how could he escape them in an unhealthy convent, with long damp passages, and with cells imperfectly closed? He was in a continual shiver. The mere smell of

fish gave him a headache, and brought on symptoms of fever. So light was his slumber, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after some hours, that he could fall asleep, after rising to perform the nightly offices of devotion, from which, during his novitiate, he had been exempt. Deeply did he now sigh for liberty once more. But he was met by horrible scruples. "Tricks of Satan," said one, "to draw away a servant from Jesus Christ." "I had the same temptations," said another, "but since I overcame them, I have lived as in Paradise." "There is danger of death," insinuated a third, "in abandoning the habit; for this offence against St. Augustine, men have been smitten with incurable disease, blasted by the thunder, or killed by the bite of a serpent: the least of the evils is the infamy attached to an apostate." The young monk feared shame more than death: his repugnance was conquered, and to the gown he now added the friar's cowl. Regarding himself as a prisoner, he sought consolation in study; but as letters were viewed in the convent with suspicion, he was forced to study secretly in the religious house where men were allowed to be drunk in public.

Erasmus had attained his twenty-third year when the Bishop of Cambray invited him to come and live with him. Having obtained the consent of his bishop in ordinary, of the particular prior of the convent, and of the general prior of the order, he gladly accepted the invitation; but he staid with the bishop only a short time. He entered the famous theological College of Montaigne, at Paris, whose *very walls*, he said, *were theological*. But the regimen of the place was deadly. John Standonnée, the governor at the time, who had spent his youth in poverty, and was as hard as the rocks of the desert, fed his young pupils with fish and tainted eggs, never allowing them meat, making them lie on wretched beds in damp chambers, and, to crown all, forcing them to wear the monk's gown and cowl. Many youths contemporary with Erasmus became mad, blind, or leprous; some of them died under this harsh treatment; and Erasmus himself was so ill, that he had great difficulty in recovering; and, according to his own statement, he must have lost his life, but for the protection of St. Geneviève!

The love of letters and of theology had drawn Erasmus to Paris the first time, but the college diet and sickness drove him away. He soon repaired thither again to complete his studies, but was driven away the second

time by the plague. He seems at this time to have taken private pupils, among whom was Lord Montjoy, a young English nobleman, who became a valuable friend to him in after-life. Erasmus had to submit to vexing humiliations in consequence of the negligence or injustice of those on whom he had claims for the means of living. While rambling through the Netherlands, he was invited to visit the Marchioness de Vese, whose castle, on the top of a mountain, he reached with difficulty, and not without danger. His first view of the marchioness enchanted him, and from the warm comforts of her hospitable abode he wrote of her in the most laudatory terms to Lord Montjoy. Within a year he altered his tone. She had promised him a pension, but he received nothing. He made a voyage to England, where he associated with the leaders of the classical revival in London and the universities, with Colet and Linacre, Grocyn and Latimer. In returning to France he was upset in a boat, and all his gold went to the bottom. He borrowed some money to take him from Calais to Paris. Travelling on horseback, in company with an Englishman, on the road to Amiens, some robbers had lingered in advance of them more than a day, to see whether he might be a good prize; but on that occasion his poverty was of service to him, for the robbers, perceiving that he was poor, did not think it worth their while to take his life for such a trifle. He had taken away all temptation to hurt him by letting them take the little that he had. By these successive losses he was reduced very low. He urged a friend, who was preceptor to the son of the marchioness, to press his demands; but his friend had claims of his own, and the affairs of the marchioness were going to ruin. The poverty of Erasmus was, of course, relative—poverty for a man of delicate habits, fond of change, buying manuscripts, having scribes in his pay, elegant and lavish in his tastes, burdened by the costs of his frequent removals, his high friendships, his domestics, secretaries, messengers, copyists—one could not afford to be Erasmus but at that price. Any other man would have thought himself well off with what to Erasmus was poverty. Yet his resources were precarious. The little he received from his various pensions in England, Germany, and France, only helped him to incur debts, and it was reduced to less than half by the officers and bankers through whose hands it passed before it reached him.

At the age of forty, Erasmus took a journey to Rome, a journey which he had been

contemplating all his life. He arrived at Bologna some days before the triumphal entry of Pope Julius II., the conqueror of Romagna. In the midst of a crowd who clapped their hands "to the destroyer of tyrants," he must have smiled at the aspect of that booted and spurred papacy, offering to the kisses of the stupid multitudes his feet whitened by the dust of the battle-field, brandishing the sword like the keys of St. Peter, and pushing his horse on the breaches of walls thrown down to do him honor. I like to represent to myself Erasmus, says M. Nisard, in the beautiful history before us, in the grand street of Bologna, leaning against a wall, wrapped in his fur, his ironical countenance gazing on the passing *cortege*, and meditating those wise critiques on the warlike papacy which his adversaries afterwards treated as heresies worthy of the flames.

It was on Tuesday, November 19, 1506, that the Pope made his entry into Bologna. Some astrologers and some merchants would have dissuaded him, but he laughed at their predictions, and said, "In the name of God, let us advance and enter." Before arriving at the church, he passed under thirteen triumphal arches, on each of which was written—"To Julius II., triumphant over tyrants." On each side of the principal street were raised tribunes, in the form of long galleries, on which the great people and the ladies of the high houses of Bologna waved their handkerchiefs, and showered their devices on the head of the triumpher. The street was hung with veils sewed together, which formed an immense canopy over a space planted with green trees, and decorated with arms, paintings, and devices, suspended from all the windows, while the road was covered with carpets. A hundred young nobles, carrying in their hands "golden staves"—the only kind of arms suitable to the vanquished—preceded the *cortege*; then came twenty-two cardinals, in scarlet robes, having their hats laced with gold; then the condemned who were favored by the Pope, or victims of the tyrant of Bologna, set free, and bearing an inscription on their breasts; then, behind a forest of standards, in a cloud of perfumes, incense, white wax-tapers, hymns, and concerts, two canopies, borne on men's arms,—one of white silk, brodered with gold, for the holy sacrament, the other, more magnificent, of crimson silk and gold brocade, for the Pontiff, who trod beneath his feet the boquets of roses presented by the young girls of Bologna,—a rare present for the season; lastly came the orations, the

only thing to console the little for not having the triumphs of the great, and the pacific for not being victorious. There were four ambassadors—of France, Spain, Venice, and Florence; four—including two rectors of the university and two senators, besides six nobles of Bologna—in all fourteen; and, in returning, when twenty of the principal citizens had presented the Pope with the keys of the city, some pieces of poetry were recited, a new discourse delivered, and a psalm was chanted in front of the Pontiff by the Bishop of Bologna—enough, as M. Nisard slyly remarks, to keep Julius II. from believing himself a god.

After the *fêtes* came the plague, and perhaps because of the feasts: while Pope Julius II. was receiving a second triumph at Rome, in which, said the good Christians of the period, one could see at one glance of the eye the Church militant and the Church triumphant, the plague decimated the crowd, still pale and staggering from the excess of the previous night. Erasmus ran a great risk on this occasion. Though he had laid aside, by permission of the Pope, the complete dress of a regular monk, he retained the white band. It so happened that the surgeons who had the care of the infected were required to wear a piece of white linen attached to their shoulder, that people might avoid coming in contact with them. Even with that precaution they were in danger of being stoned in the streets by the most cowardly population in all Italy, says Erasmus, who are so afraid of death, that the smell of incense throws them into a fury, because it is their custom to burn it in their funerals. Erasmus went out into the streets with his white band, little dreaming that they would confound an ecclesiastic with a physician, or take a band for a shoulder-knot. That imprudence nearly cost him his life on two occasions. The first time, he went to see one of his learned friends. As he drew near the house, two ill-looking soldiers rushed upon him, with cries of death, and drawing their swords to strike him. A woman passing by told the wretches that they were mistaken, that the man before them was not a physician but a churchman; this did not appease them; they continued to brandish their swords against Erasmus, when happily the gate of the house was opened from within, received poor Erasmus, trembling with terror, and closed upon his assailants. The second time he was entering an inn where some of his countrymen lodged. All at once a crowd gathered round him, armed with sticks and stones, and exciting

each other to strike by crying—"Kill the dog! kill the dog!" At the moment a priest passed by, who, instead of haranguing the crowd, smiled agreeably, and whispered in Latin to Erasmus—"They are asses." These "asses" would have finished by tearing the poor foreigner to pieces, if he had not been overlooked from a neighboring house, by a young nobleman in a rich purple cloak. Erasmus, who did not understand the language of the people, asked this young gentleman in Latin what they meant. "It is your band that enrages them, they are sure to stone you if you don't remove it," Erasmus durst not remove it, but he hid it behind his dress. Afterwards, he obtained from Julius II. a dispensation, confirmed by Leo X., to lay aside his canonical costume for that of a secular ecclesiastic.

His journey to Italy increased his reputation, but not his wealth. He superintended the education of the two sons of Boeria. Some time he spent at Turin, at Venice, Padua, and at Rome, where he was well received by the Pope and several cardinals. He returned to England poor and needy, and forced to employ his powerful intellect in applications—often unsuccessful—for relief. His first residence was with Sir Thomas More, then a young man. We find him at one time living in St. Mary's, Oxford, and at another at Queen's College, Cambridge. Henry VIII., who, as Prince of Wales, had written more than one friendly letter to him, gave him a royal welcome. Wolsey emulated his master in giving him splendid promises. From Lord Montjoy he received a pension; Archbishop Wareham, besides frequent presents, gave him the rectory of Aldington, near Ashford, in Kent. Had the promises made to him in this country been performed, he said, he would have spent the remainder of his life here, but he accepted an invitation from Charles, Archduke of Austria, to Brabant, where he obtained a pension, and a canonry. Though irregularly paid, he resisted an invitation from Francis I., with an offer of a benefice of a thousand *livres*, and still lingered at Louvain, and other places in the Netherlands.

It was while occupied as a teacher among the bigoted *theologasters*, as he called them, in the University of Louvain, that he came into correspondence with Luther. Long before, he had written strongly against the abuses of the Church. He was now in the plenitude of his literary sovereignty; the three grandest monarchs of the world—Francis I., Charles V., Henry VIII.—contended for the honor of having him as a voluntary subject.

Popes offered him public hospitality in the Eternal City. His writings poured forth from the presses of Germany, Italy, and England. Small royalties, as well as provinces and cities as large as kingdoms, begged his acceptance of a glorious repose among them. While Europe was wrapped in the momentary silence that preceded the outbreak of the great war of civilization between her three great kings, and Erasmus sat upon the throne of letters, the silence was broken by a harsh voice from Wittenberg. Luther hurled Erasmus from his throne. The latter had done all he could, as far as his convictions and desires went, in the way of reformation. He would have confined the dispute to scholars, councils, and aimed no farther than the rectification of abuses. There needed a man of promptitude, activity, passion, audacity, decision, energy, who could look into principles, and who could agitate the people. Though Luther and Melancthon were most anxious to have Erasmus with them, and though the monks classed them together, even hating Erasmus more bitterly than they hated Luther, there was always a wide gulf between their temperaments, their habits, their principles, and their objects. Luther urged Erasmus to more decision; Erasmus preached to Luther moderation, compromise, and management. Luther was concerned for the salvation of men's souls; Erasmus for classical literature, sacred science, and the unity of the Church. The prudence of Erasmus was timid, not always frank, always uncertain, sometimes self-contradictory, and not free from the charge of hypocrisy. He had little zeal for evangelical truth. He shrank from tumult and controversy. He had no mind to be a martyr. He was not earnest enough, not profound enough in his convictions, not free enough from the fascinations of the world and of intellectual ambition, not sufficiently independent of the personal comforts indispensable to a man of refined tastes and feeble health—in one word, not *robust* enough in mind, heart, or body, to take the lead, and he would not follow in the suit of the Saxon monk, who in literary talent and reputation was so immeasurably and so consciously beneath him. When Leo X. was succeeded by Adrian, formerly the fellow-student of Erasmus, the new pope pressed his *quondam* schoolfellow to hasten to the church of St. Peter as the opponent of Luther. Erasmus would have excused himself on the ground of bodily suffering, his want of suitable learning, his sense of neglect on the part of some who had called him the Prince of Letters and the Star of

Germany, his apprehension of the dangers he must bring upon himself if he entered on such a combat. He gave some salutary counsels to the holy father, breathing, on the whole, a wise and tolerant spirit. He was manifestly afraid of an encounter with the vehement and popular genius of Luther. But in surveying the whole field of circumstances which constituted his own *situation*, he, at length, resolved to break a lance with the champion of the Reformation, to whom all mankind pointed as specially *his* rival. He attacked the doctrine held by Luther, in common with some of the chief divines of Catholicism, respecting the "Freedom of Will," a treatise not without much merit, but, like the writer, rather upholding the opinion opposed than destroying it. Men of all parties agree in thinking that it brought little glory to Erasmus, and less help to the Papacy. It was not an attack in front. It touched nothing vital to the controversy. He neither entered on it, nor carried it forward, with spirit.

Many expressions escaped from him in his letters, which show with what reluctance and sadness he went down into the arena: he who had longed to spend the evening of life in the garden of the Muses, reluctantly pushed, at sixty, among gladiators, and holding the net instead of the lyre. With these regrets he mingled some bravadoes. His self-love was flattered by the King of England and the Pope. The compliments he received before the work was published, closed with reproaches. He ought to have begun earlier. And when it appeared, his admirers complained that it was too gentle—that it had no object. The monks received it only on the condition that it should be but the beginning of an endless war, the first of a hundred treatises. They had an instinctive perception of the part which Erasmus was playing in this great quarrel. They saw the mixture of rationalism with his profession of faith. They had no liking for a man who treated his belief as a personal property. They continued to involve him in the cause of Luther, and even to treat him worse than his adversary. "Erasmus," they said, "had laid the eggs, Luther had hatched the chickens. Luther was only infected with the plague, it was Erasmus who had introduced the pestilential seed. Erasmus is a soldier of Pilate, the dragon spoken of in the Psalms." "It had been good," cried a monk, "if that man had never been born"—an indirect manner of asking for the pile to shorten the duration of the mischief. Some monastic casuists had in their chamber a portrait of Erasmus, on which they had the savage plea-

sure of spitting every morning. Others said loudly that it was too bad that so many men had perished in Germany for harboring the heresies of Erasmus, while the author of these heresies still lived. Luther wrote a letter to Erasmus, which has been variously regarded by men of different parties, in which he conjures him not to lend his powerful aid to the enemies of the gospel. It certainly breathes a spirit of compassion rather than of dread towards the veteran writer. Erasmus had put himself in a false position, by abandoning his natural calmness, in demanding justice against Luther at the hands of his protector, Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, and by writing to Luther himself a letter full of studied insults. "Look you," said Luther to Melancthon, in a tone of triumph, "at your Erasmus, and his vaunted moderation; he is a serpent." Luther was now the master of the field, and whatever may be thought of the philosophy of Erasmus, practically he was beaten by the Saxon monk. Erasmus leaned to the ancient and long-established faith of Catholicism; and since he must needs die under one of the two standards, Catholicism or Protestantism, he preferred the former, in his outward profession. In reviewing the controversy between these illustrious men, Mr. Butler says, with admirable candor—

Unfortunately for Erasmus, neither the works we have mentioned, nor the hatred of him which the Lutherans expressed on every occasion, could moderate the bitter animosity with which he was pursued by many members of his own communion. To present even a short view of the controversies to which their abuse of him gave rise, and of Erasmus's answers to them, would require a work much larger than the whole of the present volume, and would contain few interesting particulars. That Erasmus had, in some measure, provoked these insults and attacks, by his offensive satires and ironies, cannot be denied. But his services to religion and literature should not have been forgotten. A person who courted the favors of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, took occasion to mention before him some failings of the Duke of Marlborough, his Lordship's opponent. "Sir," exclaimed Lord Bolingbroke, "the Duke of Marlborough was so great a man that I have forgotten all his faults." Add to this,—that Erasmus repeatedly and explicitly disclaimed in his works every opinion that was contrary to the faith or doctrines of the Catholic Church; and that he could enumerate among his defenders many of the most illustrious of her children.—(Life of Erasmus, pp. 193, 194.)

The visits of Erasmus to England are but imperfectly reported by M. Nisard, the latest writer on Erasmus with whom we have come

into contact, and of whose interesting sketch we freely avail ourselves. The fullest accounts of them are given by Knight, in his "Life of Erasmus" and his "Life of Dean Colet." Mr. Butler traces five distinct visits in 1497, at the age of thirty;—in 1506;—in 1510; and in 1517. After much wandering, and many hesitations in his choice of a permanent abode, he fixed in the year 1531 on Basel as a peaceful and well-governed city, where the theologians were moderate men, and where he lived tranquil and respected in the society of Froben, the great printer, wielding his mighty press as the master of the literary movements of the age. Froben had offered him a house and a salary. He declined both, choosing to be Froben's friend rather than his pensioner. He purchased a house where, with the exception of some journeys which he commenced, but which his bad health interrupted, he lived in the friendship of Froben's family, and in the midst of labors which, in his epistles, he calls Herculean. To the house was attached a garden of some size, with a small pavilion in the middle, to which he repaired on fine days, not to take repose, but to translate some pages of Basil, or of Chrysostom.

The first sorrow he experienced at Basel was the sudden death of Froben. He loved him for the gentleness of his conversation, for all the good service he had rendered to liberal studies, for his noble character, for the purity of his manners, for the judgment with which he conducted his business, and for his attachment to his friends. He was a man without bitterness or misgivings, willing to be robbed rather than affront people by closely watching their transactions. He could neither remember the severest injuries, nor forget the smallest services. Gentle, affable, of temper even too easy for the head of a house and the father of a family, he knew not how to exhibit politeness towards those whom he could not but suspect, nor hide beneath an open countenance the inward feeling of mistrust, when he had detected the frail honesty of some by the facility with which they had deceived him. For this Erasmus sometimes reproached him: Froben smiled, and fell into the same snare next day. His profession supplied him with peculiar pleasures. When he had drawn the first proofs of some celebrated author, of whom he was preparing an edition, he came triumphing, with a radiant countenance, to show his specimen to Erasmus and his other friends, as if that had been the only reward he expected for all

the pains bestowed on the impression. Froben's editions were prized for their correctness. He printed none but serious books, refusing his presses to libels, though that was a lucrative branch of trade; he would not tarnish his reputation by money dishonorably gained. He fell as if thunder-struck one day when he was mounted on a ladder to reach some book on a high shelf, and he was carried to his bed, unconscious, having crushed the brain: he died after a lethargy of two days. Erasmus composed two epitaphs for him, in Greek and Latin, both ingenious and touching—a rare example of esteem and friendship reciprocated between an author and his bookseller.

The Reformation had so far prevailed at Basel as to be publicly acknowledged. Erasmus was regarded with an evil eye. No one dare undertake any thing against a man placed under the guardianship of the public faith; but they murmured against him in their secret meetings, and already the most ardent asked if there was no other neutral town where he could conceal his equivocal impartiality. Elsewhere his Catholic friends complained of his remaining in a town infected with heresy; and though he took infinite pains to satisfy the most fastidious, though he had been seen in less than twelve days to read the first part of a treatise by Luther not yet published, to write a *diatribe* in reply, set it up, revise it, and print it, that the answer might appear at the same time as the attack, so that Luther's friends might not triumph in the interval between two fairs—the season for publication—for want of an antagonist,—his enemies gave it out that he was playing a double game; that he disavowed at Basel in his secret intrigues with the professors the doctrines of his replies to Luther. Œcolampadius, who had long lived on terms of friendship with Erasmus, complained of incivilities, which Erasmus tried to explain away by puerile excuses. The Protestant was backed by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens. Erasmus foresaw a coming storm, and, at the age of sixty, he yielded to it, and became again a wanderer. Before his preparations were completed, the revolution broke out at Basel. The Catholic and Protestant parties were only prevented by the authority of the senate from fighting in the public square. The churches were spoiled. The ornaments of wood were burned, those of stone or metal broken to pieces. Erasmus, referring to this destruction of images, said,—“All this happened in the midst of such laughter as to astonish me

that the saints worked no miracle, they who had formerly performed such great ones for trifling offences,”—which M. Nisard, evidently joining in the sentiment, marks as bearing a double sense—like most of the sentences of this sagacious sceptic—capable of being, at once, the ironical reflection of an enemy of the saints, and the pious cry of astonishment from an adorer of images. The mass was soon abolished at Basel, and in all the canton, and citizens were forbidden to celebrate it privately in their houses. Erasmus became alarmed. He secretly applied to King Ferdinand for a safe-conduct through his dominions and those of the Emperor. At the same time he sent away his money, rings, vases, and other valuables, which he owed to the munificence of his illustrious friends. Soon after, he openly loaded two wagons with his books and his baggage. He was on the point of departing when he was seized in the night with a violent illness, which detained him at Basel, uneasy for the consequences of a departure prepared in secret, of which the senate would have reason to complain. The report spread. Œcolampadius had expressed some vexation. Erasmus besought him to come and see him. He came. They discoursed of theology. He allowed Erasmus to differ from him on some points. He promised him protection in the name of the city, and even endeavored to persuade him, by a thousand sincere reasons, not to go away. “But all my goods are at Friburg.” “Well, go; but promise me to return.” “I shall remain some months at Friburg, to go afterwards where God shall call me.” They squeezed each other's hands, and parted.

Recovering from his illness, Erasmus freighted a barge, and fixed the day for his departure. Was he to leave Basel stealthily, or in open day? The latter would be nobler, the former safer. He would have adopted the nobler course, but he had some friends who, doubtless, had no idea of displeasing him by suggesting a middle-path between a clandestine flight and an open departure. There were on the quai at Basel two wharves at which to embark for going either up or down the Rhine, one near the great bridge, the most frequented part of the town, the other opposite St. Anthony's Church, the little wharf used by fishing-boats and other small craft. It was at this latter point that the friends of Erasmus counselled him to embark. All was ready; the sailors were at their oars; there wanted only the pass of the senate: but it did not come. The captain

of the barge was sent for to the senate; he was questioned once and again. About what? Erasmus knew nothing; he became restless. Standing on the bridge, wrapped in a fur mantle, Froben's last present, with troubled aspect, we may believe that he was a prey to all the agonies of fear. He was not a stranger to the disposition of a large part of the senate towards him. Threatening words had been uttered; why was the captain of the barge detained? Was he to be given up to the iconoclasts of Basel? It was the month of April; a piercing fog was rising from the river. Erasmus trembled in every limb. Was it from fear? He might have said that it was from cold. It was the fate of all his actions, and of all his words, to leave some doubts.

At length the captain came from the senate, with orders to embark at the grand wharf near the bridge. Erasmus was thus forced to brave the honor of a public departure. The people uttered no cries, made no gesture. Erasmus congratulated himself that it was no worse. He had that vanity of restless spirits which makes them believe that they inspire no moderate sentiments. In reality, he was regarded only with indifference; they neither wished him well enough to salute him with their regrets, nor so ill as to violate in his person the laws of hospitality. On boarding the little vessel, he composed a quatrain, in Latin, bearing this sense:—

Farewell, Basel! of all cities,

The one that has offered me, for many years, the sweetest hospitality:

From this bark which bears me away, I wish thee all blessings; and above all,

Mayest thou never have a guest more troublesome than Erasmus.

He was received by the magistrates of Friburg with great honor. In the name of the Arch-duke Ferdinand they offered him a house, in which he spent the early part of his sojourn. At first, the climate pleased him, and seemed milder than that of Basel. It was the relief of his mind, escaped from the disturbances of Basel, and relieved by the journey from his incessant labors. In a few months, all was changed; the air became harsh. With the labors, resumed more actively than ever, came back the languor, depression, swooning, and all the inconveniences which becloud the fairest sky. Health was merely the cessation of sharp sufferings, a little sleep after a painful operation. These were his best days. In these rare and short intervals he began, revised, or completed

works, for which the health of two strong men would now scarcely suffice; besides endless letters on points of doctrine and other subjects, which made him relapse from his painless languor into new crises of suffering. He knew this, he spoke of it, he complained of it to his friends, and yet he spared not a phrase. So large the sacrifice he made to literary fame! Every week his enemies gave it out that he was dead; according to some, by a fall from his horse, which broke his skull; according to others, by an incurable malady. The more urgent spoke of him as already buried, specifying the place, the month, the hour—swearing that they had been present at his burial, and had trodden on his grave. He knew of these reports, and he wearied the presses of Basel and Friburg; he seemed to multiply his life to make men more impatiently desire his death.

Partly to maintain his independence, and partly to escape the insalubrity of the broken-down palace in which Ferdinand had harbored him, he purchased a house, and made alterations in it, as if for a long residence. In a letter to John Rinckius, he said: "If you were told that Erasmus, the septuagenarian, had taken to himself a wife, would you not make three or four signs of the cross? Yes, Rinckius, and not without good reason. Well! I have done a thing not less difficult, nor less tiresome, nor less incompatible with my character and my tastes. I have bought a house of handsome appearance, and at a reasonable price. Who will despair of seeing the rivers flow back towards their sources, when he has seen poor Erasmus, the man who has always preferred literary leisure to every thing, become a dealer in law, a purchaser, a bargain-maker, a builder, having no more dealing with the Muses, but with carpenters, locksmiths, masons, and glaziers?" Alas! in that beautiful house, "he had not even a nest where he could safely lay down his little body." He had hastily constructed a room with a chimney and a planked floor, but the smell of the lime made it still unfit to live in. We thus see him placed between two houses in which he could not remain without danger; the one offered by a prince, but in ruins and insalubrious—as these mansions of state usually are; the other unfinished, or too new to be inhabited with safety. And already he was complaining of the flux that carried him off. While his expenses increased, his revenues fell short. His two English pensions yielded but a fourth after all the deductions made by the bank-

ers, and even that fourth was sometimes appropriated by gentlemen of the road. Of his Flemish pension he was robbed by an old friend to whom he had trusted every thing, to whom he would have intrusted his life. From Charles V. he never received a florin. "Has not Erasmus," he asked, "come back to evangelical poverty?" It was a favorable moment for making him offers. So many princes, tired out by the heavy verbosity of their ordinary theologians, would be charmed with the relief of the illustrious old man's refined and attractive discourse! So many exalted prelates, poor in genius, would be delighted to make use of his! But these promises did not tempt Erasmus. He had known for half a century that promises bind him who receives them, but not him who makes them. Cardinal Bernard, Bishop of Trent, begged him to make use of his eminence's credit with Ferdinand. Did he wish for a place,—a pension? "What would an ecclesiastical dignity be to me?" replied Erasmus,—"an increased load for a stumbling horse! As to amassing money, at the end of my career, would it not be as absurd as to increase the provisions for the road at the end of a journey? All I wish for is a tranquil old age, if not joyous and flourishing, as I see many have." Pope Paul III. wished to introduce some erudite person into the College of Cardinals. Erasmus was proposed, but he made objections; first, his health, which unfitted him for the duties of the cardinalate; afterwards, the smallness of his fortune: he could not be a cardinal with a revenue of less than three thousand ducats. His friends asked for him some ecclesiastical commissions which might help to raise the requisite income. He knew of their proceedings, and strongly blamed them. To think of bestowing the supreme honors of the priesthood on one who expected death every day, who often desired it, so cruel were his pains! "I can hardly venture to put my foot out of my chamber, and I am affrighted at the prospect of mounting the back of an ass; this thin, transparent body, can no longer breathe but in a heated atmosphere; and it is a man afflicted with so many evils whom you wish to aspire after commissions or cardinals' hats!" M. Nisard says these refusals were sincere. His conscience, his tastes, the repose of his last days, all forbade such late ambition. What a lie to his whole life would he not have given if he who had boasted of the simplicity of the primitive church, indirectly attacking the wealth of the prelates and the luxury of their manners, if he had

been seen wrapped in the Roman purple! What a figure he would have cut—a broken-down old man planted on a mule between two footmen, or carried, like a woman, in a litter, in processions of tall cardinals, managing their fiery steeds like the Emperor's pages! And as for money, while he had enough to pay his servants, to warm his chamber without a stove, to drink occasionally his spoonful of old Burgundy wine mixed with liquorice juice, to send for the best physician in the place, to renew his gown and his fur-lining, and to entertain some messengers on the grand routes of Germany and Flanders, what more did he need?

After seven years of uninterrupted suffering and constant labor, battling with the Lutherans in the great religious contest, and with the Budæans in the great literary contest of the age, added to two or three visitations of the plague, which drove his friends and his domestics away from him, he became weary of Friburg and of his beautiful house. A prophetic sadness took the place of the engaging humor and the habits of agreeable satire which he had maintained even in his sufferings. He wished to revisit his true country—Basel, Froben's little garden, and the pavilion where he had translated Chrysostom; he wished to superintend the impression of his "Ecclesiastes," which he had committed to the presses of Froben as his last voucher before God and men. His physicians had recommended to him change of air. He was carried on a litter to Basel, the only town he had loved, because there he had found liberty and friends. Seven years before, he had left her, disturbed and threatened with troubles; he returned to her calm, tranquil, settled down in a serious mood, all her people in the first fervor of a new faith. His friends had prepared for him an apartment such as they knew he liked, small and commodious, without a stove, and having an eastern aspect. He was solaced; these changes were good for him. It was in August, the month in which the fewest people die, and in which the dying hope. "Here," he said, "I find myself less ill; for to find myself actually well I have no more hope in this life." He was not, however, without projects. He contemplated journeys to Brabant and to Besançon. At Basel there remained some causes of inquietude: he had more friends there than at Friburg, but at the same time more enemies. Death, he feared, might surprise him in an heretical city, whereby his latter end would contradict his life. "A man of the middle path" to the

end, he had made choice of a city without any marked character, where Roman Catholicism, having no serious enemies, had none of the exaggerations produced by controversy. God, however, determined otherwise. The small room which his friends at Basel had prepared for him was to be his death-chamber. It was the reformers, against whose violence, as he esteemed it, he had been fighting for twelve years, that rendered him the last honors. He had been so long accustomed to extreme danger, that the really last conflict took him by surprise. In the brief moments of relief from horrid suffering, he was working at a commentary on "The Purity of the Church," and a revision of Origen. But his forces having actually failed, he was obliged to lay down his pen and confess himself vanquished. He did it, as M. Nisard says, with a touching grace, preserving to the last the sweet and benevolent irony which was the natural turn of his thoughts. A few days before his death, his friends having come to see him, "Ah, well!" he said, smiling, "*where are your rent garments, where the ashes with which you are going to cover your heads?*" On the evening of July 15, 1536, the final agony came on. During that struggle, the last of all man's struggles, he was heard frequently to pronounce in Latin and in German these words:—*My God! deliver me. Lord Jesus, have pity on me! Lord, end my sufferings!* Such were his last groans. He yielded his soul towards midnight. The whole town, the consul, the senate, the professors, followed him to his grave. His body was borne by students, and laid in the cathedral—now a Protestant church—near the choir, in a chapel which had been dedicated to the Virgin. They still show at Basel the house in which he died, his ring, his seal, his sword, his knife, and his will, written in his own hand, in which he bequeathed most of his property to the aged and infirm poor, to young girls at an age to be married to whom poverty might become a snare, and to young men of good promise—a will, of which M. Nisard says, it was neither that of a dogmatic Catholic, (who would have endowed convents,) nor of a reformist, (who would have consecrated his property to the propagation of the new faith,) but of a man loving good and knowing how to do it, and as it regards religion, steering still a middle course.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of Erasmus, drawn from his own letter to his friend Goclenius, written after his fiftieth year, from the biographical memoir prefixed by Beatus

Rhenanus to the edition of the works of Erasmus, published four years after his death at Basel, and given in the London edition of his Letters, folio, 1642. We have also consulted the curious observations of Bayle in his "Dictionnaire Historique et Critique." Chronological minutes of the principal events, which M. Le Clerc drew up while engaged on the splendid edition of the works of Erasmus indicated at the head of this article, were inserted by him in successive volumes of the "Bibliothèque Choisie." These are translated and enlarged in Jortin's "Life of Erasmus," followed by criticisms on his writings. M. de Burigné's "Vie d'Erasmus" contains the history of many celebrated men with whom he had been connected, a critical analysis of his works, and an impartial examination of his religious sentiments. We have here presented M. Nisard's "History of Erasmus and his Writings," in as condensed a form as we could, sometimes translating his words literally into our own language. Mr. Charles Butler has filled seven pages of his "Life of Erasmus" with a catalogue of all his works, in the order of the Leyden edition.

The work to which M. Nisard's history is prefixed—"The Encomium of Folly"—is without a rival in any language, age, or country, for its acute judgment, its polished taste, its pungent and sparkling wit. He says he wrote it on a journey from Italy to England; and he dedicated it to Sir Thomas More. It was universally admired, and twenty thousand copies of it were sold in a few months. Those who do not read Latin, but to whom French is easy, will be charmed with the elegant translation now before us. But of course the original has forces and points not easily transferred. The author himself confessed that it was too gay for some of the subjects treated. We have a lively remembrance of our grammar-school days, when this was a favorite class-book with our teacher, if not with all his pupils. "The Colloquies," by which Erasmus is best known, is praised even by Mr. Butler as a literary composition, though he is perplexed by the freedoms taken with the Roman Catholic Church. It is said that in the public library at Deventer are shown volumes of the works of Erasmus, in which the monks covered with thin paper all the passages in which the author had animadverted on the Church of that time, and on the manners of the religious. The Sorbonne decided that "the Colloquies contained many erroneous, scandalous, and impious positions;" and but for the interference of Francis I., the faculty of theology

at Paris would have adopted their decision. They were condemned by the Inquisition. At Paris and in other places editions have been published with the objectionable passages omitted. They have been translated into English by Bailey, Clarke, and L'Estrange. We have not room here even to mention his original writings; his prefaces, learned and eloquent, to classical and theological writers; his editions of Hecuba, and Iphigene, and Jerome; of Suetonius, and Cicero, and Augustine; his *Ciceronianus*, and the controversies in which it involved him; his Letters, so varied in their topics, and in their style so natural as the pictures of his inward life, so illustrative of the literary revival, and of the religious revolution in which he took so prominent a part. All of them, to use Mr. Butler's language, "display so much learning, ingenuity, spirit, fancy, science, and taste, and—that without which nothing is excellent—*genius* so much abounds in them, that no works, either ancient or modern, are read with greater pleasure." His substantial glory is, that of having published the *first printed* edition of the Greek New Testament, which he dedicated to Pope Leo X., and accompanied it with a new Latin version. The labor required for this work can be appreciated by but few even of the learned. He lived to publish five editions of the Greek Testament. In the first two, he did not insert the passage of the *three heavenly witnesses*, (1 John v. 7.) When reprehended for this omission, he offered to insert it in the next edition, if it should be found in a single manuscript. Afterward, the "*Codex Montfortianus*," now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, was found to contain it, when Erasmus fulfilled his pledge, and the passage was printed in the subsequent editions.

We owe so much to M. Nisard for his exquisitely written account of Erasmus, that we cannot refrain from correcting a small error into which he has fallen, respecting one of Erasmus's journeys to England. He reports, that "the pirates," as he calls the custom-house officers at Dover, searched his pockets, because the sumptuary laws of the country did not allow more than a fixed amount of *foreign money* to be introduced into England; whereas, according to Mr. Butler's more accurate statement, "his friends having neglected to inform him that persons travelling out of England were only authorized to take with them a certain amount of the *current specie of the realm*, the custom-house officers stripped him of almost all he had. His own interest,

and that of his friends, were exerted in vain to procure its restitution." (Butler, p. 64.) We also agree with Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who speaks of the "beautiful and conscientious work of M. Nisard," as appearing to him to be at fault in appreciation of Erasmus and of Luther. Erasmus, it is true, was earlier in the field of reform than Luther; but Luther went immeasurably farther as he obtained more spiritual light. Erasmus had brighter literary talent, finer wit, more calmness and moderation; but Luther was more decidedly religious, more energetic, more daring. Erasmus prepared the way for Luther, who soon threw *him* into the shade.

Much of the labor of Erasmus was of a kind to introduce a higher order of education, in which independent treatises on all subjects would be composed in modern tongues, so as to supersede the best productions in a dead language. To use an ancient image, variously applied by poets from Cowley to Byron, his literary fame was pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wing. "If I am not greatly mistaken," he says, in his "*Treatise on Epistolary Writing*," "the time fast approaches when the public will no longer stand in need of these instructions, and young men will no longer want my precepts." Even his great work—"Adagia"—presenting in a golden and jewelled vase the distilled wisdom of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman literature, which gave the impulse to the highest works of modern intelligence—"the magazine of Minerva," to which men resort as to the leaves of the sybil, said Budæus,—even that marvel of industry, scholarship, and taste, would scarcely be read in the present day for its own sake, however interesting, in collateral respects, to the lover of ancient erudition.

On the whole, we cannot do otherwise than cherish a hearty veneration for the memory of this glorious Erasmus, whose character we should essay in vain to sketch. His portrait by Holbein is preserved in the city which is honored by his tomb; another portrait, by whom we know not, adorns the hall of Queen's College, Cambridge. But who shall draw the intellectual, moral, spiritual lineaments of a man whose struggles for life began so early, pervaded so long a course of years the most remarkable in the development of civilization,—surrounded by contemporaries whose names are volumes and whose deeds are histories,—holding a middle course between popes, cardinals, monks, and priests on one side, and profound thinkers, earnest workers, impetuous reformers, and awakening peoples on the other;—a man who lived in fellowship with

Rome, though lashing the vices of her clergy, and mocking the superstition of her votaries;—always complaining of poverty, yet maintaining his independence to the last, and bequeathing gold, silver, and jewels to his friends, but the bulk of his property, estimated at seven thousand ducats, to the poor;—tortured nearly all his days by gout or gravel, and often rambling over Europe, yet leaving works behind him that filled more than ten folio volumes, eulogized by cardinals, pontiffs, and monarchs, by Catholic, Protestant, and sceptic;—as learned as he was witty;—as humorous as he was plodding; uniting the patience of the drudge with the enthusiasm of genius;—a Catholic, but for Protestant necessities and aspirations;—a Protestant, but for Catholic alliances, calculations, prejudices, and conclusions;—a man standing entirely by himself; neither the slave of tradition nor the champion of freedom; marrying the past to the future, and guiding posterity to bolder thoughts, broader views, and more settled principles than his own; who believed much, but doubted more; whose satirical smile cut beyond the reach of swords: and whose life is in those works which, though they have ceased to be read, have spread the influence of his thoughts far and wide, as the

evening sky prolongs and radiates the light of the sun which has set behind the western hills? We have lingered on the threshold of his obscure birth-place, among the busy tradesmen of a Dutch sea-port; we have watched the rapid flow of the Rhine from the over-looking platform of the cathedral where his remains await the trump of God; we have spent hours of sober luxury, days of earnest thought, beneath the shadows of his many-sided genius; and, while we rejoice that his Romanism was frittered so much away by the Christian philosophy of which he was the great master, we shake the head in wonder and vexation, saying to ourselves,—“After all, Erasmus, we know thee not: thou art to us a mere phantom, crossing the great European stage, of which the coarse and impetuous, but manly and transparent Luther was the hero.”—There have been men in Germany, in France, in England, of whom Erasmus was the type. It may be that all times have need of them, and all places. But as with Erasmus, so with the rest, the moment arrives when they must give way to the energetic and the pushing, who, not content with *ridiculing* the things that ought not to be, will lift up a strong arm and smite them to the dust.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE INSECTS OF COMMERCE.

THAT nature has no superfluous products, either organic or inorganic, might be inferred from the wisdom of its Author, as well as from the multitudinous examples of adaptation to important purposes with which we are familiar. The utility of certain objects may not be apparent to us, after all our prying; yet it does not follow that they are devoid of the property, but only that we are hoodwinked. Men have been slow to learn the value of many of nature's choicest gifts. Some of those that are now most highly prized, were in former ages contemplated with indifference, as incapable of service; and, though wiser than our ancestors, we may still be laboring largely under similar ignorance, with reference to a thousand living or lifeless forms around us. The deadly poisons of

many vegetable substances are elaborated into wholesome medicines by the skilful physician. Insectivorous tribes, sporting by millions in the sunbeam, to the annoyance of the traveller, with multitudes of minute *medusa* in the ocean, are the food of superior forms of existence of high importance to society; while microscopic organisms, the outcasts apparently of the animal kingdom, convey instructive lessons to the anatomist of the wisdom and power of the Divine Artificer, by the variety and complexity of their structure. The common earth-worm, once accounted a despicable link in the chain of animal life, and trodden under-foot without concern, has now a recognized useful office, loosening the earth by its perforations, rendering it pervious to rain and the fibres of

plants, while unconsciously manufacturing the finest earth for grain and grass. But there are forms of life, insignificant as to the outward appearance, which are not only indirectly serviceable to mankind, but of great direct commercial value, either in themselves or in their products, to some of which we may refer with interest, as illustrating the bounty of Providence, and the frequent connection of the beneficial with the lowly in the scheme of creation.

The honey which the bee elaborates from the nectar of flowers, is in many countries an important article of food, and the base of a vinous beverage, though its value has much abated to ourselves since the discovery of sugar. The wax which the insect occasionally secretes, is also in extensive demand among the civilized nations for various domestic purposes, polishing furniture, and lighting up the saloons of the great.

Though bee culture is with us a branch of rural economy, the home supply of the produce is far below the demand; and we pay annually not less than 100,000*l.* for foreign honey, while at least 10,000 cwts. of wax are imported. At Narbonne, the chief trade is in honey, which is said to be the finest in France, remarkable for its whiteness and highly aromatic flavor. This peculiar excellence is owing to the number of fragrant plants in the neighborhood, and the variety in the nourishment of the bees secured by the system of management. From the gardens of the city, the hives are regularly carried to the surrounding meadows, and afterwards conveyed thirty or forty miles distant, as far as the Low Pyrenees. By this arrangement, the cultivated vegetation, with that of the meadows and the mountains, is put into requisition to produce the honey of Narbonne. The tending of bees is perhaps the oldest of all industrial occupations, after tilling the soil and keeping flocks and herds. It is also one of the most stable as to its locality. Milton speaks of the

"Flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur."

Hymettus, memorable from its connection with the name of Plato, extends to the east and south of Athens. From the summit, the ancient city was seen in its glory, near the base, while beyond it, westward, lay the gulf of Salamis, the scene of the naval triumph of the Greeks over Xerxes. At that time, the hill was a "flowery" one, and swarmed with bees, from whose hives the best of the

Attic honey was obtained. The hill is now where it was and as it was when Themistocles fought the Persian—covered with wild thyme, giving employment to those humble laborers who, in uninterrupted succession, have occupied the spot, from the most prosperous days of Athens to the present hour. They are kept in hives of willow or osier, plastered with clay or loam within and without. For upwards of two thousand years the Hymettian bees have been on record, surviving the revolutions which have changed the features and uprooted the population of Attica: according to the poetical saying—

"Their race remains immortal; ever stands
Their house unmoved, and sires of sires are born."

Next to these pleasant caterers for the healthy, mention may be made of a class, of special benefit to the invalid, though, like most other remedies of the physician, the practical application is sufficiently disagreeable. In former times, odd ideas prevailed respecting the medicinal value of insects, which, if true, would certainly diminish expenditure with the apothecary; for lady-birds have been recommended in cases of measles, earwigs in nervous affections, cockchafers for the bites of mad dogs, ticks for erysipelas, and woodlice as aperients. But, passing by such vagaries, the Spanish fly, or blister-beetle, *cantharis vesicatoria*, is an insect of commerce indispensable in *materia medica*. It is found sometimes in England, but this is a rare occurrence, though it appeared in great numbers in Essex, Suffolk, and the Isle of Wight, in the summer of 1837, frequenting ash trees, on the leaves of which it feeds. It is more common in France, abundant in Spain and Italy, though, notwithstanding the name, the greatest quantity is obtained from Astrachan, in Russia. The Russian insects are considered superior to those from other quarters. When alive, they exhale a pungent volatile principle. Persons employed in collecting them have the face and hands protected by coverings from contact. This is usually done morning and evening, when the insects are somewhat torpid, by shaking or beating the boughs of the trees they infest with poles, and receiving them on linen cloths spread upon the ground. They are then killed by exposure to the vapor of hot vinegar, dried in ovens, or on hurdles in the sun, and packed for the market in casks and small chests. Fifty of the dried carcasses scarcely weigh a drachm. The *cantharis* is about three-quarters of an inch in length, of a light shining green color,

with bluish-black legs and antennæ. When touched, the insect feigns death.

After the luxurious and healing insects, we come to a much more tiny and numerous class, to which the name of dyers may be applied. Cochineal, used to produce our brilliant scarlet, crimson, and carmine dyes, is the dried carcass of an insect, *coccus cacti*, found in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and some of the West India islands, where it lives and propagates upon the *cactus cochinillifera*. The plant produces a fruit which is also of a purple color, and is supposed to contain the coloring matter. The insect is of small size, seldom exceeding that of a grain of barley, and was generally considered a vegetable substance for some time after it began to be imported into Europe. It is on record, that a ship being wrecked in Caermarthen Bay, of which cochineal formed part of the cargo, the article was turned out into the sea as damaged grain, and the bags alone preserved. In Mexico, the principal seat of production, where the insect is reared with care, there are two varieties: the best, or domesticated, called *gr. i fina*, or fine grain; and the wild, named *grana sylvestra*. The former is nearly twice as large as the latter, probably because the size has been improved by the favorable effects of human culture. The insects are detached from the plants on which they feed by blunt knives, and killed by being dipped in boiling water, then dried in the sun, and placed in bags for exportation. In 1851, our imports included 22,451 cwts. of cochineal, somewhat more than half of which quantity was retained for home consumption. As each pound is supposed to contain 70,000 insects, the enormous annual sacrifice of insect life to supply the markets of the world may be readily imagined. During the last great war, partly on account of the obstacles which it placed in the way of importation, cochineal realized a high price, sometimes as much as 40s. per lb.; and a vessel with a cargo of it was little inferior in value to one laden with specie, in the estimation of our seamen. But upon the conclusion of peace, the price regularly declined till it sunk to one-tenth of the sum named, about which it at present remains. The insect has been introduced into Spain, Malta, Algeria, Java, and India, but the valuable article of commerce is still the produce of Mexico.

Kermes-grains, another dye-stuff, consist likewise of the dried bodies of an insect belonging to the old world, *coccus ilicis*, of kindred species to the true Mexican cochineal. It is found upon a small kind of oak

which grows abundantly in the south of Europe. The tree clothes the declivities of the Sierra Morena in Spain; and many of the inhabitants of the province of Murcia have no other mode of obtaining a livelihood than by gathering its animal tenants. There are several other species, one of which is called the scarlet grain of Poland, *coccus polonicus*, being found on the roots of a perennial plant, growing in sandy soil of that country and other districts. The word kermes is of Persian or Arabic origin, and signifies a "little worm." In the middle ages, the material was therefore called *vermiculus* in Latin, and *vermilion* in French, which latter term has curiously enough been transferred to the red sulphuret of mercury. Before the discovery of the western world, it was the most esteemed substance for dyeing scarlet, and had been used for that purpose by the Romans and other ancient nations from an early period. But notwithstanding their acquaintance with it, the real nature of the product was unknown, being supposed to be a vegetable grain, fruit, or excrecence, and not finally established to be an insect—assuming the aspect of a berry as it did in the process of drying—till a recent date. Through several centuries, in Germany, the rural serfs were bound to deliver annually to the convents a certain quantity among the products of husbandry. It was collected from the trees upon St. John's Day, with special ceremony, and was called *Johannisblut*, "St. John's blood," in allusion to the day and the color. Many a proud cardinal has been indebted to the diminutive creature for the red hue of his hat and stockings. Cloths dyed with the substance are of a deep scarlet, and though not so brilliant as those dyed with cochineal, they retain their color better. Old tapestries at Brussels, and other places on the continent, exhibit it in unaltered strength after the lapse of centuries. Though its use has been almost entirely superseded in Europe by the cheapening and greater lustre of cochineal, it is still employed for dyeing the scarlet caps worn by natives in the Levant.

Lac-dye, improperly denominated a gum, is obtained from a substance produced by an insect, *chermes lacca*, on certain trees growing in Bengal, Assam, Siam, and Pegu; the two latter countries yielding it of the finest quality. The insect deposits its egg on the leaves or branches, and then covers it with a quantity of this peculiar material, designed evidently for the purposes of protection and food for the young. The substance is formed into cells finished with as much care and art as a

honeycomb, but differently arranged. It supplies a fine red dye, and also resinous matter, extensively used in the manufacture of sealing-wax, hats, and as a varnish. In 1850, the importation into the United Kingdom amounted to 18,124 cwts. The price varies, according to the quality, from 3d. to 2s. 6d. per lb. Lac in its natural state, encrusting leaves and twigs, is called stick-lac, and is collected twice a year by simply breaking off the vegetation, and taking it to market. If this is not done before the insects have left their cells, the value of the material as a dye is deteriorated, though supposed to be improved as a varnish. Lac-dye is the coloring matter extracted from stick-lac, and is usually formed into small cakes, like indigo, exhibiting a hue approaching to carmine.

A substance of vegetable basis, but insect production, is of a greater interest, as not only supplying a dye, but a medicine, while contributing to the higher object of enabling mankind to interchange their thoughts, be their distance from each other ever so great. We allude to gall-nuts—morbid excrescences, like the oak-apple, produced by the gall fly, a species of *cynips*. The insect, one of the winged class, is armed with a needle in a sheath, which has most surprising powers of extension, amounting to double the length of the animal itself. With this weapon it forms a nest for its offspring by puncturing the young shoots of a diminutive species of oak, common in the Levantine countries. An egg is then inserted in the wound, along with an irritating fluid, the action of which upon the plant occasions the excrescence, or gall-nut, resembling a tumor on an animal body. In the same manner, having passed through the larva state, the young pierce their way out of the vegetable matter which has been their protection. Galls are of globular shape, varying in magnitude from the size of a pea to that of a boy's marble. They may be either simple, containing only one inhabitant, or compound, supporting a number of individuals, and are distinguished in commerce by their color. White galls, the least valuable, are those which have not been gathered till after the insects have effected their escape. Green and blue galls contain the insects, and are heavier than the former. The best are imported from Aleppo, and are chiefly brought there from Mosul on the Tigris, being gathered in the neighboring country. As the most powerful of all the vegetable astringents, they are often used with effect in medicine, and are also employed

in the preparation of black dyes and the manufacture of writing-ink. No substitute equal to them as a constituent of ink has yet been discovered. Thus commerce, friendship, and literature are alike indebted to the instinctive labors of a humble fly for the means of conducting mercantile transactions, reciprocating affection, and registering thought for the instruction and delight of mankind.

But of all the insects of commerce, by far the most important are

The spinning-worms,

That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,

which have produced by their labors, and are still producing, the most astonishing effects upon the habits and employments of millions of human beings. To estimate aright the value of the silk-worm moth, *phalœna mori*, we must not look at the ultimate product, worn at the courts of princes and in the drawing-rooms of the luxurious, but to the raw material, as the staple article of cultivation with hundreds of thousands, among whom the prospect of a deficient crop causes as much alarm as a scanty harvest of grain. It afterwards gives subsistence to hundreds of thousands more in its final manufacture into the garbs of fashion. The insect, whose brief existence is a succession of changes as surprising as the events of a fairy tale, is at first a minute round body, or egg, "*la graine*" of the French, the size of a small pin-head. On being hatched, it emerges as a caterpillar, feeds eagerly on the leaves of the mulberry tree, increases rapidly in size, and remains in the larva state about six weeks, changing its skin four times during that period. Before each of these changes, called "*ages*" by the continental peasant, the worms cease to eat; but after having gone through it, they feed with a more voracious appetite than ever. The consumption of leaves increases with each age. The same number that will require but seven pounds weight of leaves in the first age, will devour from two to three hundred pounds in the last. This is the "*grande frêze*" of the French, preceding periods of appetite being styled "*petites frêzes*." The noise of the eating at this time in a silk-worm country resembles that occasioned by a smart shower of rain. When full-grown, a convenient place is chosen, and the insect begins to envelop itself in an oval case or ball of silken fibres, called a cocoon, about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is now a chrysalis, remaining so about twenty days, at the end of which, it gnaws its way through

the ball, and comes out a winged moth. In a few days, the female deposits her eggs, from three to five hundred in number, and both insects speedily terminate their existence, the eggs in their turn becoming larvæ, and going through the same strange cycle of transformations. But where the silk is the object in view, and not the breeding of the moth, it is not allowed to reach this final stage, as the fibre would be cut into small pieces by the opening at which escape is made. The chrysalis is therefore destroyed, when the cocoon is finished, by the application of heat, and the fibre is unwound.

The material produced by this insect artisan was at one time valued in Rome at its weight in gold; and the Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his consort a silken robe on account of its costliness. At that very period the peasantry of China were clothed with it; and both there and in India it has been a prime object of production and manufacture from remote antiquity. About the year A. D. 550, in the reign of Justinian, the eggs of the insect were first brought to Constantinople by two monks. They were hatched and fed; they lived and propagated; mulberry trees were planted for their nourishment; and a new branch of industry was established in Europe. The production of raw silk passed from thence through Sicily and Italy into France, where it was introduced towards the close of the fifteenth century, and has since become one of the chief sources of industry and support to the inhabitants of the southern districts. Down to the year 1802, there existed at the small village of Alban, a few miles from the Rhone, the first white mulberry planted in the country. It was brought from Naples by one of the soldiers who accompanied Charles VIII. in his Italian campaign in 1494. Raw silk is annually consumed in the manufactories of Lyons to the amount of one million of kilogrammes, equal to 2,205,715 English pounds. Four thousand millions of cocoons are required for this produce, making the number of caterpillars reared, allowing for those that die, or are kept for eggs, and for bad cocoons, 4,292,400,000. As the length of the silk of one cocoon averages five hundred metres, or 1526 English feet, the

length of the total quantity annually spun at Lyons is 6,500,000,000,000, or six and a half billions of English feet, equal to 14 times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, 5944 times the radius of the moon's orbit, 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth, and 200,000 times the circumference of the moon!

It is recorded of our James I., that while King of Scotland his wardrobe could not supply him with a single pair of silk stockings. He sent therefore to beg the loan of a pair from the Earl of Mar, in order to appear in due state before the English ambassador, assigning as a reason, "Ye would not, sure, that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers." On coming to the throne of England, he imported silk-worms and planted mulberry trees, in order to have silk of home growth as well as domestic manufacture; but the effort was abandoned. Trials have since been repeatedly made; and very successful ones were reported to the British Association in 1847, made by Mrs. Whitby, of Newlands, near Lymington, in Hampshire, on her own estate. There can be no doubt respecting the perfect practicability of the object; but it remains to be proved that silk can be produced at home at a cost admitting of competition in the market with foreign produce. The culture seems better adapted to warmer skies and a less vigorous population. The quantity of this material annually brought to our shores amounts to between four and five millions of pounds weight; and the annual value of our silk manufactures cannot be estimated at less than ten millions sterling. To supply the raw product, and feed thousands of our countrymen by the uses made of it, the labors of myriads upon myriads of insects are required. At least 14,000,000,000 of animated creatures annually live and die to furnish the amount which we consume; and when the demands of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are considered, the imagination is bewildered by the contemplation of the prodigious multitudes which every year spin their slender threads to deck the inhabitants of the globe. Enumeration is here as formidable a process as that of counting the leaves of the forest, or the blades of grass in the greensward.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GARRISONS OF THE CRIMEA.

THERE is a lively anecdote told by that pleasing twaddler, Procopius, which, though related of the age of Justinian, embodies, with prophetic inspiration, an event we are all anxiously awaiting. His Imperial Majesty had prepared a palace and gardens not far from the Bosphorus, and specially destined for the summer residence of the chaste Theodora. But the nymphs of those delightful groves—so it is complained by the historian—were often alarmed by the misconduct of one Porphyrio, a whale ten cubits broad and thirty long. This mammal, after passing a quarter of a century in pompous manœuvres—which doubtless called forth the loudest demonstration of applause from the Party of Order at Byzantium—ended a noisy career by stranding his unwieldy carcass in the shallows of the river Sangaris.

If we substitute the Emperor Nicholas or the fortress of Sevastopol for the whale Porphyrio, the anecdote of Procopius becomes a normal myth, suggestive of the nuisance which has for the last five-and-twenty years infested the waters of Constantinople. And we trust and believe that the Allies are about to scour the hills of the Crimea in such effectual fashion that the Osmanli will henceforth be able to smoke his pipe in peace on the slopes of Haider Pasha, and treat the distant flourishes of "the Moscow" (may his father's grave be utterly defiled!) and the forgotten gambols of whale Porphyrio, with the like measure of sublime contempt.

We have already described the Russian Black Sea fleet, and placed our readers in possession of the names of the ships of which it is composed, together with all necessary details of organization, *materiel*, &c. To those accounts we now propose to add an authentic statement of the military forces now in the Crimea, and a short discussion of the probable issue of an attack on Sevastopol.

At the commencement of the present disturbances—that is to say, about the date of Prince Menzikof's expedition to the Golden Horn—the 13th Division of Infantry was concentrated at Sevastopol. With these troops, the Prince wished to execute a *coup*

de main against Constantinople, by transporting them in the fleet to the mouth of the Bosphorus, landing a sufficient number of men to take the forts in rear, and then making a combined movement by sea and land on the capital. The presence of twelve or thirteen Russian sail of the line off the Seraglio point, and of twelve thousand Russian troops outside the gates, would, it was stated by that wise diplomat, strike terror into the crumbling Ottomans, and insure the speedy signature of endless ultimatæ, and, if necessary, the capture or destruction of the city. It is much to be lamented that the Emperor did not consent to entertain this proposal; for it needs no great wisdom to see what would have been the inevitable result of so wild an attempt.

We are, however, half inclined to believe that Prince Menzikof, whose satirical and farcical idiosyncrasy is so deservedly famous, in submitting such a hopeful scheme to the notice of his Imperial Majesty, was only indulging in a practical sarcasm on the military and naval knowledge of the Emperor Nicholas; for the elaborate acquaintance with these subjects displayed by that noble sovereign occasionally makes him the object of much petty jealousy on the part of soldiers and sailors.

The 13th Division of Infantry eventually received orders to proceed to the coast of Mingrelia, whither it was conveyed by the fleet from Sevastopol. This operation was effected in the month of September; and while the combined squadrons lay in Besica Bay, twelve Russian sail of the line, two frigates, two corvettes, seven steamers, and eleven transports, were landing at Anakria the troops whose presence saved Tiflis, which must, without their arrival, have inevitably fallen into the hands of the Turks.

The 13th Division was replaced by the 1st Brigade of the 14th Division, which had been previously stationed at Odessa, and was now brought over to Sevastopol by the line-of-battle-ships *Selaphael* and *Uriel*, and the frigates *Flora* and *Kulevcha*. In the month of September, then, the force of infantry in the

Crimea was limited to two regiments—those of Volhynia and Minsk.

In the beginning of the present year, the 17th Division of Infantry (6th Corps) marched from Moscow to the Crimea, and arrived at their destination in the month of March or April. Two regiments of cavalry, of the Light Division of the 6th Corps, also arrived about the same period. Of the artillery force which accompanied these troops, we have no positive accounts; it may, however, be reasonably assumed that the normal proportion of one field battery to each infantry regiment was not departed from.

Beyond these, no other military forces have been detached from the active army, and the remaining divisions and brigades of the nine corps of which this is composed are so far from the new theatre of war, that they cannot be immediately available for operations in the Crimea. It must, however, be observed that the reserves of the 4th and 5th Corps d'Armée are stationed in the governments of Bessarabia, Kherson, and Taurida, and that two infantry brigades of these reserves—equal to sixteen battalions—are concentrated in the neighborhood of Sevastopol.

We further assume that the two battalions of Inward Guard belonging to the government of Taurida have been mobilized; though this assumption is purely hypothetical, and made to avoid the risk of under-rating the enemy's strength. To the above troops must be added seven artillery companies, which form the permanent garrison of Sevastopol, and certain battalions of regular Cossack infantry, removed this spring, under the protection of the British and French fleets, from forts on the Black Sea.

We shall not pretend to know the precise location of the forces here specified. We can only say that they form the corps with which the Allies will have to deal—whether in the field or behind the walls of Sevastopol. But it may be surmised that places like Kertch, Theodosia, Perecop, &c., have not been entirely neglected, and whatever garrisons they possess must be furnished from the force now described.

We have not included the Cossack cavalry, of which there are four regiments (with one or two light batteries) belonging to the Crimea. Nor have we thought it necessary to add the sailors, dockyard workmen, convicts, &c., though it is possible that they may be forced to assist in manning batteries, &c., at Sevastopol. The number of sea-soldiers and others may be, in round numbers, about 20,000.

As our account differs materially from the galvanic and confidential statements at present circulating in "well-informed quarters," it may be proper that we should state the limitations under which we vouch for its correctness—limitations which arise from the fact of a certain time necessarily elapsing between the events and our publication. It is possible that part of the garrison of Odessa and part of the remainder of the reserves of the 4th and 5th Corps have been quite recently despatched to the Crimea. But this is highly improbable. The garrison of Odessa (in spite of the very natural theory of the admirals) has never exceeded 18,000 or 20,000 men of all arms. Now considering that an immense French and English force, well provided with transports, was encamped within twenty-four hours' steam of that city, it is not to be credited that so important a garrison, already inadequate to repel a serious attack, was moved, *en masse*, before the arrival of fresh troops to supply its place. Up to the date of the commencement of the evacuation of the Principalities there were no reserves available for such a purpose, and so far from the Russian armies on the Danube, Sereth, and Dniester, being in a position to detach reinforcements to the south, one or more regiments were actually ordered from Odessa, after the "bombardment," to march to the north of Moldavia. As for Prince Gorchakof's main army, it is utterly impossible that any large portion of it can cross the intervening steppes in time to commence operations before the month of November, when campaigning in those regions is out of the question.

Nor would the matter stand otherwise, even if Sevastopol were not six weeks' or two months' march from the Pruth, since the enemy's commander-in-chief has, including the forces lately posted on the Sereth, but 150,000 effectives at his disposal. With these troops, half of which are in a state of complete disorganization, he must observe the lower Danube, so as to prevent Omar Pasha passing from the Dobrutchá into Bessarabia, capturing Ismail and Odessa, and carrying the war into the south of Russia,—to say nothing of 200,000 Austrians, whose attitude is at least threatening. We maintain, therefore, that if the Russian force in the Crimea be in excess of the figures above given, it is so to an extent of not more than 5000 or 6000 men, though we believe our statement, as it stands, to be in no need of correction. It is hardly worth while observing that the reports of "fresh corps" arriv-

ing at Sevastopol, "from the interior of the empire," are mere fabrications, and that these "fresh corps" do not so arrive, chiefly because they do not exist. And as a sample of the accuracy of the information above obtained by the public press respecting the Russian armies, we may quote the opinion of a leader in the *Times*, which informed the public that there were two divisions of the 6th Corps of the Crimea—that these said two divisions were 90,000 strong—that to them must be added the marines of the fleet, and the Dockyard battalions—that the 18th Division was *nine* months marching from Moscow to Tiflis! The facts being, that there was *one* division of the 6th Corps in the Crimea—that there are neither Dockyard battalions nor marines at Sevastopol—that the troops which left Moscow in February arrived at Tiflis in May. As to the figures given, it is clear that if two-thirds of a corps amount to 90,000 men, the whole corps must amount to 135,000 men! We have met with many astounding estimates of Russian paper legions, but never before, or after, arithmetic like this. We really begin to suspect that our "Own Correspondent" is the Emperor Nicholas himself.

So much has been written of late about the seaward defences of Sevastopol, that it is not our intention to go into details respecting them. And they are at present matters of curiosity rather than of importance, for, as far as can be seen, it is likely enough that not many shots will be fired from any of them. As to the land side, the place might have been carried last autumn by a *coup de main*, with the means then at the disposal of the admirals, and the coöperation of a few Turkish battalions. No siege-train would have been required; and just as Mr. Oliphant walked down the main street in 1852, so might our marines have walked down it in 1853. But a great deal has been done by Prince Menzikof since last autumn. It is surmised that the new defences (which, however, were determined on long since) consist of detached works crowning the eminences of the hills behind the town. These works, which may be regular forts, or redoubts, or entrenched positions, extend from the battery above the Quarantine to the extremity of the harbor, and possibly to the Careening Bay. Though hastily thrown up, they may be formidable of their kind, and owing to the nature of the ground, great difficulties may be experienced in forming trenches before them. But to call Sevastopol, considering it with reference to the land

defences, *the strongest fortress in the world*, is an idle exaggeration, which is best met by the Palmerstonic argument—"all nonsense."

In the absence of more detailed information, it is useless to speculate on the degree of trouble which the capture of Sevastopol may offer to the Allied armies operating from this side. At the same time we must repudiate the notion that it can be so taken except by systematic siege operations.

It has been laid down as a principle by some authorities, that a well-appointed besieging army plays, of necessity, under certain conditions, a winning game—viz., when their numerical superiority to the besieged is in a given ratio, (which varies according to circumstances;) when they are strong enough to defeat all attempts to raise the siege; when the place is not impregnable on account of peculiarities of site.

Perhaps some further explanations on this head may not appear, at a moment like the present, too technical and special for the pages of *Fraser*. We recur, therefore, to the well known fact, that the bastions and curtains of old military architecture do not admit of an indefinite resistance to the means which modern warfare can direct against a front of fortification constructed on that system. The primary object of siege operations is to silence the fire of the enemy's artillery; and it was shown by Vauban and the engineers of his day, that the superiority of the attack to the defence is so great that the besiegers must eventually, in spite of the guns of the fortress, be able to advance their trenches up to the edge of the *glacis*, and erect their breaching-batteries within pistol-shot of the ramparts. Montalembert proposed to abolish the bastion system, and to build up tiers of masonry and case-mates, from which he expected to be able to concentrate an overwhelming fire upon the attack. This principle has been almost universally adopted in Germany; but it is generally considered that, whatever advantages may have been gained for the defence by the adoption of this and other recent expedients, will be more than neutralized by the improvements which have made gunnery a science, and sapping and mining an art.

Estimates have been given of the duration of resistance for a front of fortification, and the probable time calculated for one or two systems, is as follows:—

	Days.
Vauban's first system	19
Montalembert's system	30
German system, double line	34
Imaginary perfect system	36

But, for an attack to be successful, it must be conducted, as we have before observed, *en règle*; and where sieges have failed, (except in the instances where they have been raised from external causes,) it has been owing to the incompetence of their commanders, or deficiency of *matériel* on the part of the besiegers. It is also to be admitted that some places are impregnable, for a front of fortification may be, from its position, unattackable. But instances of this kind are rare; and it is doubtful whether any of the great European *land* fortresses could resist the science of French and English engineers.

These are the views of military authorities, and modern history supports them. Certain notable instances seem to militate against the principles thus laid down—such as the Duke of Wellington's failure at Burgos, and in our own day the glorious and successful defence of Silistria. As to the attempt on the castle of Burgos, it should be remembered, that the British army throughout the Peninsular war was totally destitute of an efficient siege equipment, and that it had not more than one-third of the proper quantity of artillery, and no sappers or miners. The number of guns (including howitzers and mortars) proposed by different authorities for a proper siege-train, is, taking the mean of several estimates, 170. Now, at Ciudad Rodrigo, the British army had but 29 guns; at St. Sebastian, 63; at the third siege of Badajos, 56; which give a mean for those sieges of 50 guns. In fact, these "sieges" were not sieges at all, but *attaques brusquées*, necessarily carried on against all rule and principle, from the absence of any thing deserving the name of an engineer organization. As to the recent siege of Silistria, it is impossible to attribute the tremendous losses of the Russians to any other cause than the vicious system adopted by Prince Paskievitch. There is now no doubt that the obstacle from which that general retired in despair was a simple earth-work, open at the gorge, mounting but six guns. The heavy fire of the Russian batteries usually dismounted four or five of their guns, and storming columns, several thousand strong, were beaten back by the musketry fire of a handful of ill-armed Arnauts. The successful bravery of these heroes is, perhaps, unexampled in history; but the disgraceful repulse of the Russians remains unaccountable. Perhaps the true explanation must be looked for in St. Petersburg. It is highly probable that the Emperor Nicholas—who, with all his vices, is a

vigorous, bustling officer—caused general confusion by propounding some new-fangled devices of his own for the benefit of his engineers.

Assuming, then, as we reasonably may, that a really efficient battering-train has been sent to the East from Toulon and Woolwich, and considering what has been said above as to the probable strength of Sevastopol, and the known forces in garrison in the Crimea, there can be no reason for doubting that 80,000 good troops would, even without the active coöperation of a fleet in shelling or battering, capture the place by siege operations, and that without any very heavy loss.

Our superiority in mere numbers would be, we repeat, immense, and may be added to, if necessary, by reinforcements from England and France, and from the Turkish army of the Danube. There is, as has been already explained, no chance of an army coming to attack us while the investment proceeds, for the only Russian force equal to such an undertaking is on the Pruth; and we are further of opinion, that, if 100,000 Russians did so arrive, they would be forthwith defeated; and that if the whole military force of the empire were, at any later period, marched on the Crimea, that force would never cross the Isthmus of Perekop, if we thought proper to occupy that position. This last opinion depends upon considerations the discussion of which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

We must now beg our readers to examine the plan of Sevastopol for a moment, and to cross from the southern to the northern shore of the bay. Here, as on the opposite side, are hills, from the summit of which you look down into the batteries below, on to the decks of the ships in harbor, and, across the water, upon the town and docks. So that Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, if they were to climb one of these summits—like Admiral Chads at Tolboken lighthouse—would have a good view from thence of the architecture they are ordered to destroy. The question, then, arises, whether the generals can bring up their heavy guns and mortars to this commanding line of position, for, if they can, perhaps the labor of a siege may be avoided. But the Russians may plant themselves in the "old field-work," (which, by the way, if the outline of it given on the plans be really drawn to scale, is a very considerable affair,) although we are told by travellers that this was considered untenable; in which case it might be necessary to dislodge them before commencing

the bombardment. It is impossible that, with the limited means at his disposal, Prince Menzikof can both defend this position and adequately garrison Sevastopol, letting alone the rest of the Crimea; so that we are justified in expecting that, under any circumstances, and in spite of any arrangements recently made by the Russians, we shall be able, if it be desirable, to encamp our forces on the hills which form the northern boundary of the bay. This done, we have at once a plunging and raking fire into Fort Constantine, and the other batteries which, from this side, defend the entrance to the roads: to which reverse fire no reply could be made, unless, indeed, some of the guns of the upper tier of the opposite Paul Battery and Fort Nicholas could be brought to bear. But this is improbable, as the batteries were only built to command the water. Without entering into further details, we shall mention that a circle drawn from the supposed line with a radius of a mile and a half, would include the best part of the town, and all the public works, docks, shipping, &c. 2,500 yards is too long a range for battering walls, but a bombardment carried on at that distance from a commanding position, must eventually result in the annihilation of every stick and stone in Sevastopol.

We say *eventually*, for an operation which looks so easy on paper is extremely difficult in practice. It appears from the Notes to *Jones' Sieges* that Landau resisted a bombardment for eighty, and the small fort of Andaye for sixty-eight days, though there was scarcely a vestige of bomb-proof cover in either of them. In 1759, Rodney, with the view of burning a few boats, threw into Havre, in fifty-two hours, 19,000 shells and 1150 carcasses, while in 1792, 6000 shells and 30,000 hot shot were thrown into Lille in one hundred and forty hours *without effect*. In our expedition to Copenhagen in the year 1807, 6412 shells and 4966 shot were expended in three days, and at Flushing (at the date of the Walcheren expedition) 13,000 shot and 4000 shells were thrown into the town from the fleet and land batteries. In the present instance, water-carriage is fortunately available, so that there need be no want of the implements of destruction. And the modern system of horizontal shell-firing, the increased powers given to rockets, and the adoption of the Lancaster gun, with its astonishing range of 6000 yards, are so many fresh chances in our favor.

We need not pursue these details. What has been said is sufficient to show the weak-

ness of Sevastopol on this side, and the consequent probability that our enemies have not been idle in endeavoring to meet the case of our wishing to take advantage of it.

It would be absurd to speculate on the particular scheme of attack which will be (or has been) adopted by the Allied generals. We have therefore confined ourselves to demonstrating that they are not necessarily restricted in their choice of means—that the capture of Sevastopol may be attempted from the south of the town (which would necessitate a regular siege) and that its destruction may be attempted by a bombardment directed from the heights which overlook the harbor from the north. Thus the failure of either plan would not involve the abandonment of the enterprise, especially as there would still remain the resource of a blockade, by which the garrison would be starved into submission.

We do not, however, wish to convey the idea that any of these movements are easy, or devoid of risk. The event of the siege of Silistria shows that a powerful army will sometimes retire in despair from the walls of a weak fortress. And every great military operation is necessarily a matter of considerable difficulty. It was by taking advantage of the incorrect notions popularly prevailing on this head, that certain parties, some of whom were laboring in Russian interests, contrived, not long since, to propagate a general belief in the possibility of a French army suddenly pouncing down upon our shores, without our being previously aware that such a step was in contemplation. Those who fancy that the landing of a large corps d'armée, with a well-appointed battering-train, in a hostile country, can be effected, even when no opposition is made, without months of previous preparation, should turn to Col. Lewis's *Aide Mémoire*, or some similar work, and run over the lists of stores of all kinds required for a siege and engineer equipment. Some military men have, indeed, not scrupled to avow their conviction that an expedition to the Crimea was an undertaking too hazardous to be attempted. General Macintosh, speaking of Sevastopol, says:

So late as last year, (1853,) travellers, who, however, were not military men, reported that the town was still altogether open to the land side. Detached works may, however, have existed even then which escaped their observation; and there is little doubt that since the occurrence of war the Russians have been busied in extending the defences on that side. The landing-places near the Monastery of St. George are too precipitous to

be surmounted in the face of a defending force prepared for such an attempt; and any force landing on the level shore between Cape Kherson and Sevastopol, would most probably find itself at once engaged in a general action, and would have to fight for a space large enough to encamp upon. I am, therefore, certainly of opinion, that a descent made in the immediate neighborhood of Sevastopol, even with a strong and well-appointed force, especially after so much time has been allowed to Russia to erect fortifications there—though these may be only field-works—and to collect forces for their defence, would be a very bold and, indeed, hazardous undertaking; and that while a subsequent hasty disembarkation, should it occur, without any object having been attained, would in itself be inglorious, a great loss in men and material would hardly fail to attend such a repulse.

When we consider the great scale on which arrangements must be made for attacking even an imperfectly fortified place, the heavy and cumbersome cannon and siege stores which it would be necessary to land here, the great quantity of provisions requisite for the support of the besieging corps, to last possibly some months, and which must be collected in a secure situation; and when we take into calculation what a large force ought also to be kept in front to resist attempts to raise the siege; when we consider further that the army must land on a level shore, commanded at no great distance by heights of very considerable strength, and that the area where it would have to make all its preparations is too confined for the operations of so large a force as would be required for such an attack,—I feel persuaded that my view of the subject will be admitted to be just by all who have had experience in such matters, though it may not meet the wishes of many who are too impatient that a blow should be struck at any cost in that direction.

This may be a croaker's view of the case; but it at any rate answers the criticisms of those who would have risked the attack at an earlier period of the year, and before the necessary arrangements were fully completed. Whether the preparations for this most obvious step should not have been commenced at least a year ago, is quite another matter. At that time, too, as we have before said, Sevastopol might have been taken with comparative ease, and freedom from loss and danger. But the discussion of this last question involves political argument, and we are only concerned, for the present, with military considerations. We think, however, that the future historians of these times, looking to the fact that in the sixth month of the war an immense Allied force was thrown on to the shores of the Crimea, will probably accept that result as a proof that extraordinary exertions were made, during the period that preceded the opera-

tion, by every branch of the military administrations in France, England, and Turkey. And if it should appear that the commissariat, or any other department, was really on the inefficient footing which some pretend, so much more credit will be given to those who have vanquished the obstacles which could not fail to spring from so unfortunate a fact. The blame, if any, will fall on the statesmen who were unable to foresee the impending war. And if history be just as well as severe, her censures will fall less heavily on particular ministers than on that special phase of the English mind which makes our nation, above every other of the civilized world, a constant victim to the trammels of Bureaucracy and Red Tape routine.

We venture these remarks, because we think that there is a general disposition abroad to carp and criticise on very inadequate grounds, and to find fault in the wrong quarter. No doubt the running fire of abuse of the Premier which has been kept up for the last six months from the columns of almost every newspaper in the three kingdoms, has not been without its good effects. It has demonstrated that the country would be content with no half-measures, and strengthened the position of those whose antecedents point them out as the men to propose and carry out a course of vigorous action. But when the press pursues the generals and admirals who command our forces with anonymous accusations, and brands them with incapacity, when it so happens that the means at their disposal do not enable them to strike a crushing blow—when it wilfully ignores the existence of an Admiralty and a Horse Guards—then it descends from the proud eminence occupied by the commonwealth's censor, to the low arts and disgraceful calling of the public pander.

How far some of the assertions of "Our Own Correspondent" may be founded on fact, we do not here inquire. Some of these gentlemen, who are presumably members of the fourth estate, failing in their endeavors to extract from brigadiers and generals of division the programme of the intended operations of the allied armies, forthwith vented their spleen on these officers by abusing the military arrangements at Varna. Their chief accusations were as follow:—"There is no cavalry, and when it comes, it cannot be disembarked, because there are no flat-bottomed boats;—there is very little artillery, and what there is, consists of nothing but six-pounder batteries;—there is no commissariat,

no hospital, no chaplain, no champagne, no siege-train, no means of transport, no tea, no porter, no Minié rifles;—the newspaper correspondents are to be expelled the camp; the names of the streets are not painted in the Zouave's fashion;—the engineers' tools are blunt and useless;—Lord Raglan won't allow the Duke of Cambridge to have a day's work with the pontoons, for fear they should get wet, and Sir George Brown flatly refused this morning to tell me the destination of the expedition." If half these harrowing revelations have any reference to facts, we shall of course be soundly thrashed by the Russians. But it is just possible that they are only the very natural grumbings of individuals who miss their cutlets and claret, get laughed at for not knowing a gabion from a gun-boat, and give endless trouble to no end of people, by asking all manner of silly questions, whereby they entail on themselves a considerable amount of snobbing. At the same time, we do not deny that there may be points in which there is much room for improvement, and we therefore think that the publication of all this gossip performs a function of considerable utility. It may have slight influence in compelling red tapists to adopt reforms, but it warns the authorities both at home and abroad that their proceedings are narrowly watched, and that abuses will not be perpetrated with impunity.

We are thus naturally led to that vexed subject which has been so loudly and vehemently argued upon by the parties personally interested, in the reversal of a decision reported to have been taken by Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan. The commanders-in-chief of the French and British armies have, *we are told*, determined to refuse to newspaper correspondents the permission to accompany the allied forces to the scenes of active operations, and further informed such officers as are presumed to be in connection with the public press, that they must renounce either the sword or the pen. In the adoption of this rule, Omar Pasha has, it is added, been invited to concur. The motives for the exercise and evasion of the prohibition are so strong that one hardly expects either generals or writers to yield without a struggle. The soldier takes the reasonable ground that what is news to the public is also information to the enemy, and that so much of the success in war as depends on the due preservation of the secrets of an intended campaign, must be completely compromised by the presence of a number of friendly spies, each eager to outdo his neighbor in transmitting

information to Paris and London—that is, to Petersburg and Warsaw—of the details of the operations resolved on. It is also probable that there are, in the Ottoman, French, and British armies, many military men to whom a newspaper is an abomination, and that amongst our own officers in particular, many of those wise centurions who, to judge of the efficiency of a grenadier, inspect his dressing-case, and not his cartouch-box,—many of those learned tribunes who teach how sweet and decorous a thing it is for a man to be choked in the embrace of a leathern stock, and dressed with a head-piece which will insure him a hug of welcome from the bears of the northern woods,—many of them, we say, probably consider that the base public has no other function but that of handing over the cash required by the piper for the payment of that well-known officer's current expenses.

On the side, again, of this "base public," it is maintained that Government never receives despatches from the seat of war, and is itself indebted to the newspapers for the information it requires, and that if private enterprise be forbidden to remedy the deficiency, the result will be, that the said "base public" must petition that exact reporter, General-Adjutant Baron Osten Sacken the First, to furnish them with special bulletins of the operations of Admirals Hamelin and Dundas, and Generals Raglan and Canrobert, while Lt.-General Rassakowsky will be requested to supply the corresponding data as to the Baltic fleet and army. To which "Our Own Correspondent" adds, that by his assistance the tax-payer who has paid a good price, is enabled to judge whether the Government is supplying him with a good article, in return for money advanced—that implicit reliance may be placed on his accounts—that if he is gagged, the liberty of the press is destroyed, and a "sheet-anchor" of the British constitution tampered with.

We must confess that we can see very little force in any of these arguments. Whoever has taken the trouble to compare newspaper statements as regards intended operations, with the actual course of events, will have convinced himself that Prince Paskievitch and the Emperor Nicholas must be worse than demented if they pay the smallest attention to the avalanche of speculations daily printed for the amusement of us all. That a large army is brought to Varna from England and France,—that it looks in, *en route*, at Gibraltar, Malta, Gallipoli, and

Scutari,—that enemy's ships cruise in the Baltic and the Black Seas,—that the *Arrow's* guns carry more than three miles,—general facts of this kind cannot, in an age of steam and galvanism, be burked, and kept out of sight of the Russians. In spite of all precautions, such facts must transpire. As to matters of military detail, it is idle to suppose that any sane soldier would move a single percussion-cap on the strength of stale *on dits* and vague conjectures.

This is not the place to explain the real state of the case. We shall only say, generally, that those who are aware of the reckless manner in which items of foreign news are often manufactured, and of the complete absence of foundation and guaranty for the facts ingeniously put forward as "confidentially" ascertained, so far from feeling astonished that so little reliance can be placed upon newspaper statements, (and so much less on the English than on the foreign press,) will rather wonder that this lottery of intelligence should ever contain a single prize.

As to Our Own Correspondents with the forces, most of them amuse, but few are competent to instruct the public. But the English nation is of all others the one most addicted to the affectations of mystery and diplomacy. For every official report published by our government, the Russians publish a dozen—rubbish, very possibly, but still information. Now when we are at war, we want to talk, and criticise, and advise, and grumble, and fight all our battles much better than the admirals and generals, and what is still more important, to boast beforehand. We boast far more than the Russians, and we must have food for our talking and boasting, which food can only be furnished by Our Own Correspondent.

This gentleman, we say, then, can do no harm. The good that he does may be small, and our opinion of the accuracy of the *details* of his intelligence has been expressed. For all that, as he is an element of an institution without which we should speedily fall into barbarism and bondage, we trust that the country will not submit in this matter to the dictation of a military tribunal, if any such be attempted. "Our Own Correspondent" is, in some sort, the representative of the English people, sent to report to us the doings of our military and naval servants. For ourselves, as we shall be the last to attach any weight to the accounts of those of them who may overstep the limits of simple description, so we are the first to stand

up for the rights of "our members for the Crimea."

Looking to the exceptional, political, and strategical importance of Sevastopol, it is not too much to assert, that if we except a few of the great battles of the world—which moreover were commonly preceded by years of preparation and long campaigns—never before have such vast interests depended on the issue of a single blow. Setting apart the money-value of the Russian Black Sea fleet—forgetting the millions which have been absorbed in the construction of the docks, batteries, and storehouses—there is left a remainder which has something more than a mere material significance, for in the stronghold of the Crimea is to be found the secret of the prestige of Russia in the West and in the East. Recent events have, it is true, demonstrated that the navy which in time of peace so bravely sweeps the Euxine, at the first whiff of smoke from a foe, places itself on the peace establishment; but such a fact does not shake the stability of the walls of Sevastopol, and a harbor which, situated as it is in a commanding position, shelters a fleet of eighteen line-of-battle ships, and demands the constant presence of a large blockading force, is even now a source of great negative means of offence.

If the first half-year of the war with England and France be marked by the loss of Sevastopol, the event may be quoted by some as simply showing that the Emperor Nicholas—that stupendous sovereign who has amused himself for five-and-twenty years by driving about shams in a "gig of respectability"—had located in the Crimea the most impertinent of his manifold impostures. This may be so: observing men may have long since arrived at a like conclusion. But Sevastopol was not meant to be quoted in London and Paris—where the mind thinks—in proof that the might of Russia was irresistible, and the doom of Turkey not to be staved off by the squadrons of England and France. It was intended to form a false premise in the logic of Turcoman chiefs, Prussian kings, Circassian beys, and Khivan khans. When, therefore, this flourish of military rhetoric shall have been levelled to the ground; when it is seen that a power which affects the airs of universal rule—which usurps the nod of resistless force—is powerless to save the most precious jewel in her possession, though she has long been expecting the blow that strikes it from her grasp; when this is done—when Sevastopol is once more the harmless harbor, with nothing to be dreaded by

mariners but the shade of the cruel Iphigenia—so surely shall the whole fabric of Russian prestige fade out of view. A great sea-fight, a naval bombardment, even if achieving the same practical result, would produce far less moral effect than an operation on the dry land, where the enemy is parading paper armies of two millions of men.

Such is the loss to Russia when her stronghold falls; and this loss is the measure of our expected gain. To the Allies, on the other hand—to England more especially—a retreat from the walls of Sevastopol (if patriotism can contemplate the calamity) would involve consequences most disastrous to our fame and influence. Yet, in spite of the proverbial obstacles which impede the energetic action of armed coalitions—in spite of the insidious attempts of those who play the game of Russia—whether they be subterranean spies, mediocre statesmen, or tipsy potentates—we may venture to anticipate for the first campaign of St. Arnaud and Raglan, a result as triumphant as that which has been elsewhere achieved by the genius of Omar Pasha and the courage of his admirable soldiers. Looking to material considerations, the balance inclines in our favor. The descent on the Crimea has been prepared on a scale which, if compared with expeditions of a similar nature, must be pronounced to be without parallel in the history of modern military achievements. The numerical strength of the allied forces is fully adequate to the undertaking proposed, and there is no reason for supposing that the generals will be shackled by the want of proper means and appliances, or thwarted by the yelps and howls of domestic faction. It is improbable, we think, that the British and French commanders should have to struggle with the class of wants and hinderances which spring from the ignorance and impotence of an incompetent administration of the War Department, and which Wellington found, in his Peninsular campaign, at least as formidable a foe as the troops of his gallant enemy. And setting aside our natural military superiority—which we will assert, without fear of contradiction, to be immense—we have all the advantages conferred on us by the position we have so long occupied as the vanguard of the civilization of the world. When we state that the Russian army is not yet entirely supplied with percussion muskets, we indicate one of the points which lead us to believe that such troops as the Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Coldstream Guards are to the men of the regiments of

Borodino and Minsk, what the sailors of the *Napoléon* and *Agamemnon* are to the "sea-soldiers" of the *Selaphael* and the *Uriel*. And, looking to the events and issue of Prince Paskievitch's late campaign, it is difficult to see to what military gifts besides courage and endurance the Russian officers and privates can lay claim. The repeated obliviousness of the alphabets of strategy and tactics; the disastrous failure of an army of 50,000 bayonets, which was repulsed in repeated attacks upon a *flèche*; the futile attempts to imitate the more refined operations of skilled warfare, and the suicidal slaughter which followed; the reckless exposure of human life without reference to the chances of defeat or success; in all this there may be bravery and devotion, but the system is the science of ignorance. Such a system, even though the allied generals may not have inherited the mantle of Napoleon and Wellington, will hardly be imitated by the invaders of the Crimea.

We think it, then, reasonable to assume, and that without unduly depreciating the enemy, that the Frenchman and Englishman is a sounder fighting machine than the Russian, better prepared for war, and likely to be better led.

Passing to another element of the comparison, we may say that on neither side do we find commanders whose antecedents are in themselves guaranties of any particular result. There is no man living but Omar Pasha of whom it can be said with confidence that he is competent to manage an army of a hundred thousand men. There are, doubtless, great soldiers in embryo—in Russia, possibly; in England, probably; in France, certainly—but they are as yet unknown to fame. On this head, therefore, the balance is soon struck; unless, indeed, it should seem fit to that modest monarch, the Emperor Nicholas, himself to march with his hosts to the defence of the orthodox faith. Such a step might bring matters to a speedy issue. The genius of this proud sovereign, who is pleased to direct from a distant zone of his dominions the most minute details of the operations to be followed in the far south—who himself ordains the angle at which every spur and helmet in the empire shall be worn—might, if brought to bear against pagans, achieve unheard-of results. If his Imperial Majesty, flushed with the victories of the Champ de Mars, were to condescend to appear in person at the head of his forces in the Crimea, the Allied generals would be appalled by the evolutions which he would

cause to be executed. Nicholas the Great, as is known from the yearly experience of the manœuvres of Krasnoe Selo, is mighty in war. His army allows itself to be surprised, for the purpose of inflicting a severer correction on the foe; his cavalry does not pursue a beaten corps, that it may rest after its fatigues; his artillery roams about in perilous positions, that the antagonist may capture it without a blow. Against such astute devices St. Arnaud and Raglan might, we own, struggle in vain. Let us pray, then, that the Slavonian Mars may not draw the sword in person; but, basking in the reputation he has gained for truth, for moderation, for magnanimity, content himself with telescopic scrutinies of hostile fleets, and musical thanksgivings for the favors rained by Heaven upon his hordes of Orthodoxy.

Apart, then, from the possible personal interference of the great Tartar strategist, we may be permitted to anticipate, and that without incurring the charge of presumption, a favorable issue to our first campaign. Some may say, too, that the justice of our cause is an additional guaranty of success. But theological illustrations of political transactions should be received with great caution; and the sceptical remark of Marshal Saxe, that his adversary might take Providence if he himself might only have one hundred thousand men, expresses an historic fact. The fortune of war has often run against the right: between Leonidas and Kossuth, the victims of lawless aggression are neither few nor far between.

Our enemy has in some sort forestalled us, by monopolizing, for the benefit of his orthodox warriors, the soldier's text, *In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in aeternum!* We must needs, then, rely upon the good sword of St. Denis and St. George, who, as we pray, shall shortly leave such an imprint of their footsteps on the rocks of Sevastopol, as may be viewed by future generations with the veneration with which the ancient Romans looked on the hoofmarks of the great twin brethren who fought for

Rome against Tarquin the Tyrant, by the shores of the Lake Regillus. Often have England and France poured forth their blood and treasure for a paltry and a personal end; and sometimes they have been punished with well deserved defeat. We now march to battle, not to crush the freedom of nations, not to set up or pull down some miserable royal race, not to repair the diminished dignity of a quibbling protocol; these were the meaner aims of the kings and statesmen by whose ambition we are warned. We go to punish falsehood and crime—to avenge the violation of the laws which bind the states of Europe—to fulfil our functions as the high police of civilization: these are the grander resolves of an age in which the power of the rulers is checked by the might of the people.

That this resolve will be at length attained—come what will, cost what it may—is guaranteed by the unanimous voice with which the people of England and France call for vengeance on the marauder who has intruded upon the civilized world; by the splendid talents and fixed purpose of the Third Napoleon; by the presence in our councils of men who hate barbarism and oppression, with the noble scorn of Palmerston and Russell. How strange that a position of such unwonted grandeur should have been almost powerless to rouse a single spark of enthusiasm, to inspire one little word of eloquence to a generation of legislators brought up at the feet of Pitt and Peel. Stranger still it is that the care of drains and dungeons should still waste the energies of the man whose ardor would quickly inflame every soldier and sailor of the Triple Alliance with a double determination to conquer or die; the sound of whose dreaded name would alone shake the battlements of Cronstadt and Sevastopol. But England has this one consolation against an evil day—that she has yet as many in reserve who can enable her to realize the latest and noble boast, worthy the lips of Chatham and of Cromwell, "I care not who stands aloof."

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GENIUS, LITERATURE, AND DEVOTION.

JOHN FOSTER.

Or all human attributes, genius is the most truly imperial. In whatever combinations it may be found—to the illumination of whatever topic and the celebration of whatever pursuit it may be dedicated—whether it impart splendor to the humble, or absorb in its vaster glory the pride of the exalted, it is clothed in royal robes, and carries with it the evidences of that absolute authority with which it has been by Heaven invested. Imparted, rather than created, by God, it is too self-conscious to conceal itself, and too noble to make itself ridiculous by ostentation. The circumstances of life, however tragical, can never break, they can only illustrate its power. In every sphere it is its divine province to command, not to obey. Its majesty, being neither borrowed nor assumed, but self-contained, is essential, supreme, and everlasting. If any laws exist to which it owes its homage, they are unseen, and are too subtle in their essence, and too sublime in their workings, to be confounded with those forces by which human experience and human action are ordinarily controlled—they rule in the subject rather than over it. Should genius, therefore, be encumbered by no practical responsibilities, other than those which it owes itself to the Great Spirit, it will, nevertheless, accomplish a mission more sacred than any which mere conscientiousness could enable a man to sustain, and far more glorious than any to which mere ambition would prompt a man to aspire; whilst, if its possessor should have immediate professional duties to discharge, it at once relieves the labor, and magnifies the virtue of their performance.

The most striking instance of the unlimited dominion of genius over the life and character of the man by whom it is possessed, may, perhaps, be found in the fact that it has been seen in fellowship with every form of religious opinion. Nothing is so enthralled over the imagination, the reason, the heart, the actions of a man, as the religious convictions

which he entertains. The prime characteristic of his faith gives a tinge and a texture to his whole being. Nothing would so soon ruin an empire as the prevalence of a system of religion adverse to its main interests and inclinations. A theology of gloomy dread would sap the courage of any people; or, by breeding an impious and defiant recklessness, convert its courage into the ferocity of despair. A religion of soft sentimentalisms and unmitigated amiability (such as some modern preachers would have us believe Christianity to be) would, in time, enervate, enfeeble, and degrade a race even of heroes. A brave nation cannot live on solutions of sugar. But it is the peculiar office of genius to make a baneful dogma innocent by virtue of its own excellence, or else, by the energy of its higher revelations, utterly to explode it. Not only has it made poverty illustrious, and opulence, by comparison, contemptible; not only has it made weakness mighty, and power generous; not only has it inspired the warrior in battle, and given majesty to the repose of the victor; not only has it "soothed the savage breast" by its charms of song, and made the haunts of affliction radiant with its heavenly light, (thus sowing the elements of a noble equality among men, as members of society,) but it has triumphed over the bondage of sacred creeds, and, by relieving the conscience from terror, or the understanding from folly, has given to the world its immutable pledge of the equality of men, as the children of God. No sect has been barren of its immunities. Like an angel sent to bless mankind, it has gone from community to community, smiling an ineffable benediction on all in turn. It has proved its superiority over superstition; for what iconoclastic exploit may not be ascribed to its prowess? It has proclaimed its empire over prejudice; for what doctrine of confirmed orthodoxy has it not sometime attacked, and what heresy that synods and traditions have pronounced damnable, has it not sometime defended?

The cold ceremonies of a vain formalism have glowed with a strange vivacity when it has performed them, and it has made the ravings of fanaticism pregnant with supernal wisdom. The poetry of sacred symbols it has sung; and to the profoundest mysteries it has given a significance and simplicity all divine. When barbarism would have left piety a repulsive and disgusting thing, it has changed its cruelties into heroism, and its blasphemies to worship; when civilization would have trained it to a heartless and imbecile refinement, it has stirred it to a glorious zeal, and inflamed it with a magnificent enthusiasm. It has, therefore, been at once the reforming and the conserving element in the religious life of the world. It has counteracted what would have proved injurious if unopposed, and has promptly destroyed what could exist no longer without danger. When corruption has grown shameless, and bigotry has become fierce, it has held up the one to scorn, and handed over the other to appropriate condemnation, and over both it has cast the oblivion of its glory. Faith has always coöperated with genius in these its grandest occupations, but faith of itself is publicly weak. Luther was preceded by many small martyrs; it required his stalwart genius to achieve the Reformation. Men of genius are the missionaries of progress and the prophets of brotherhood. Because every sect has had them, we may be sure that the quality which has given them distinction is a higher thing than the opinions which have brought them fellowship; and that, by its plastic and undecaying power, truth will yet be imprinted on the portals of the one universal temple. For, if genius be thus the life-power of the world, wherever it is seen it should receive admiration; and it may be seen everywhere. The Catholic cannot claim it exclusively for himself, neither can the Protestant. It has spoken in a louder tone than the thunders of the Vatican from the valleys of Switzerland, and has sent forth from the studio of an English poet sweeter music than the service of the cathedral. It has indulged its divine contemplations in the silence of the cloister, and chanted its praise amid the boisterous turmoil of revolution. It has given sanctity to the "dim religious light" of Rome, and wisdom to the restless speculations of Greece. It has its monuments in every ancient mythology, and will build them with every modern faith. Genius has a thousand times divided the Church to save it from death; it will once reconcile the churches, that the true life may be realized by all the world.

It must be remembered that we speak now of genius in the combinations specified in the title of this paper. In the abstract, genius may be a hallowed thing. Its influences are essentially and universally good. It may be depraved in its applications and purposes, but in itself it is sacred, purifying, and divine. And in its lowest degradation it shows a glory that vindicates it from the dishonor of its prostitutions. It is itself so incorruptible a thing, that the judicial censures of the world fall ever on the man who, having its power, can be guilty of the double baseness of abusing it. Yet, though thus inherently holy, it would be unsafe to ascribe to it that lofty mission we have defined above, without carefully securing for it the support of a conscience free from guile, and a heart full of devotion, as well as an intellect well cultured and usefully active. We cannot revere as the instrument of public spiritual improvement any one of the three things we have combined together. Literature without genius is dull; without devotion it would be an embodied and elaborated hypocrisy. When the soul, originally endowed with the scarcest and the richest of all qualifications, is dedicated in adoring love to God, and to prove the integrity of its worship would contribute at once its grand intellectual energies and its profound spiritual peace as a willing service to humanity—then we have a man whose name shall be a centre of attraction to the whole community of the good; whose voice shall address the universal congregation in strains at once more mighty and more sweet than mere pulpit orators know how to employ; and whose memory shall serve as a beacon-light to the disciples of every creed through many generations. The preacher can but speak to a few people, for a short time, and on a contracted topic; the man of genius who is also a man of God, and who embodies in poetry, in philosophy, or in song, the raptures of his mind, instructs and edifies the world. The "Old Hundredth Psalm" has done more to confirm the faith and console the sorrows of the devout than all the volumes of heavy exegesis that were ever penned. And any man who shall catch a new glimpse of God, of truth, of destiny, and tell the world what he hath seen, shall cause more joy and administer more instruction than can be compassed by the diligence of a hundred pastors or the mere learning of a thousand critics. Exposition, if wisely done, is invaluable; but the world demands, at least once in a century, a new apocalypse of heavenly glory. This it is the office of genius to supply.

The spiritual function of genius being thus important, we may accept its supremacy over dogmatic conviction and sectarian partialities as a most merciful arrangement. If this mystic faculty could be enslaved by faith, (we use the word in its more secular signification,) its energies could only be devoted to the consolidation of stupendous prejudices, and the aggravation of evils already all but incurable. But when it rises to reign over prejudice, it governs not to strengthen but to subdue; when it appears amid the *débris* of ecclesiastical corruption, it does not merely disturb it, (which would be only to double the nuisance,) but it sweeps it away. Milton has done more for Puritanism than all its martyrs; they have made their own consistency famous, he has brought honor to the principles they attested with their blood. Protestantism is much given to rave against Rome; its condemnations often pause to give place to a reverential panegyric on the genius of Pascal. We feel that we cannot despise a society which has had so good and great a member. It is as though God would silence our scorn, by showing, even there, His radiant visage.

Why do we dwell on this theme? Not to serve a sectarian purpose, assuredly, although it does so happen that the great names we have selected for criticism and eulogy both belong to the same denomination. It is a fact that the Baptists have been not less persecuted, and even more despised than any other of the many sects of evangelical Non-conformists. With this fact we have nothing more to do now than to remind those who are still superciliously bigoted enough to rejoice over it, that, at least in recent days, the Christian Church has gathered some of its brightest laurels from the soil which they have watered. To our mind it is not a little remarkable that so rich a cluster of names can be found, within so limited a period, among the annals of a body so slighted by public opinion. Andrew Fuller—for whom, it must be confessed, the highest qualities of mind cannot be claimed—by the sobriety, deliberateness, extraordinary candor, clearness, and, above all, the rich, pious simplicity of his discussions, has entitled himself to be considered the father of modern evangelical theology. The severities of strict Calvinism on the one hand, and the less logical but more humane views taught by Baxter on the other, were by him ingeniously if not consistently balanced. Then, whilst partisans have over-estimated, it would be hard to respect too highly the services, both to learn-

ing and to humanity, rendered by the laborious Dr. Carey, the father of "Foreign Missions." Three months ago we gave our testimony of honest reverence to the memory of one of the most celebrated masters of pulpit eloquence; and now, with an admiration as unreserved, and a discrimination as conscientious, we propose to review the life and character of one of the clearest, serenest, and strongest thinkers modern times have produced. Again we say, it would be insolent folly to charge us with a sectarian purpose in undertaking this "labor of love;" our object is far higher and purer than this. We desire (no superfluous experiment even in these days) to illustrate the sublime catholicity of consecrated genius.

It may not be out of place very rapidly to summarize the chief incidents of this peculiar man's life, the facts of which are by no means too notorious. We propose to devote to this purpose one short paragraph.

John Foster was born at a small farmhouse situate in the parish of Halifax, on the 17th of September, 1770. His parents were distinguished for eccentric thoughtfulness and shrewd intelligence, and he inherited their peculiarities. "Old-fashioned," even when a child, he had, before he was twelve years of age, "a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality." Reserved and taciturn, he found no genial companionships, and his solitude was painfully animated by strange reveries and terrible contemplations. He began early to assist his parents in weaving; but his mind would wander from his occupation, and he frequently got into the bad books of his employer. He studied for three years under Dr. Fawcett, at Brearley Hall; from which place he removed to the Baptist College, Bristol, soon after Robert Hall had ceased to be classical tutor of that institution. Here he remained only one year, and shortly settled as minister to a small congregation at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Of his auditors, only a very few could appreciate his sermons; and he was so conscious of this, that he acquired the habit of looking down at the right-hand side of the "meeting" where they were seated. At Newcastle he remained only three months. His next engagement was at Swift's Alley, Dublin, during the continuation of which he engaged in violent democratic agitations, which exposed him to some apprehensions of chains and a dungeon. It was whilst in Ireland that he resolved on the form and character of his first literary experiments. Here also he renounced his belief in the doctrine of eternal

punishments, and wavered on the borders of Arianism. Although a Baptist by association, he never administered, nor (in mature life) witnessed the ceremony of immersion. His views on ecclesiastical matters became contemptuously lax. "I have long felt," he says, "an utter loathing of what bears the general denomination of the *Church*, with all its parties, contests, disgraces, or honors. My wish would be little less than the dissolution of all church institutions, of all orders and shapes; that *religion* might be set free, as a grand spiritual and moral element, no longer clogged, perverted, prostituted, by corporation forms and principles." He removed to Chichester in 1797, where he labored without being appreciated, and therefore without success, for two years and a half. In 1799 he took up his residence with the Rev. J. Hughes,* at Battersen, where he acted as a sort of voluntary missionary around the metropolis, and where he endeavored to instruct twenty-one black boys brought over from Sierra Leone! He was in later years variously occupied as preacher and writer, and finally removed to the beautiful village of Stapleton, near Bristol, where he passed his time in regular labors for the press, (chiefly for the "*Eclectic Review*,") in select but very honorable and warmly attached friendships, and in such public ministrations as might offer. In May, 1808, he married Miss Maria Snooke, the lady to whom the "Essays" were originally addressed. About the beginning of 1843 he had several attacks of indisposition; in September of the same year he took to his room. At about six o'clock on Sunday morning, October 15, a faithful and long-trusted domestic entered his chamber and found him dead, with his arms extended, and his countenance tranquil, as if in pleasant repose.

No two names are more frequently associated together than those of Robert Hall and John Foster. In certain circles, where their literary remains are more familiarly known, and where the reminiscences of their accomplishments and their piety are more fondly cherished, they are but seldom spoken of apart. This may be, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that they were contemporaries; that they labored in the same cause; that for a considerable period they were near neighbors; and that they were intimate and dear companions. It is interesting to conceive of two such men dwelling in close and

friendly fellowship; and the lot of those whose privilege it was frequently to entertain them, may be innocently envied. The brilliant conversational powers of the one, and the sober, ponderous, but ever interesting and attractive calculations of the other—both distinguished for their intelligence, devotion, benevolence, and mutual admiration—would constitute such a concert of mingled wit, wisdom, and worship as any of us would be glad to listen to. And yet these two men were essentially dissimilar in constitutional faculty, in modes of thought, and in prevailing disposition. If they are associated together, it is rather by way of antithesis than comparison. Mr. Hall had imagination, so had Mr. Foster; the one, however, revelled in remote speculations; wandered grandly in the grand unseen; drew pictures of heaven and portraits of God: the other was more minutely poetic; picked up a flower and traced its history; sought the shelter of a great old oak, and dreamed over all that had happened on the spot encompassed by its sombre shade; would conceive a long history, of which a groan would be the suggestive circumstance and the central chapter. Mr. Hall's mind ran naturally into elaboration; Mr. Foster's into comprehensive analysis. While the orator would celebrate the wonders of the universe, the essayist would investigate one of its commonest and most trifling objects. The former was at home in the vast; the latter in the minute. The adoration of the one was caught by general effects; that of the other was arrested by contributory features. Whilst Mr. Hall would descant with elated ease on a topic, Mr. Foster would gravely take it to pieces. The majesty of the panegyrist in the one case, was supplemented with the discrimination of the expositor in the other. This dissimilarity, however, would be the principal charm of their society. The impetuosity of the one side would be suitably checked by the sobriety of the opposite; and the entire respect by which the great souls were bound together, would save the conversation from acrimony or impatience; whilst the unusual abilities of both would unite to enhance its fascination and its instructiveness. Mr. Hall was undoubtedly more rapid, versatile, and magnificent than his friend; but Mr. Foster, we can imagine, would put in ever and anon words of wondrous import and immense practical suggestiveness, which the intelligent listener would ponder over, whilst the more glowing talker on the other side of the fire-place would be pronouncing upon it a

* The founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

superb eulogy, or meeting it with a splendid refutation. Neither Mr. Foster nor Mr. Hall aspired to the questionable reputation of being irresistibly great in monologue; but we have no doubt Mr. Hall would (in more senses than one) be the more absorbing talker of the two. Words would flow from his lips like a stream of meridian light and glory. Wisdom would drop from Mr. Foster in thoughts and fancies, bright, profound, and innumerable—like stars with spaces of unembodied reflection between them. How seldom can we get the gorgeousness of such a day and the sacred splendor of such a night at one vision; star responding to sunbeam, and sunbeam responding to star; grand interchanges of heavenly light; contests of greatness without any jealousy; alternations of glory without any eclipse!

We have said that Mr. Foster's imagination was chiefly distinguished for the quickness with which he detected, and the keenness with which he relished, the striking details of the objects on which his mind rested. We would not be supposed to insinuate that it was, therefore, beneath the stupendous and the vast. There was nothing in heaven or on earth which he could not adore, if it were venerable; and the devotedness of his spirit was fully equalled by the capacity of his fancy. He was accurately describing his earlier experience when he wrote, in his beautiful "Essay on the Epithet, Romantic:"—"The tendency to this species of romance may be caused, or may be greatly augmented, by an exclusive taste for what is *grand*, a disease to which some few minds are subject. All the images in their intellectual scene must be colossal and mountainous. They are constantly seeking what is animated into heroics, what is expanded into immensity, what is elevated above the stars. But for great empires, great battles, great enterprises, great convulsions, great geniuses, great rivers, great temples, there would be nothing worth naming in this part of the creation." The peculiarity of his own imagination, however, was, that he did not merely recognize the outside proportions of great things, but caught the finer elements which contributed to the general effect, and penetrated into the inner soul of that which only served to excite a giddy astonishment in most persons. Far from mechanical in his taste, he was eminently sagacious, particular, and profound in his observations. He soared aloft often enough; scaled the sky, and gazed out upon the eternal; but he did not remain stupefied by the awful unlimitedness and daz-

zling grandeur of the scene; he counted the pillars, measured the throne, enumerated the population, discovered the occupations, and guessed the experiences of the kingdom on which his speculations were intent; and when he spoke of his vision, it was with the clearness of information as well as with the solemnity of worship. And he was not obliged thus to ascend above the visible and the mortal for the indulgence of his capacious and active power. In things that others deemed trivial, he saw the greatness which could overawe, and the beauty which could captivate. If he lived in the immense, it was because nothing to him was small. A dew-drop was a world; and the experience of a fly he could not dissociate from the history of the universe. Passages of providence which the common reader would flippantly skip over, caused him adoring musings; for were they not extracts from the records of eternity? How natural was it that he should be thus qualified, his habits being what they were! And how natural that his habits should be what they were, constituted as he was! Writing from Newcastle-on-Tyne, he says:

I often walk into the fields, where I contemplate horses and cows, and birds and grass; or along the river, where I observe the motions of the tide, the effect of the wind, or, if 'tis evening, the moon and stars reflected in the water. When inclined to read, I am amply furnished with books. When I am in the habit of musing, I can shut myself in my solitary chamber, and walk over the floor, throw myself in a chair, or recline on a table; or if I would dream, I extend myself on the bed. When the day is fled, I lie down in the bosom of night, and sleep soundly till another arrives; then I wake solitary and still; I either rise to look at my watch, and then lay myself awhile on the bed looking at the morning skies, or in a magic reverie behold the varied scenes of life, and poise myself on the wings of visionary contemplation over the shaded regions of futurity. . . . Such, my friend, are the situation and the train in which I pass life away.

It is possible that some of our readers are saying to themselves: "Oh, there is nothing at all remarkable in this. Thousands thus muse. Thousands walk in the fields and by the river; retire into solitude when they are weary; dream when they can think no longer; sleep when night comes; and stare at the sky, harboring silly fancies the while in the morning." True; but the question is, with what eyes do they look on grass, and beast, and wave, and tree? With what children of the imagination do they people their solitude?

Are the companions of their isolation wooden toys painted to please their infantile minds; or are they sons of God, come to honor, instruct, and sanctify the godly soul? Do they read sermons in the stones they pick up? Do they hear music made by the happy spheres in that silence they observe? Do they dream out the poetry of the universe in those darkened hours of meditation they steal from time? Do they see splendor ineffable in those morning skies on which they gaze? And when they "poise themselves on the wings of visionary contemplation," are they as angels wise and holy, or as geese who fly awkwardly and cackle stupidly, and are good only for sportsmen to make game of? Pshaw! These thousands of whom you speak can never really meditate, because their souls are shallow. They stare, and wander, and dream, because their vision is too dull to detect beauty, and their hearts are too hard to be moved by any strong or generous emotions. "They have eyes, but they see not: ears have they, but they hear not." If they take the book of nature into their hands, they hold it upside down, and soil its fair pages with their unclean fingers. Their meditations are vanity; and with all their studies, they learn nothing. Indeed, there is no character so seldom to be met with as the man of observation. There are plenty who take passing glimpse of the superficies of objects, and who exclaim, "Good lawk-us-heart alive!" at any unusual phenomenon; but the intent and intelligent observer sees mystery in the commonest things, and will comprehend the most mysterious; finds fulness in vacancy and vastness in atoms; considers the crawl of a worm to be a marvel of ingenuity, and the arrogance of a monarch a ridiculous blunder. He follows the windings of every curve, and hears wisdom in every sound. To him there is no monotony, no insignificance, no nonentity. Space is as substantial as matter; a daisy as wonderful as the sun. Every thing has a meaning, and there is no spot which does not contain something which may at once astonish and instruct the mind.

Of these, John Foster was one of the most successful, and deserves to be one of the most illustrious. In all his walks he found new scenes; in all his thoughts new truth. He could not hear the chirp of a bird, the squeak of a mouse, the roar of a lion, or the terrible explosion of a thunder-cloud, without pausing to reflect on what caused the mysterious sound, and what it signified. When a flower drooped, he felt sad; when

a star twinkled, he was happy; when the sun was setting, he felt as proud, as opulent, and as impartial as the great monarch of the sky. When a spider caught a fly in its web, he experienced a revulsion kindred with that which was occasioned by the barbarities of despotism or the horrors of war. In short, he felt, as we all should feel, that God had made nothing in vain; that the life which circulated through all this universe was one complete and indissoluble thing; that, therefore, life was sacred; that every line in nature was a stroke of beauty, and every particle a monument of wisdom; that a glory worthy of God belonged to all created things, and that they should be esteemed with a reverence worthy of the God who made them; that responsibility was a real, unceasing, and universal attribute of life; and, finally, that the power to think, to love, to pray, to act, to rule, was a dreadful possession, the multiform abuses of whose sanctity should awaken the profound remorse of men, and the common depreciation of whose privileges covered his own most sensitive spirit with a gloom almost as dark as despair! How few observe thus keenly! how very few yield to emotions so just, even when they thus observe! In these respects, at least, John Foster was "one of a thousand."

Observation is the best aid to reflection. The question of "innate ideas" may be safely left to the metaphysicians; the fact that all natural phenomena are infinitely suggestive, even the metaphysicians will not dispute. It is impossible for an intelligent being to look on nature or on life without thinking. Astonishment will lead to curiosity; curiosity will dictate endless formal speculations; and speculations will end in what originated them — profound astonishment. Reflectiveness may lead to observation; observation must lead to reflectiveness. In the case of John Foster, the influence was reciprocal, and, therefore, was doubly strong. A constitutional tendency led to the habit; the habit fostered a constitutional tendency. When very young, he was notorious for the constancy and absorbedness of his musings. These led him out into the great field of nature. There he found every thing to satisfy his passion for meditation. A somewhat amusing instance of the force of his solitary thoughts, and of the necessity of practical observation to settle and content them, may be gathered from his biography. When as yet only a young man, whilst on a visit to his parents, he suddenly quitted the house, and started off in a heavy shower to look at a

waterfall in the neighborhood, of which he had often heard; and on his return he exclaimed, "I now understand the thing, and have got some ideas on the subject with which I should not like to part." It seems to us that in this simple incident we have a key to the character of his mind, and an explanation of his whole literary and public life. He could not hear what others said without interest; he could not know that there was any thing which he had not seen, which he could see, and which was worth seeing, but he would run to look at it: when he got near, he did not merely glance at it, but he inspected it, he comprehended it, and from it he gathered *ideas*, the value and satisfaction of which he himself entirely appreciated. He would *understand* even a waterfall; and from the spray and the foam it made in the stream, from the mystic melody of its constant murmur, from the sunbeams that quivered on its surface, as on the surface of a moving mirror, or from the surrounding scenery which it adorned, he would get *ideas*. More than vague impressions were made upon his soul by all these things. They were so many forms of intelligence; they had the significance of books and the dearth of friends to him; and he could not leave them till he comprehended them. And so it was with every thing which came before his eye. His writings, therefore, are rather like descriptions of life and records of experience, than mere theories of social systems, or balances of opposing creeds. He saw; he thought on what he saw; and he has given to the world the results of his observations, in the consistency, definiteness, and fulness of the reflections they suggested. He was a meditator. We have spoken of his imagination. In truth, however, he made but a subordinate use of this faculty. It served him in his *interpretation* of what he beheld, but he beheld so much, and with such reverential interest, that he had neither the opportunity nor the necessity of attempting new *creations*. To him the universe was infinite in its compass, and was crowded with objects. It had no limits and no vacancies. To know what it was and what it contained, was to know all things. His imagination was but the servant of his curiosity—his curiosity was but the agent of his knowledge—his knowledge was but the minister of his awe. If to form ideal systems, and to elaborate original theories of science and of life, constitute the philosopher, he certainly could not lay claim to that character. If to invest nature with a *obe* she never wears, and to attribute to her

meanings she does not convey, constitute the poet, certainly he was no poet. He was neither philosopher nor poet. He was too practical for the latter, and too spiritual for the former. He read phenomena, but he plainly read them, neither reducing them to the requirements of a system he had himself invented, nor expanding them to proportions they would not naturally support. He was too much of a poet to be a philosopher, and too much of a philosopher ever to be a poet. The philosopher interprets nature and life by the faculty of the understanding; the poet by the faculty of the imagination. Foster saw nature as it was, and he would speak of it only as he found it. As far as he comprehended it, he was clear; and when it became mysterious, he confessed the *mystery* in words of adoration. Therefore, he supplemented nature with no suppositions, either of fancy or of mechanical inference. He consolidated his raptures by intelligence, and illuminated his intelligence by fine reflection. The arrogance of the understanding and of the imagination, he equally checked; he sought to *know*, and when he knew, he *felt* accordingly. He knew much; and he felt deeply. The philosopher has no individuality of his own. He sees nature apart from himself. It is all objective. With the poet, it is just the contrary. He has a life vast, ramified, glorious as the life he sees all around him. He knows nothing but himself; and in himself all he knows is included. Experience is his inspiration, even though the universe be his theme. Here all is subjective. Foster felt the burden of immense subjectivity. He was conscious of profound individuality. But he did not absorb the universe, so to speak; he conversed with it, and treasured up in his heart what it told him. It was to him as a friend with whom he had communion. It honored him with many confidences, "for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." He realized a true love and sympathy from its mighty soul. His emotions were very deep as he held his high spiritual fellowship; but it was a fellowship, not a solitude. There was a being, a power, a stupendous system, outside himself, and on this he gazed; with this he conversed; in silence he spake unto it; in silence he heard its sombre and its grand responses. It was not a mere self-worship, that strange, pensive, absorbed life of his; but a true worship of the Infinite of which he was *but* a portion; but of which he was a portion; a worship, however, so true that it brought actual power, and peace, and won-

dering, trembling, aspiring enjoyment to his heart.

Mr. Foster's observations of human nature were as constant and as keen as his observations of "inanimate" nature, (to use a very stupid and incorrect phrase.) He saw into the hearts of men. He read the history of his race, with a fearful application of its lessons. The deceit and ferocity and selfishness of this world—oh, it was no foreign, remote, indifferent thing to him! And he saw it all around him. He found it within himself. The picture was very dark! Groans and sighs, and oaths of fierce malevolence, and shouts of horrid blasphemy—tears where there was no remorse, shame where no pity, distress where no sympathy, prayers where no faith, persecutions where no zeal, anathemas where no intelligence—butcheries without provocation, tyrannies without majesty, revolutions without patriotism—friendships without esteem, marriages without love, commerce without honesty—flattery spoken to delude, and yet received with gratification—candor but the mask of fouler dissimulation—hypocrisy in worship, ingratitude in prosperity, slavish superstition when death approached—such was life! And on this life he looked, not as we look on tragedies at a theatre, with an excitement indulged as pastime, but as the veritable being, doing, and suffering of this human race of which he was a member. Well might a shadow of melancholy steal over his spirit! And what was there to relieve him of this sadness? Christianity? The Church? Alas! his estimate of the evil is not less exaggerated than his estimate of the cure. Hear what he says in a letter to his friend, Dr. Harris, on the subject of missions to the heathen:

I hope, indeed may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament; but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflections while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade. I pray for the piety to maintain a humble submission of thought and feeling to the wise and righteous Disposer of all existence. But to see a nature created in purity, qualified for perfect and endless felicity, but ruined at the very origin, by a disaster devolving fatally on all the race—to see it, in an early age of the world, estranged from truth, from the love and fear of its Creator, from that, therefore, without which existence is to be deplored—abandoned to all evil till swept away by a deluge—the renovated race revolting into idolatry and iniquity, and spreading downward through ages in darkness, wickedness, and misery—no Divine dispensation to enlighten and reclaim it,

except for one small section, and that section itself a no less flagrant proof of the desperate corruption of the nature—the ultimate grand remedial visitation, Christianity, laboring in a very difficult progress and limited extension, and soon perverted from its purpose into darkness and superstition, for a period of a thousand years—at the present period known and even nominally acknowledged by very greatly the minority of the race, the mighty mass remaining prostrate under the infernal dominion of which countless generations of their ancestors have been the slaves and the victims—a deplorable majority of the people in the Christian nations strangers to the vital power of Christianity, and a large proportion directly hostile to it; and even the institutions pretended to be for its support and promotion being baneful to its virtue—its progress in the work of conversion, in even the most favored part of the world, *distanced* by the progressive increase of the population, so that even there (but to a fearful extent if we take the world at large) the disproportion of the faithful to the religious is continually increasing—the sum of all these melancholy facts being, that thousands of millions have passed, and thousands every day are passing out of the world, in no state of fitness for a pure and happy state elsewhere—oh, it is a most confounding and appalling contemplation!

Indeed, it is. There may be another picture whose brightness shall equal the gloom of this, but this is true; and one can well imagine what an impression it must have produced upon a nature never too sanguine, and constitutionally pensive. Some of Mr. Foster's critics have so misunderstood the seriousness of his nature as to charge him with cynicism and misanthropy. Nothing could be wider of the mark. His estimate of human nature was not unkind, even if it must be admitted that it was unjust. He looked much on the darker side of life, but never was a man more anxious that life should become light and gladsome all round than was he. In his gloom he was ever pitiful. Misanthropy is born of conceit, and expresses itself in morose ill-will, in the restlessness of suspicion, the severity of a rude censoriousness, the bitterness of envy, and the unscrupulousness of pride. It is eminently a selfish principle. It combines the arrogance of vanity with the peevishness of habitual ill-temper. It is malevolent, saucy, obstinate, self-willed. It is not only *predisposed* to exaggerate the miseries of men; it is indisposed to contribute any thing to their mitigation. If it weeps, it is from the sorrow of self-pity, rather than from a tender sympathy with others; and it more frequently indulges a cruel joy over the griefs it delights to depict. Its laugh is hoarse with malice. It blasphemes God, whilst it maligns man-

kind. Its pleasure is to give others pain. Instead of administering a salutary reproof to the wayward, it taunts him into persistency, and then mocks his folly. Its weapon is satire, its habit scandal. It leers, and grins, and croaks. It is heartless, remorseless, hopeless. A spirit so utterly repulsive and fiendish never tainted the breast or tortured the experience of the illustrious essayist. He was sad, but it was with compassion. He had fears, but they warmed his generosity and stimulated his zeal. The shade of despair sometimes covered his soul; but he sat down in his unaffected woe, and committed himself, his fellows, and the world, with all the solemnity of love, to the Maker and Governor of all things. Mercy was his bane, if any thing divine can be the bane of man. He was too sensitive and tender. So far from doing injustice to his race, it was his dread that justice must be done to it. Hence his revulsion from the doctrine of eternal punishments. Never was a soul more scrupulously honest or more thoughtfully generous than this man's. He would pay more for any little article that he purchased than was asked for it, if he thought the competition of the market or the expedients of poverty had reduced its price below its value. He never saw want without making a sacrifice to relieve it; he never witnessed agony without himself enduring a pang. It was misery that made him miserable; and the deep abiding gloom which hung about his spirit was but the response of a fine piety to a mysterious and inexplicable Providence. He was as good as he was great; and his goodness was told not in tears alone, for he toiled, and suffered, and prayed for men.

Indeed, great injustice has been done to the character of our hero. If he exaggerated the evils of the world, his depression has been greatly exaggerated. He has been thought morose and morbidly sentimental. On the contrary, he was eminently genial in his fellowships and practical in his reflections. His standard of human virtue was high, but he aspired himself to reach it, and the very least that can be said of him is, that he never wantonly desecrated its dignity. Those select circles in which he felt "at home" can testify with what exuberant delight he ministered to their cheerfulness; and though he never sanctioned frivolity, he made his presence any thing but a bore, even to the gayest of his companions. His humor was not very prolific, but his intelligence was always refreshing, and his musings were radiant with benevolence and rich in wisdom. He threw

away neither hours, words, nor feelings; but he so occupied attention as to delight and entertain his auditors, whilst every syllable he spoke was adapted to purify and sweeten their coming days. True, he could rebuke with severity the wicked, and satirize with keenness the foolish; and young ladies dreaded his insinuations against their vanity and their waste of time; but the intelligent ever found him instructive, whilst the holy never thought him dull.

The reflectiveness and sobriety of his nature are wonderfully developed in his writings. Those essays will be read for ages, and whenever read will be admired for the serenity, discrimination, reverentialness, and sanctity of the spirit that breathes through them. How he seems to gaze on mind and watch its workings! And yet how delightfully informal and unofficial are his reports! With what earnestness, and yet with what repose he pursues his theme! His range of inquiry is as comprehensive as his subject will allow; and his analysis is as complete and as clear as the reader can desire. He never peddles with his topic. There is no hacking and jobbing in his works; for he is a skilful artificer. And what subjects he has chosen to descant upon! "The Epithet, Romantic;" why, the very title of the essay implies that the author is given to meditation, to introspection, to earnest and abandoned thought. There is no scope for declamation, no temptation to controversy. By the very necessities of his theme, he is shut up to the free, independent, and peculiar workings of his own mind. He cannot be suspected of plagiarism, for who has preceded him? He need not fear the thief, for the individuality of the matter would be recognized in a moment. These compositions are unique in the literature of the world, and so unique was the author, they are very likely to remain so.

To the peculiarity of their substance their great popularity may, without doubt, be chiefly attributed. But their more essential characteristics are adequately sustained by their artistic and literary excellence. We have his own testimony that his compositions are the fruits of patient labor and a most scrupulous taste. That he had considerable ambition, and definite desires, as a writer, we may gather from an exclamation made by him in his early life. Speaking of certain forms of expression common in those days, he said, that if possible he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament, and concluded his protest by the words, "We want to put a new face upon

things." As a writer on religion, he is remarkably free from the common theological technicalities of his time, and from all cant phrases. Speaking more generally, he is original without affectation, elaborate without redundancy, strong without vulgarity, correct without tameness, smooth without monotony, and, above all, remarkably clear. He has no eccentricities which invite imitation or occasion disgust. He is classical and yet not pedantic. He seems to have formed his own style, in respectful independence of the usual models. And we suspect that he will never be a model for young writers. He is too correct for their patience, and too natural for their vanity. And yet he may be studied with immense advantage by the literary aspirant, for few writers are at once so free from magniloquence, and so true in majesty; so superior to passion, and yet so mighty in

soul. There is all the serenity and all the strength; all the profundity and all the transparency; all the caution and all the confidence of his nature in his compositions. Their chasteness is never soiled, their dignity never degraded, their music never broken. They want in irregularity, if in any thing. A little Saxon roughness, and occasional impetuosity, might make them more memorable; for in style it is as nowhere else, imperfection is a charm and an advantage.

There are many other features of this good man's mind and life on which we had intended to dwell; but our space is occupied; and we must conclude by commending to all our readers his works and his biography; for they are mines of spiritual and literary wealth; and he who digs treasures thence will find that which will not corrupt nor perish in the using.

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CROATS.

BY MISS A. M. DIRKBECK.

As the struggle for the preservation of the Crescent advances, the countries lying within its portentous course gradually assume an importance which, notwithstanding their remoteness, and slight relation with the civilized world, renders them, for the moment, objects of research and unceasing speculation. Those races particularly command our attention who live nearest to the spreading conflagration, and who, from their unsettled political condition and ardent desire for independence, are the most likely to ignite, and change, over-night, from mere spectators to the most active participators in the drama.

A fleeting glance at the map will show that none are more exposed to this contact than the nationalities along the southern boundaries of Austria, or, more properly, of Hungary, most of them having for opposite neighbors a portion of their own respective tribes, who dwell in the northern provinces of the Ottoman empire, from the Adriatic Sea as far as Bukovina. Thus we find, in the moun-

tains running parallel to the Adriatic coast, and on the banks of the Save, Drave, and the Lower Danube, opposite to Turkish Croatia, Bosnia, and Servia, various Slavonian tribes, the bulk consisting of Croats and Servians, the reluctant and discontented supports of Austrian despotism. Farther on, in an easterly direction, come the Wallachians, the degraded descendants of the great Romans. They inhabit the steep and rugged declivities and valleys of the southern Carpathians, and, in spite of their very abject and demoralized state, would fain establish a Dracoman empire, in conjunction with their brethren living on Turkish territory. Their nearest neighbors are the Saxons, a peaceful and industrious people, yet, since the year 1849, greatly incensed against the Hapsburgs, owing to the summary abolishment of their ancient immunities. The last link in this motley chain of races is formed by the Szeklers, who are of Magyar origin, and the oldest settlers in Transylvania, renowned for their love of liberty and martial spirit, as well

as their hatred to the Austrian rule. They occupy several ridges of the Carpathians, opposite to Moldavia.

We will here call the attention of the reader to the most numerous of the border races—the Croats.

When the Hungarian horsemen first watered their steeds, a thousand years since, in the floods of the Drave, they found the ancestors of the Croats already established there, forming part of a Slavonian confederation, which, under the protectorate of the Greek emperors, extended likewise over Bosnia and Servia. But the aggression of their protectors soon compelled the Croats to curry favor with the Hungarians, who not alone freed them from the yoke of the Greeks, but admitted them as well to all the municipal and political immunities which they themselves enjoyed. As long as Hungary possessed her own innate sovereigns, Croatia, under the ægis of a common independence, was one of her most thriving provinces, having been sufficiently shielded, by a strong and liberal government, against the attacks of all external enemies. A long series of calamities for both countries commenced on the accession of the Hapsburgs to the Hungarian throne. Under the misrule of that race, Croatia was exposed to incessant inroads from the Turks, and in several districts entirely depopulated. In order to repopulate the land, Leopold I., towards the end of the seventeenth century, invited all the outlaws—who had formed themselves into organized bands along the borders, alternately ravaging both the Turkish and Hungarian territories—to settle there for the protection of the latter. This invitation was accepted by a great number of these desperadoes, to whom the king assigned a large tract of waste border-land, severing it, politically, for ever from the mother-country, at the same time subjecting those savage tribes to strict military regulations. Thus the foundation was laid for a system which, though salutary in its first results, at a later period proved highly detrimental to civil freedom. This system was arbitrarily extended over the entire southern and eastern frontier of Hungary; and when there were no longer any infidels to contend with, the arms of the Grenziers were turned against all the popular barriers that obstructed the progress of absolutism.

Croatia, including the provinces called Slavonia and Syrnium, has a territorial extent of 3,250 square miles, with nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, who, with few excep-

tions, belong to the Roman Catholic faith; the Protestants being, by a special statute, prohibited from settling within the precincts of those provinces. The land is divided, politically, into two parts, the larger comprising the military borders, and the smaller the provincial territories. These are again subdivided, the former into eleven regimental districts, under the command of two military boards, and the latter into six counties, each of which, at least prior to 1849, was governed by freely-elected civil authorities. The entire land is intersected by many mountain ranges, which, to the south, rise to a considerable height, ever and anon broken by wild, barren glens, yet, towards the rivers Drave, Save, and the Lower Danube, sloping down into softer forms, clad with vines and luxuriant foliage; the beech and oak forests affording abundant provision for countless herds of swine. Here and there the ground is perfectly level, and the land extremely fertile. Hence, while the mountaineers have to contend with many disadvantages of a rough climate and sterile soil, the lowlanders enjoy the almost spontaneous blessings of nature. Amongst their various fruits, the late plums, both for quantity and delicacy, deserve mention. Every house and farm possesses large plots of plum trees, and even the roads for miles are skirted by them. From their abundant produce, a fine kind of brandy, *slivovica*, is distilled. The red wines of Syrnium are likewise celebrated for sweetness and flavor, the Roman emperor Probus having, in the third century, first introduced the growth of vines there, near the town of Mitrovitz.

The Slavonian tribes of Croatia are as different in appearance, character, and manners, as the country they inhabit, and the occupations they pursue. The mountaineers have lofty stature, dark complexions, fiery eyes, long plaited hair, and black bushy beards. They are still a set of uncultivated savages, sullen, passionate, and revengeful; redoubted in time of war less for true valor than for ferocity and love of plunder. Baron Trenck, the leader of the famous corps of Croatian volunteers called Pandurs, recruited part of his terrible bands from these mountains, and led them, during the Austrian wars of succession under Maria Theresa, against the empire. Clad in Turkish fashion, with the fez and loose red mantle, and carrying the horse-tail and crescent, instead of colors, they went forth, leaving a cursed memory wherever they set foot, from the dire crimes they committed on defenceless people.

The populace of Bavaria, as well as that along the Rhine, retain a traditional horror of their barbarous deeds; so much so, that even to this day, they frighten their children into obedience by calling out: "Hush, the Pandurs are coming!"

The Grenzer of Licca, the wildest amongst the mountain tribes, wears a fez, a tight-fitting black or green jacket, green trousers, red mantle, and sandals of untanned hide, which are used throughout the country. His chest, both summer and winter, is left uncovered. The whole of his attire, even his linen, is richly ornamented with embroidery, braid of bright colors, and innumerable buttons and rings of silver or zinc. In his leather belt he carries his inseparable companions—a brace of pistols, together with a knife, his pipe, and cartridge-box. His chief weapon is a long, old-fashioned gun, inlaid with silver, like those of the Turks. The women are tall, but too robust and masculine, both in appearance and bearing, to be called beautiful. The principal part of their dress is a long linen gown, of ample proportions, drawn in at the waist with a girdle, and embroidered at every seam. From their shoulders hangs a short cloth mantle, and on the head they wear a cap of a flat or pointed form, over which they throw a black veil. The neck they adorn with rows of buttons, and in their girdle, like the men, they carry pistols and knives. Amongst their many strange customs, the most peculiar is the mode of marking their married or single state by the color of their stockings: the maidens wearing white, the married women red, and the widows blue.

Several villages in the mountains near the coast are inhabited by Uskoks, descendants of pirates, who rendered themselves famous during their desultory warfare against the Republic of Venice, and who even now surpass all their neighbors in ferocity of disposition.

In the wildest and loneliest part of the Croatian Mountains—the Great Capella range—lies the small village of Plaski, the birth-place of Omer Pasha. It belongs to the regimental district of Ogulin, where his father, Baron Littas, then held the rank of captain. Omer Pasha was born in 1801, and brought up from childhood for the military profession, which he embraced with great ardor, and in his twentieth year entered one of the Grenzer regiments as lieutenant. In consequence, however, of some quarrel with his colonel, he suddenly left the Austrian service, and went to Turkey. There, having changed both his name and faith, he offered his sword in defence

of the Crescent. His offer was accepted, and he rose rapidly, signalizing himself by his conspicuous military abilities; and now, in his fifty-third year, he fills the highest and most important post in that realm after his sovereign, the sultan.

On descending the mountain slopes, both the climate and people gradually become more genial; and in the low countries, principally in provincial Croatia, the meagre faces of the people bear an expression of gentleness and good-nature. Their apparel, also, undergoes a considerable change. The men wear broad-brimmed Hungarian hats, wide linen drawers and shirts, with the addition, in winter, of trousers of a thick white cloth; black great-coats—*gungatz*—ornamented with small pieces of cloth of gay colors, and a large rug or a sheepskin—*bunda*. The *torba*, which completes their dress, is a leather pouch hanging from their side; this they never part with, either by day or night; in it they keep their provisions, pipes, and, above all, the never-failing flask of brandy—*rakie*—of which both sexes are passionately fond.

Alike in the low countries as in the mountains, the women's chief attire is a loose linen gown, fastened with a leather girdle round the waist, and falling in a thousand folds below the knees. The upper part of this garment forms a very novel sort of larder; the owner, in default of pockets, stowing in it a variety of eatables, such as cakes, bacon, sausages, fruit, &c., with which, on leaving their dwellings, they invariably provide themselves, in order to regale the friends whom they may chance to meet. A broad, flat cap, or red kerchief, worn in the Turkish fashion, as a turban, forms their usual head-gear; the neck and girdle they deck with gold or copper coins and buttons, and the fingers with as many rings of silver or zinc as they can conveniently squeeze on to them. They are extremely fond of painting their faces; their cosmetics, which they begin to use as early as fourteen, are a preparation of vegetable matter.

The domestic life of the Croats, in most respects, bears the impress of primitive simplicity; the family affairs being conducted in a patriarchal style by a chief, who manages the property much in the same way as the early Christian communities did.

Neither the civilian, peasant, nor the Grenzer divide their landed property among their children; the former from habit, and the latter from the fact that he is solely the farmer of the government. Hence both, though from different motives, resort to the

same expedient of keeping their increasing families together, in order to carry on the cultivation of their united possessions.

A farmer's dwelling, when first constructed, contains but a large hall, to which, whenever a member of the family marries, a small hut is annexed, consisting of a single room, which is fitted up as a sleeping-apartment. The dwellings are built of logs or row-bricks, and covered with the dry bark of the lime tree. It is no rare occurrence to find from ten to twelve families of fifty or sixty members united in a house of this description, which looks not very unlike an enormous bee-hive. The chief of such a community is the *Gospodar*, or master, who is elected for life to that dignity by the male members. His patriarchal sway is unhesitatingly obeyed, and, in case of need, supported even by the authorities. The *Gospodar* has the uncontrolled management of the extensive husbandry; he provides for the necessities of his people, and dispenses the labor between the men; whilst the wife's office is to guide the internal affairs, and to superintend the females in their varied occupations. At the close of every year, the *Gospodar* makes up the accounts in the simplest way possible—that is to say, from a notched stick; the men receiving the surplus in equal proportions, and the females their share in presents of dresses or finery. Besides the common property, each member or family may possess as much individually as they save or earn by extra labor. They may likewise separate from the parent stem at discretion, and settle in farms of their own. This privilege, however, is seldom exercised, partly from being accustomed from childhood to the former mode of life, and partly from the conviction that by living together they spare a considerable amount of work, and more easily produce the necessities of life.

Although the great hall—the centre of these Croatian bee-hives—is properly the dwelling-room of the *Gospodar*, yet it is likewise, at certain times, at the disposal of the community at large, who in summer take their meals in it, and in winter, when compelled by the intense cold to take shelter within-doors, old and young congregate round the enormous stove, in which mighty logs are burning, and listen, when the day's work is over, to tales of witches and ghosts, in which Slavonian imagination delights. On cold nights, the married people transfer their beds from their unbeated rooms into the great hall, where they are placed in a row along the walls, the younger and unmarried

members accommodating themselves in the kitchen, stables, and barns.

Scarcely acquainted even from hearsay with the refinements of civilized life, the Croats are extremely simple in their habits, and have but few wants, and these they contrive to reduce to a still narrower compass, to suit their naturally idle inclinations. Notwithstanding the salubrity of the climate, and the riches of the soil, they and their houses not unfrequently look as if suffering from a seven years' famine. The furniture of their rooms is scanty, and of a rude kind, the great hall containing but a large earthenware oven, a long table, several benches, and a collection of gaudy pictures of saints hung upon the walls. In the bedroom there is nothing save a bedstead and a weaving-loom. The kitchen is still more destitute of conveniences: there you find scarcely any utensils but a large iron kettle suspended over the fire, which is kindled on the ground; and so far do they carry their indolence, that, instead of chopping up the wood, they push the entire trunk of a tree through the kitchen door on to the fire, and whilst one end is burning away, the other is still in the yard. The spacious chimneys are the best provided part of the house, for there, during the whole of the year, hangs a good supply of pork, bacon, and sausages for smoking, forming an inexhaustible and almost the sole stock of provisions of a Croatian peasant. Of out-buildings there are but few; for the grain, until trodden out by horses, which they employ instead of threshing, is kept in stacks; and the cattle and horses remain throughout the year in the fields and forests, under temporary sheds.

The expenses of a Croatian household are, of course, very few, the food and clothing being the produce of their own industry. The finery and extra garments occasionally purchased are of a cheap kind, and descend from parent to child. A workman of any trade is seldom, if ever, employed upon a farm; the male members all being expert masons, as well as carpenters and wheelwrights, they build their own dwellings and carts, using as little iron as possible in their construction. Their wealth consists in cattle of all kinds, particularly of swine. The horses are almost as small as ponies, but full of fire and very fleet. They are harnessed four in a row, in such worn and torn trappings, that one might imagine they had already been employed in dragging the wooden horse of the Greeks into the doomed city of Troy. Bees are likewise kept in a

very primitive fashion. The bee-hive, made of willowings, is plastered inside and out with a layer of cow-dung, and placed with its busy inmates on the bare ground. When it is filled with honey, a hole is dug beneath the hive, and the bees continue their work, as the Latin poet says—*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes*.^{*} In several parts of the country, the culture of silk-worms prevails, forming a considerable part of the earnings of the populace.

But the idle propensities of the men are fully redeemed by the industry and dexterity of the women. The latter not only perform all the duties of the house, dairy, and garden, but even feed the cattle and horses, cleaning and harnessing the latter; while the men never stir till the women hand them the whip, which is the signal that the carts are ready. These, however, are only a part of their occupations: they provide all the men's clothing, except the hat and sandals; shear the sheep; dye, spin, and weave the wool or hemp, cut out the cloth or linen, which they then fashion into the required articles of dress; so that it rests only with the men to put on the ready-made garments, after their indispensable partners have even combed their hair. As we have stated, there is a weaving-loom in every bedroom, at which one or other of the inmates is continually employed, throwing the shuttle to and fro with marvellous skill and rapidity.

As the *torba*, or pouch, is the never-failing companion of the men, so is the distaff that of the women. Wherever they go, they invariably carry it with them in their girdle, their fingers being constantly employed in turning the spindle and drawing out the thread. In knitting and embroidery they are likewise skilful: every part of their dress is more or less tastefully ornamented with the latter, either in wool or gold.

The favorite food of the Croats is pork and milk. Their bread, although they grow wheat in abundance, is made of maize or *hirse*—*panicum malacum*.

The patriarchal authority of the Gospodar extends also to the marriages, which are arranged in the following manner: First, the two Gospodars hold a consultation as to the price of the girl, to be paid in cattle; and when they agree as to the terms, they ask the young people if they love each other. The answer, if in the affirmative, is considered as an official pledge of their mutual acceptance,

and from that moment, whenever the affianced see each other in public, they dare not exchange a word or a look, but must turn round and fly, as though smitten, not with love, but with the plague. So it goes on, till the parties meet at one of the church ales in the vicinity, on which occasion a fair is always held; when, at the general meeting of the friends and relations, rings are exchanged. After this public betrothal, the lass has the right of choosing and buying, at the expense of her future father-in-law, all the articles of finery for her wedding, which are not a few, and of the most gaudy description. On their return home, the Gospodar, in the name of the *fiancé*, sends the girl an apple filled with gold or silver coins, which form the chief part of her dowry. Besides the cattle, he has to present each member of her family with a gift, usually of wearing apparel; this sometimes making a greater drain upon his purse than even the apple with its costly contents.

On the wedding-day the procession proceeds to the church, headed by a clown, mounted upon the worst hack that can be found, and clad half in male and half in female attire; his hat decorated with the wing of a goose. This post is always filled by the wittiest and merriest person in the neighborhood, who is expected to entertain the company with his droll sallies. After the clown comes the bride, accompanied only by one female friend; then follows the bridegroom on horseback, carrying a nosegay, and wearing a cloak which, according to custom, was thrown over his shoulders at the bride's house, and surrounded by a troop of mounted comrades. In the church a canopy is prepared for the bride and bridegroom, and during the ceremony two crowns of silver-gilt, or bronze, are held above their heads. The priest, having offered up a prayer, first takes the man's crown, saying, as he places it upon his head: "I crown thee, servant of God, for the maiden N—." He then takes the girl's crown, and proceeds in a similar manner. With that the ceremony is concluded, and the procession, with the newly-wedded pair wearing their crowns, return to the house of the bridegroom, where the wedding is celebrated with feasting and dancing, which lasts for three days and nights, or longer—that is, until the numerous guests have as fairly emptied both cellar and larder, as if a swarm of locusts had swept over them. The morning after the marriage, the bride carries the water for washing to the guests, on which occasion she receives a gift from each.

The music of the Croats is the bagpipe;

^{*} You bees, you collect honey, yet not for your OWN USE.

and their national dance—*kolo*—is simply turning round in a large circle, which is joined by all persons present, who, in order to keep their places, take hold of each other's girdles. The performers wheel round, or move quickly backwards and forwards, keeping time with the music, and singing or rather bawling one of their national melodies; the rings and coins hanging from their garments chinking, as they move, like so many spurs.

In Croatia, the good old custom of celebrating every particular event, such as birthdays, baptisms, deaths, &c., by a feast, is still in full vigor. As they are, however, rather expensive affairs, the prudent Gospodar manages to keep several at the same time. This is most practicable in the case of a christening, which rite is seldom performed until the births of two or more children have taken place in one family. The names given to their offspring are selected less from the calendar of saints, than from the vocabulary of affection or of nature. Names such as *Milosh*, Darling; *Lubitza*, Beloved; *Jagoda*, Strawberry, are usually chosen.

At their feasts the Gospodar drinks to the health of the guests one by one, and every time in a bumper. It is a matter of courtesy, on the part of the entertained, to empty their glasses after each health; which of course brings about the natural consequence, that a very few veterans are left on Bacchus' battlefield to do honor to those who come last; as most of the combatants are, by that time, disabled for further effective service on that day.

Another of their peculiar customs, is that of going to the cemeteries on Easter-Monday, attended by their priests, where, for an hour or more, they pray for the souls of the departed. Many bring the wardrobe of a deceased relative with them, and, whilst laying the garments one by one upon the grave, exclaim, amidst tears and lamentations, "Oh, why did you leave us so soon? your clothes are still good—they would have lasted you for many years!" This singular act of piety over, they close the day, according to the usual custom, with feasting; and on the very graveyards, where a few moments before they prayed and wept, they now display the contents of their *torba*, eating, drinking, and making merry; as if there were not enough mournful emblems around to check their mirth in its very core.

The Croatian language, which is understood also by the Servians, is an inharmonious idiom of the Slavonian tongue. Like every Slavonian tribe belonging to the Catholic creed, the

Croats use the Latin characters in print and in writing. Their schools are few, and those are badly attended and still worse managed; the chief part of the inhabitants neither being able to read nor write. The border districts, though better supplied with village schools, have none of a higher class; for, as the men are trained solely for the military profession, they are not allowed to learn any thing beyond the narrow compass of their oppressive duty.

As we have stated, the Croatian, Slavonian, and Servian borders are divided into eleven military districts, each of them furnishing one infantry regiment of four battalions, or three thousand one hundred men. As, however, every man is by birth a soldier, and must serve as long as he can bear arms, the number of battalions can easily be augmented.

So imposing a number of armed men, led as they are by their own native generals, several of whom have gained at least Austrian renown, looks formidable enough upon paper, but loses much in the reality, like many other things in Austria bearing a grand name and an imposing appearance. It is a well-known fact, that military training alone does not instil true martial spirit, and far less heroic devotion. Where there is no nobler motive-power than pay, or at most the prospect of plunder, the soldiers may be driven into battle, and kept together as long as their arms are victorious, but the first reverse demoralizes them, and they rapidly succumb to the hardships of war. Such is the case, at least, with the Austrian Grenzers. They do well enough as cordonists against smugglers or Turkish depredators; yet, in their present condition, they can never gain fame in a regular battle. Even in the Austrian army they are looked upon as a body far below the common standard. As an illustration of this, we will quote one or two striking examples from modern history.

In September, 1848, Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, invaded Hungary with an army of fifty thousand Croats. This he did at a moment when the Hungarian nation still confided in the solemn oaths of their king, and were thus unprepared to meet a hostile aggression. Jellachich, aware of this, hastened by forced marches towards Buda-Pesth, in order to crush at one blow the liberty of the country. There was every prospect of a speedy victory; for who would dare to oppose the formidable legions that had already conquered the peaceful inhabitants of several counties, and, like their forefathers, the Trenck-Pandars, filled their knapsacks with

spoil? Yet, contrary to all expectation, a few miles from the capital, a corps of fifteen thousand men—a medley of soldiers, citizens, national guards, ministers and members of the Diet—awaited the invaders in battle-array, determined to face and to fight them. The Ban, with his overwhelming force, could easily have crushed such a handful of men; so it was generally believed. But it turned out quite the contrary: for as soon as the Croats heard the Hungarian bullets whizzing about their heads, they at once remembered that the better part of valor is discretion. Accordingly, after a short cannonade, they turned and fled, never looking back until they were under the walls of Vienna. This movement of Jellachich is immortalized in the Austrian annals as “The Ban’s famous flank-manceuvre!”

The reserve corps of Jellachich, amounting to ten thousand men with twelve guns, which advanced along the Lake of Balaton, a two days’ journey behind the main army, was doomed to a still more ignominious defeat. At the tidings of the Ban’s flight, the corps presently fell back towards Croatia. Yet the populace, exasperated by the excesses the enemy had committed during their advance, had already risen *en masse*, gradually hemming them in on all sides, until there remained no chance of escape. In this emergency, the Croats, instead of showing the muzzles of their guns, showed the white feather, and surrendered at the mercy of the people, without having fired a single shot. The Hungarians, however, as usual, generous in success, instead of treating the robbers as they deserved, regaled them with meat and wine, and after taking their oath that they would never again bear arms against the mother-country, sent them back with an escort to their homes.

The campaign in the spring and summer of 1849, proved not less disastrous for the

Ban and his Croats. One of his brigades was annihilated by Damjanich, at Szolnok, on the 5th of March; another met a similar fate at Tápio-Bicske, on the 4th of April; and on the sixth of the same month, he was defeated at the head of his corps by Klapka and Damjanich. Such repeated reverses induced the Ban to fall back upon his resources in Croatia; from whence he reappeared in mid-summer, at the head of twenty thousand veterans, and commenced an advance upon Pesth between the Theiss and the Danube. Unfortunately, at Hegyes, he encountered a Hungarian force of some eight thousand men, under the Generals Vetter and Guyon, who gave him such a warm reception, that he retreated, with a severe loss of men and guns, in one forced march behind the Danube—a distance of about fifty miles.

The Grenzers are all foot-soldiers, being quite unfit for cavalry service. During the above-named campaign, the Austrians, having no hussars at their disposal, made an attempt to organize a regiment of them in Croatia. They so far succeeded, that eight hundred horses were equipped and mounted by as many men, who were called the Rauderial Hussars. The new cavalry were to gain their first laurels in the battle of Tápio-Bicske. When, on that day, the genuine hussars of Klapka were told whom they had to attack, they sheathed their swords, exclaiming, that they could put such scarecrows of troopers to flight with their fists. At the ensuing onset, two squadrons of the 1st Hussars did literally disperse eight escadrons of Croats. The prisoners taken in that dashing exploit were conducted as great curiosities through the Hungarian camp, and the horsemen from the Theiss and the Pusztá could not comprehend the impudence of a Grenzer daring to mount a steed in hussar attire.

After this defeat, the Croatian hussars entirely disappeared from the scene of action.

From the Leisure Hour.

AN OLD HOUSE IN COLOGNE.

AMONG the many historical objects of curiosity in Cologne, to which the professional cicerone seldom fails to conduct the sight-seeing traveller, is a goodly mansion, situated in the Sternengasse, and well known in the town by the name of Jabach House. The interior of the house is not usually shown to strangers; indeed, it contains no historical relics of the celebrated personages who once inhabited it, nor aught to satisfy the cravings of visual curiosity, the only gratification to be derived from an inspection of it being the association of ideas; for we naturally feel pleasure in contemplating even four bare walls, when we know that genius once resided within them, or fallen royalty underwent therein the bitter trials of poverty and deprivation.

The entrance to this mansion, like that of most of the larger houses in Cologne, consists of folding-doors, large enough to admit of the ingress of a carriage. Immediately over the door, in a kind of frame, is the bust of a man, carved in oak, which at once arrests the attention of the passer-by, the more so as he does not fail to recognize, at the first glance, the large bonnet so intimately connected with the well-known portrait of Rubens. On each side of the doorway is an inscription in German, engraved on a tablet of stone, let into the wall.

That on the left is as follows:

"On the 29th of June, 1577, being the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, Peter Paul Rubens was born in this house, and baptized in the parish church of St. Peter's. He was the seventh son of his parents, who lived here nineteen years. His father was a senator at Antwerp for the term of six years. On account of religious troubles he fled to Cologne, where he died in 1587. He was buried with great pomp in St. Peter's church. Our Peter Paul Rubens, the German Apelles, wished to see his birth-place, Cologne, once more, and with his own hand inaugurate, in the church where he was baptized, his celebrated picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, which had been ordered of him by our celebrated connoisseur of art, Eberhard Jabach, senator, but death overtook him, in Antwerp, on the 30th of May, 1640, in the sixty-third year of his age.

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On the right hand we read:

"To this house fled Maria de Medicis, widow of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII. of France. She called Rubens from his dwelling in Antwerp to paint for her palace in Paris the principal epochs of her life. He completed the work in twenty-one large pictures; but she, persecuted by fate, died in Cologne on the third of July, 1642, aged sixty-eight years, in the very room where Rubens was born. Her heart was buried before the chapel of the three kings in the cathedral; her body was afterwards removed to St. Denis. Before she died she thanked the senate for the permission they had granted her to reside in Cologne, accompanying her thanks with honorable gifts, which the turmoils of revolutions have for the most part destroyed."

The events recorded in these inscriptions give an historical importance to the house that, according to some indefatigable truth-loving antiquaries, does not in reality belong to it. They were written in the early part of the present century by a learned antiquary, named Walraff, of considerable local fame, and whose name is associated with the museum of antiquities, which he founded and bequeathed to his native city.

His enthusiastic patriotic zeal has prompted him to speak of *our* Rubens, and the *German* Apelles—titles which the patriots of Antwerp will not be so willing to concede to the great painter. We are indebted also to the same zealous patriotism for the information that Marie de Medicis died in the *very same chamber* in which Rubens was born. The fact, if true, lends a greater interest to this historical monument; but in reality there is so little foundation in history for the assertion, that even the identity of the house itself, as we have said, is a matter of dispute—the official documents of Cologne mentioning only the name of the street. Tradition, however, often the surest guide in such matters, has fixed upon the house in question as the scene of the recorded events, and, as the contrary has not yet been proved, we may say with the learned antiquary himself, on being asked what was his authority for fixing on this particular house, "We must take it for granted."

The founder of the Flemish family of Rubens was Bartholomew Rubens, an Austrian, who was in the suite of the Emperor Charles V. After the coronation of the emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle, he followed his court to Brussels, and remained in the Netherlands.

The character and excellent qualities of his son, John Rubens, the father of our great painter, were duly set forth in an inscription on his tombstone in St. Peter's at Cologne. Though engraved on stone, it exists at present only on the more durable monument of paper, the gravestone having been demolished on the removal of the floor of the choir some years ago. Besides the facts mentioned in the inscription on Jabach House, it informs us that he was a distinguished lawyer, and had travelled through France and Italy, to cultivate his mind and enlarge the sphere of his knowledge; and that he enjoyed the esteem of his countrymen for his probity, and the high sense of justice which he displayed as a member of the senatorial college. Also, that the monument was erected to his memory by Maria Pypeeling, his wife, after a happy union of twenty-six years. In the tranquillity of his retreat at Cologne, surrounded by every domestic comfort, he devoted the considerable energies of his mind to the education of his family and the cultivation of the fine arts, which his ample fortune and extensive knowledge enabled him to do with great success, and a large portion of his wealth to the alleviation of misery and affliction among the poor of his adopted city. Such a father was not likely to be long in discovering nor backward in fostering the extraordinary talent of his youngest son, whose genius for painting already showed itself, as well as those general powers of mind which *did* make him a great diplomatist, and would have made him a great man, in whatever career he might have chosen as their sphere of action. Peace having been restored to the Netherlands, after the siege of Antwerp by the Duke of Parma, the mother of Rubens, a year after the death of her husband, returned to her native city with her whole family.

Rubens was not long in rising to distinction. His predilection and genius for painting raised him to be the greatest artist of his age, but did not prevent his devoting himself to science and learning, and those lesser accomplishments and graces which are requisite to form the complete gentleman. So great was his success, that his patrons scarcely knew which to admire in him most—the painter, the scholar, or the courtier.

He gained the unbounded confidence of the Spanish grandees in the Netherlands, and was especially protected by the Infanta, Isabella Clara Eugenia, with whom he was so great a favorite that she recommended him to King Philip, her nephew, with high encomiums on his excellent qualities and extraordinary talents.

Rubens was appointed secretary to the royal special council of the Netherlands; and the ability with which he filled the post soon reached the ears of Philip. The road to the highest official appointments lay open before him, but he was without political ambition; and no temptation could withdraw him from his easel, to which he devoted all the time that he could spare from his duties as secretary. He infused a new spirit into the painting of the Netherlands, and sought to lead his countrymen from their too servile imitations of others. Of too original a mind to be an imitator himself, he executed the conceptions of his own expanded intellect; and instead of following the public taste, he formed it. His pupils followed his instructions as implicitly as servants the orders of a master; and thus was formed the celebrated Flemish school, of which he may be considered the patriarch.

Philip had an important mission to the court of England, which could only be confided to a man of rank and capacity, well acquainted with the politics of Spain and its relation to foreign countries. Among all his ministers and grandees there was not one in whom he did not discover some failing or other, when he accidentally cast his eyes on one of the official documents of the special council, which recalled to his mind all that he had heard of the sound sense and practical knowledge of business which its secretary possessed. "That is the man for my purpose," exclaimed the king, half aloud, and immediately gave the order for the drawing up of the official appointment to the post.

Rubens fulfilled the mission to the perfect satisfaction of his royal master, who, as a reward for his services, made him a knight of the empire. Charles I., with whom he had concluded peace between the crowns of Spain and England, made him considerable presents, dubbed him a knight, and gave him, in presence of the parliament, his own sword, and a ring which he drew from his finger.

Cologne possesses two master-pieces by the hand of Rubens. The one, a Holy Family, as it is termed, in the excellent private col-

lection of Herr Weyer, in which the painter has represented the members of his own family; the other is the Crucifixion of St. Peter, forming the altar-piece of the church dedicated to that apostle.

The latter celebrated picture was one of the last, if not the very last, executed by the renowned maestro. After his death it was purchased by an agent of Herr von Jabach, for the sum of 1200 Brabantine florins, and brought to Cologne. Of its merits there are several conflicting opinions; but this is not the place to enter into a discussion of them. It was carried off to Paris by the French at an early period of the Revolution, when a miserable copy supplied its place in Cologne. After remaining in Paris nearly twenty years, it was restored to its original position through the active patriotism (or the vandalism, according to M. Denon, then conservateur of the museum in Paris) of a distinguished citizen of Cologne, Herr von Groote, at that time an officer in the allied army. At present both copy and original are exposed to view—the former at all times, the latter only on great festivals, and then the purses of the curious are especially opened for the purpose.

From the year 1635 Rubens suffered much from the gout, which, becoming gradually worse, compelled him to renounce the service of the state, and the execution of many artistic works he had projected, and which finally put an end to his brilliant and prosperous career.

Let us now turn to the other celebrated and less fortunate inhabitant of Jabach House. Strange, indeed, is the contrast that the lives of these two personages form! The one going forth into the world from the house of his birth to gain riches, honors, and a renown more lasting and brilliant than all the regal pomp and pride of the days of her prosperity could gain for her with whose name he is here associated; the other an unwilling exile, both from the land of her birth and that of her adoption, separated from her friends, quitting regal power and the splendors of a court, to die in the same house, surrounded by strangers, amid the deprivations of an almost abject poverty! The decrees of an all-wise Providence appear hard sometimes to short-sighted mortals; and yet, if our sympathy with the present sufferings of the unfortunate did not lead us to cast a veil of oblivion over the errors of the past, we should but too often confess that the sufferers from adverse fortune are in reality but the victims of their own imprudence and misconduct.

Our space does not allow us to follow the occurrences of Marie de Medicis' eventful and dramatic life, nor to trace the workings of an ambition too great for the strength of her mind, nor to enumerate her many imprudent and violent actions; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the little that is known of her last days as passed in Jabach House.

Banished from France by the influence and intrigues of Richelieu, Marie de Medicis alternately took refuge in England, Belgium and Germany. In London, where she remained three years, she received from Charles I. the munificent sum of a hundred pounds a day, for the maintenance of her rank—a liberality but ill repaid by the French court some time afterwards. Henriette, daughter of Henri IV., and widow of Charles, was suffered to linger in poverty in an attic of the Louvre; and, while waiting for her miserable pittance, was compelled, in the winter, to lie in bed to supply the place of fuel which she was unable to purchase.

It is a strange anomaly in the human character—but no less strange than true—that men are always most vindictive towards those whom they have most deeply wronged. The vengeance of Richelieu, not satisfied with the banishment of its victim from France, followed her into exile; and Charles I., who resisted Cromwell with such tenacity, and Philip, King of Spain, found themselves too weak to oppose the demands of the all-powerful minister; accordingly they withdrew from the mother of their respective queens the pecuniary aid they had hitherto afforded her.

In Antwerp, it was the house of Rubens that afforded a refuge to the persecuted queen; and his reception of her was such as might be expected from a man of so noble and generous a mind.

Marie de Medicis arrived at Cologne on the 28th February, 1642; and though Rubens had been dead nearly two years, it was, doubtless, in consequence of his recommendation that she took up her abode in the house that had once afforded his own family a safe refuge. The passions which had led herself and others into misfortune had been subdued by time and adversity, and she lived at Cologne in the most retired seclusion, occupied only with the remembrance of her past glory, and with the contemplation of a future life. But, alas! these preparations were clouded and defiled with an unscriptural superstition. Her only intercourse with strangers was with the nuns of a neighboring convent, whom she visited with the

express permission of the Pope, and with whom she passed much of her time.

To this convent of the "Holy Virgin Mary," in the Schnurgasse, she made during her life, and bequeathed in her testament, many expensive presents, among which was an image of the Virgin that she had had made in Brabant, and to which her erroneous devotions had constantly been paid in the chapel of Jabach House. This image was soon endowed by the superstitious with supernatural powers, and was supposed to be instrumental in bringing about the celebrated Peace of Westphalia, and became in consequence so celebrated, that, from far and near, pilgrims came to pay their devotions to it! It was called the image of Mercy; but the lower classes, ever prone to connect the spiritual (if we may use such a term in speaking of a gross superstition) with some outward and visible quality, called it the Black Mother of God in the Schnurgasse, the wood of which it was made having become black from age.

In the registers of the council at Cologne, we find several entries referring to the residence of Marie de Medicis in that town:

"April 9th, 1642. At the request of the queen dowager, the honorable council grants that for a few days two or three soldiers may mount guard before her majesty's house. The commissioners of war are ordered to leave the chains across the street locked till ten o'clock in the forenoon."

"April 21st. All the neighbors having complained of the inconvenience arising from the locking of the chains, Drs. Lennep and Cusemann are commissioned to communicate with the chamberlain of the queen dowager of France, to see what can be done for the removal of the cause of annoyance."

"April 25th. The post for the chain placed before the house of Widow Kollini shall be taken away on the removal of the queen dowager: the neighbors to be exhorted to patience by Doctors Lennep and Cusemann."

"May 2d. The serjeants to be informed that the honorable council will not permit the beating of drums in the vicinity of the queen dowager's house, or any thing else that may disturb her peace."

"July 4th, 1642. The queen dowager of France having departed this life yesterday, his imperial majesty and the crowns of Spain, France and England, to be informed of the same."

Marie de Medicis was attended on her death-bed by Fabius Chiusius, afterwards

cardinal, who ascended the papal throne under the name of Alexander VII., but who was then resident nuncio at Cologne, and ambassador of the Pope to assist in bringing about the peace of Westphalia. He was also present, the day before her death, at the drawing up of her will and testament, which is still preserved in the Royal Library of Paris.

During the short period of her residence in Cologne, she won the esteem and respect of the citizens, and died deeply lamented by them, not only on account of her singular and heavy misfortunes, but for her excellent personal qualities.

"Thus perished," says Miss Pardoe, in her history of this unhappy queen, "in a squalid chamber, between four bare walls—her utter destitution having, as we have already stated, driven her to the frightful alternative of denuding the very apartment which was destined to witness her death-agony of every inflammable article it contained, in order by such means to prepare the scanty meal that she could still command—and on a wretched bed which one of her own lacqueys would, in her period of power, have disdained to occupy—childless, or worse than childless, homeless, hopeless, and heart-wrung—the haughty daughter of the Medici, the brilliant regent of France, the patroness of art, the dispenser of honors, and the mother of a long line of princes."

We know not what authority the gifted historian may have for those eloquent words, nor whether they are to be taken in a literal sense, or if a portion of the truth has been sacrificed for dramatic effect; but we scarcely know how to reconcile such abject poverty with many circumstances attendant upon her residence in Jabach House. The presents she made to the above-mentioned convent alone, to say nothing of those she gave to the town and to her own attendants, were of such value as to have rendered unnecessary the resorting to her furniture for a supply of fuel; though it may be urged, that as these presents were mostly articles used in the service of the Roman Catholic Church, she was influenced by superstitious motives, and might consider it a meritorious action to give away, as she imagined, for the benefit of the soul, that which would have amply supplied the necessities of the body. Nor can we suppose that the authorities of the town, who paid her such marked attention, or the wealthy and influential nuncio, who had frequent intercourse with her, would suffer her to remain in such utter destitution; and

surely a chamberlain was superfluous in a household so reduced as not to be able to supply fuel for the preparation of a simple meal.

We do not undertake, however, to dispute the fact, and merely state that no mention is made of it in any of the documents to which we have had access in Cologne. Be it as it may, that she was reduced to comparative destitution is an undisputed fact; and this is quite sufficient to enlist our sympathies on behalf of the royal sufferer.

Marie de Medicis was buried in the cathedral of Cologne, between the chapel of the three kings and the high altar; but, on the 9th of February following, her body was removed, and taken to France by an embassy that journeyed to Cologne for the express purpose. Her heart alone remained in its original burial-place. A plate of copper covered the tomb, but it was torn up at the

time of the French occupation of the town; and at present the copper nails which fastened it alone remain to point out the resting-place of a heart that was only free from suffering when it ceased to beat.

Her remains, together with those of her husband, Henry IV., and the hearts of Louis XIII. and XIV., having been rescued from the revolutionary violation of the royal tombs, were again deposited, in 1824, in the vaults of the church at St. Denis, near Paris. Her persecutors soon followed the unfortunate queen to the grave. Richelieu died in the same year, and her son, Louis XIII., in the following year, after having thanked the honorable council of Cologne, and presented them with a curiously-wrought image of the Virgin as a token of his gratitude for their kind reception of a mother whom he himself had suffered to die in a foreign country, amidst all the horrors of penury and neglect.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

SCRAPS FROM THE PEERAGE.

It is not uncommon to hear people speak of the House of Lords as a body of men almost wholly unconnected with the commercial and professional interests of the kingdom. But those who do so forget the very important fact that, with the exception of a few families of Norman extraction, who came over with the Conqueror, such as the Vernons, the Howards, the Talbots, Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Berkeleys, a very large proportion of the founders of existing peerages rose from the ranks of common every-day life, as merchants and respectable tradesmen. And so far from regarding this fact as a matter of disgrace, we are happy to state from our own experience, that many of the present possessors of the peerages are proud of the honorable achievements of their ancestors.

To bring out this point, I mean to lay before my readers some "Scraps from the Peerage," which, doubtless, will be found interesting to many of them.

For example, the Earl of Cornwallis is lineally descended from Thomas Cornwallis, formerly a merchant in Cheapside, and Sheriff of London in 1378. The Earl of Coventry is

in direct descent from John Coventry, or de Coventry, mercer, and Lord Mayor of London in the year 1425, (and one of the executors of the celebrated Whittington.) The ancestor of the Earls of Essex was Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor of London in 1503; the first founder of the family of the Earls of Craven was a merchant tailor, and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Elizabeth. The noble house of Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham and Earl Fitz-William, was a certain Samuel Wentworth, (also called Fitz-William as being a natural son,) who was an Alderman of London and Sheriff in 1506. He was one of the retainers of the unfortunate Cardinal Wolsey, and was knighted by Henry VIII. for his attachment to that prelate when he was in misfortune. He built the greater part of the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft in the City. Lawrence de Bouvines was a Flemish tradesman, who, having married the only daughter of a silk mercer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, came to London in the reign of Elizabeth, and settling down as a merchant in Thames street, laid the foundations of the noble house of Radnor. The

present Earl of Warwick is lineally descended, not from the great "kingmaker" of that name in the reign of Edward IV., but from a certain humble William Greville, a citizen of London, and "flower of the woolstaplers," in the time of James I., who was himself the grandson of Richard Rich, of the city of London, who executed the office of Sheriff of that city in 1441. The Earl of Dartmouth acknowledges as the founder of his family a certain Thomas Legge, who was Sheriff of London in the eighteenth, and Lord Mayor in the twenty-first and twenty-eighth years of the reign of Edward III. The Earl of Craven, in a like manner, looks up to Sir William Craven, Knight and Lord Mayor of London in 1611. The grandfather of the first Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, was brought up as an apprentice under the Rowland Hill whom we mention below, and by marrying his niece, came in for a great portion of his estate, and finally became Lord Mayor of London in the first year of Elizabeth's reign. William Paget, from whom the Marquis of Anglesey derives his blood, was the son of a plain sergeant-at-mace, in the city of London. Thomas Coventry, the grandson of the John Coventry mentioned above, was a member of the Inner Temple, and eventually rose in the law till he became Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles I. One Thomas Bennett, a mercer, who served the office of Sheriff of London in 1594, and was Lord Mayor in 1603, laid the foundations of the family of the Earls of Tankerville, who are lineally descended from him. The ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret was Richard Fermor, or Fermour, who having amassed a splendid fortune as a citizen in business at Calais, came to England, suffered attainder under Henry VIII., and did not recover his property till the fourth year of Edward VI.'s reign. The Earl of Darnley owes the first elevation of his family to John Bligh, a London citizen, who was employed as agent to the speculations in the Irish estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1641. "Plain John" Cowper, an alderman of Bridge Ward, and Sheriff in 1551, was the ancestor of the Earls Cowper, of Panshanger. The Earl of Romney, too, is descended from another alderman of London, one Thomas Marsham, a jeweller in Threadneedle street, who died in 1624. Lord Dacres' ancestor, Sir Robert Dacres, was banker to Charles I., and although he lost £80,000 through the misfortunes of that monarch, he left a princely fortune to his descendants. Lord Dormer, too, is descended from Sir Michael Dormer, Lord Mayor of London in 1541, and Lord

Petre from Sir William Petre, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Lord Ward's ancestor was one William Ward, who made a large fortune as a goldsmith in London, and was jeweller to Henrietta, the Queen Consort of Charles I. Sir Rowland Hill, who was Lord Mayor in the reign of Edward VI., was the ancestor of the families of Lord Berwick and Lord Hill, and of "all the Hills of Shropshire." And perhaps still more wonderful than all, the family of Osborne, Duke of Leeds and Marquis of Carmarthen, trace up their pedigree to one Edward Osborne, who was apprenticed to Sir William Hewitt, an alderman and pin-maker, living on old London Bridge, in the days of Elizabeth, and whose only daughter he gained in marriage by a romantic adventure, having saved her life by jumping into the Thames after her. Thomas Osborne, the first Duke of Leeds, it is said, showed his strong good sense, by being more proud of the circumstance of his ancestor having acquired wealth and station by his honesty and intrepid spirit than he was of any of the subsequent services of his family during the civil wars; and on one occasion he related to King Charles II. the whole story of Sir William's daughter and the brave apprentice, with an air of conscious pride which did honor to his feelings. Two more recent instances of the same kind have occurred in our own day, in the elevation of Mr. Alexander Baring, formerly head of the great city house of Baring, Brothers, to the peerage, in 1835, by the title of Lord Ashburton; and again in the still more recent promotion of Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd, the wealthy banker of Lothbury, to the dignity of Lord Overstone.

As to the legal profession, it is wonderful to observe how many peerages it has been rewarded with. To this beginning the Earldoms of Aylesford, Mansfield, Ellenborough, Guildford, Hardwicke, Shaftesbury, Cardigan, Clarendon, Bridgewater, (now extinct,) Ellesmere, Rosslyn, besides other inferior peerages, such as those of Lords Tenterden, Abinger, Wynford, Thurlow, Eldon, Cottenham, and Cowper, owe their ennoblement. The first Lord Somers was the son of a plain attorney of the city of Worcester, and gained his title from William III. by defending the nonjuring bishops under James II., and by expounding the measures of that unfortunate monarch as virtually amounting to an abdication, at a conference between the two Houses of Parliament. The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham confesses that he owes the latter title partly to the abilities of

Christopher Hatton, who began life as a humble student of law, at one of the Inns of Court, and was eventually made Lord Chancellor, and created Viscount Hatton by Queen Elizabeth, and partly to Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, who married Elizabeth, daughter of a London merchant, named Daniel Harvey. And to come to our days, some of the brightest ornaments of the peerage are men who, like Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Denman, Lord Langdale, Lord Truro, Lord Cranworth, Lord Campbell, and Lord St. Leonard's, have started life among the middle ranks of society, but have risen to the highest honors in the land by abilities and industry of which not only they themselves but the nation at large may well be proud. The father of Lord Lyndhurst was a portrait painter, who came and settled in

this country from America. The father of Lord Brougham was a plain country gentleman in Cumberland. The late Lord Langdale began life as a surgeon, and went to the bar when he was of middle age. Lord Truro started as an attorney. "Plain John Campbell," in spite of having won the peerage for his wife, and another for himself, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman at Cupar, in Fifeshire; and so poor was he as a young man, that some time after he was called to the bar, he used to walk from county town to county town when on circuit, because he could not afford the luxury of posting. The father of the present Lord St. Leonard's (better known as Sir Edward Sugden) is well remembered as a tradesman in Oxford street or Holborn, (we forget which,) and saddle-maker to his Majesty George III.

From the Leisure Hour.

THREE VISITS TO THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES, 1705, 1806, 1840.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ON the 9th of May, 1705, the soldiers of the Hôtel des Invalides were ranged in line in the great Court of Honor. It was touching to see two thousand brave fellows, all more or less mutilated in war, pressing round the banners which they had won in many a bloody fight. Amongst these victims of war might be seen soldiers of all ages. Some had fought at Fribourg or Rocroy; others at the passage of the Rhine, or the taking of Mäestricht; a few of the oldest had assisted in the capture of La Rochelle, under Cardinal Richelieu, while one or two could even remember the battle of Mariendal under Turenne. But all alike appeared happy and pleased, waiting for the coming of Louis XIV., who had announced his intention of visiting for the first time these, as he called them, "glorious relics of his battalions."

At length, surrounded by a magnificent *cortège* of guards and nobles, the royal carriage approached; and, with that delicate courtesy so well understood by the king, the troops in attendance were ordered to sheathe their swords and fall back, as he entered the

gateway. "M. de Breteuil," said the monarch to the captain of his guard, "the king of France has no need of an escort when he finds himself in the midst of his brave veterans."

Followed by the Dauphin, the Marquis de Louvais, and other distinguished personages, Louis carefully inspected the invalids, pausing now and then to address a few kind words to those whom he recognized. One very young lad chanced to attract the king's attention. His face was very pale, and he seemed to have received a severe wound in the neck.

"What is your name?" asked Louis.

"Maurice, Sire."

"In what battle were you wounded?"

"At Blenheim, Sire."

At that word the brow of Louis darkened.

"Under what marshal did you serve?"

"Sire, under Monseigneur de Tallard."

"Messieurs de Tallard and de Marsein," said the monarch, turning to Louvais, "can reckon a sufficient number of glorious days to efface the memory of that one. Even the sun

is not without a spot." And again addressing the young soldier, he said, "Are you happy here?"

"Ah! Sire," replied Maurice, "your Majesty's goodness leaves us nothing to wish for."

The Marshal de Grancey, governor of the establishment, advanced and said: "Sire, behold the fruits of your beneficence! Before your accession, the defenders of France had no asylum: now, thanks to your Majesty, want or distress can never reach those who have shed their blood for their country. And if that which still runs through our veins can do ought for the safety or glory of our king, doubtless we will yet show our successors what stout hearts and willing hands can do."

Once more Louis looked around, and asked in a loud voice: "Well, my children, are ye happy here?"

Till that moment etiquette and discipline had imposed solemn silence; but when the king asked a question, must he not be answered? So two thousand voices cried together: "We are! we are!—Long live the king! Long live Louis!"

Accompanied by the governor and a guard of honor chosen from amongst the invalids, the monarch then walked through the establishment. The guard consisted of twenty men, of whom ten had lost a leg, and ten an arm, while the faces of all were scarred and seamed with honorable wounds. One of them, while serving as a subaltern at the battle of Berengen, threw himself before his colonel in time to save him, and receive a *ricochet* bullet in his own leg. Another at the age of seventy-five was still a dandy, and managed to plait a *queue* with three hairs which yet remained on the top of his head. In one of the battles his arm was carried off by a bullet. "Ah, my ring! my ring!" cried he to a trumpeter next him—"go get me my ring!" It had been a present from a noble lady; and when the trumpeter placed it in his remaining hand, he seemed perfectly contented.

The royal procession quitted the Hôtel amid the saluting of cannon and the shouting of the inmates; and the next day, in order to commemorate the event, the following words were engraved on a piece of ordnance:—"Louis the Great honored with his august presence, for the first time, his Hôtel des Invalides, on the 9th May, 1705."

II.

On the afternoon of the 1st September, 1806, Napoleon mounted his horse, and quit-

ted St. Cloud, accompanied only by his grand marshal, his aide-de camp, Rapp, and a page. After enjoying a brisk gallop through the Bois de Boulogne, he drew up at the gate of Maillot, and dismissed his attendants, with the exception of Rapp, who followed him into the avenue of Neuilly. Galloping by the spot where the triumphal arch was then beginning to rise from its foundations, they reached the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, and proceeded towards the Hôtel des Invalides. There Napoleon stopped and gazed at the splendid edifice, glowing in the beams of the setting sun.

"Fine! very fine!" he repeated several times. "Truly Louis XIV. was a great king!" Then addressing Rapp, he said, "I am going to visit my invalids this evening. Hold my horse—I shall not stay long." And throwing the bridle to his aide-de camp, Napoleon passed beneath the principal gateway. Seeing a man dressed in a military hat, and with two epaulettes badly concealed by his half-buttoned *redingote*, the sentry supposed him to be a superior officer, and allowed him to pass without question.

Crossing his arms on his chest, the visitor, having reached the principal court, stopped and looked around him. Suddenly the conversation of two invalids coming out of the building attracted his attention. In order to listen, he walked behind them, regulating his pace by theirs, for they walked very slowly. These two men seemed bowed down with years. The least feeble of them led his companion, and as they tottered on, he looked anxiously around.

"Jerome," said the eldest, in a husky voice, "do you see him coming?"

"No, father; but never mind! I'll read him a lecture which he won't forget in a hurry—careless boy that he is!"

"But, Jerome, we must make some allowance for him—we were once young ourselves. Besides, I dare say he thought my prayers would not be finished so soon this evening—the boy has a kind heart."

Napoleon stepped forward, and addressing the old men, said, "Apparently, my friends, you are waiting for some one?"

The youngest looked up and touched his hat, for he saw the gleam of the epaulettes.

"Yes, colonel," replied he, "my father Maurice and I have been waiting for my truant son. He knows well that his grandfather requires the support of his arms to reach the dormitory, as one of mine is——" Here he shook his empty sleeve.

"You are a brave fellow!" said the empe-

ror, "and your son has done wrong. But how came your father," he continued, as they walked along, "to remain so late out?"

"Because, colonel, he always devotes the afternoon of the 1st of September to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the king, under whom he formerly served."

"What king was that?"

"His late majesty, Louis XIV.," said the old man, who had not before joined in the conversation.

"Louis XIV!" repeated Napoleon, in astonishment. "Where can you have seen him?"

"Here, in this place; he spoke to me, and I answered," said Maurice, grandly.

"How old are you?"

"If I live till Candlemas, colonel, I shall be one hundred and twenty-one years old."

"A hundred and twenty-one years!" cried the emperor. And taking the old man's arm, he said kindly, "Lean on me, old comrade, I will support you."

"No, no, colonel, I know too well the respect——"

"Nonsense! I desire it." And the emperor gently placed the arm within his own, although the veteran still resisted.

"Come, father," said Jerome, "do as the colonel orders you, or else the end of your politeness will be, that you'll have a fine cold to-morrow. And then this young Cyprien is not coming yet!"

"You must have entered this Hôtel while very young?" said Napoleon, as they walked along.

"Yes, colonel; I was but eighteen when I fought at Freidlingen, and the next year, at Blenheim, I received a wound in my neck which disabled me, and obtained for me the favor of entering here."

"It was not a favor," interrupted Napoleon—"it was a right."

"I have lived here upwards of a hundred years. I was married here, and I have seen all my old comrades pass away. But, although there are only young people now in the Hôtel, I am very happy since my children came to join me."

"M. Jerome," said Napoleon, "how old are you?"

"Going on ninety-one, colonel; I was born in 1715."

"Yes," said his father, "the very year that his late majesty Louis XIV. died. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday."

"What battles have you been in, my friend?"

"At Fontenoy, colonel, at Lamfedi, at Rosbach, at Berghen, and at Fribourg. It was

in the last battle I lost my arm. I came here in the year 1763, in the time of Louis XV."

"That poor king," said Napoleon, as if speaking to himself, "who signed a shameful treaty that deprived France of fifteen hundred leagues of coast."

"And for the last forty-three years," said Maurice, "Jerome has watched me like a good and dutiful son. Pity that *his* should be so forgetful!"

"Well," said Napoleon, "I will do my best to supply M. Cyprien's place. At your age, it is not good to be under the night air."

"Here he comes at last!" cried Jerome.

The emperor looked with some curiosity at this wild boy, for whose youth allowance was to be made, and saw to his astonishment an invalid of some sixty years old, with two wooden legs, but one eye, and a frightfully scarred face, advancing towards them as quickly as his infirmities would permit. Jerome began to reproach his truant son, but the latter interrupted him by holding up a flask, a piece of white bread, and a few lumps of sugar. "See," he said, "it was getting these things that delayed me. I knew grandfather would like a draught of warm wine and sugar after his long stay out; so I went to my old friend Colibert, and persuaded him to give me his allowance of wine in exchange for my mounting guard in his place to-morrow."

"Well, well," said Jerome, "that was thoughtful of you, my boy, but meantime we should have been badly off but for the kindness of this noble colonel, who has made your grandfather lean on him."

Cyprien saluted the emperor, whom, in the increasing darkness, he did not recognize, and said: "Now then, Sir, with your permission, I will resume my post."

"And an honourable one it is," said Napoleon. "Pray, in what engagement were you wounded?"

"At the battle of Fleurus, colonel, gained against the Austrians by General Jourdan, now marshal of the empire. A volley of grape-shot knocked out my eye, and carried off both my legs at the same time. "But," added Cyprien, striking his powerful chest, "my heart was not touched, nor my stomach either, and they have both, I hope, some good days' work in them yet."

Napoleon smiled. "The battle of Fleurus," he said, "was fought, I think, in 1794?"

"Yes, colonel."

"That was already in Bonaparte's time," remarked Maurice.

"Grandfather," replied Cyprien, "please

to say the Emperor Napoleon the Great; that is his proper title."

"In the time of his late majesty Louis XIV.—"

"Ah, grandfather," interrupted Cyprien, impatiently, "we're tired of hearing about that monarch of the old *régime*, who used to go to war in a flowing wig and silk stockings! He's not to be mentioned in the same year with the emperor, who dresses and lives like one of ourselves. Is it not so, colonel?"

Napoleon knitted his brows, and answered coldly: "You are mistaken, M. Cyprien; Louis XIV. was a great king! It was he who raised France to the first rank amongst the nations of Europe; it was he who first marshalled 400,000 soldiers on land, and one hundred vessels on the sea. He added to his dominions Roussillon, Franche-Comté, and Flanders; he seated one of his children on the throne of Spain; and it was he who founded this Hôtel des Invalides. Since Charlemagne, there has not been a king in France worthy of being compared to him!"

This eulogium on the monarch whom he almost idolized caused the dim eyes of old Maurice to sparkle; he tried to straighten himself, and said in a broken voice: "Bravo! bravo! Ah! colonel, you are worthy to have served his late majesty Louis XIV. Had you lived in his time, he would have made you a field-marshal!"

Somewhat abashed, Cyprien stammered out, "Excuse me, colonel; but you know I never knew this king of grandfather's. I only heard him spoken of by some of the oldest men here."

"And those who spoke disrespectfully of him," said Napoleon, "did wrong. Here, at all events, the memory of Louis XIV. ought to be venerated."

At the moment, lights appeared at the end of the court, a sound of voices was heard, and many persons approached. Rapp had waited a long time on the spot where the emperor had left him; but when it became dark, and his master did not return, he grew uneasy, and giving the horses in charge to a soldier, he entered the Hôtel, and told the governor, Marshal Serrurier, that the emperor had been for the last hour *incognito* within the walls. The news spread quickly among the officers; they hastened to look for their beloved master, and found him on the terrace conversing with his three companions.

At the cries of "Here he is! long live the emperor!" Cyprien, fixing his eye attentively on the supposed colonel, suddenly recognized him, and clasping his hands, exclaimed: "Ah!

Sire, pardon me. Father, grandfather—this is the emperor himself!"

"You the emperor, colonel!" cried the two old men.

"Yes, my children," replied Napoleon, kindly holding each by an arm, in order to prevent them from kneeling, "although much younger than you, I am your father, and the father of every soldier who has fought for the honor of France!"

At that moment, Rapp, the governor, and their attendants, came up and saluted Napoleon. With a stern look, he said to his aide-de-camp, in an under-tone, "You should have had patience to wait." Then, turning to the others in an affable manner, he said: "Approach, marshal and gentlemen; help me to recompense three generations of heroes. These brave men," pointing to Maurice, Jerome, and Cyprien, "have fought in three glorious battles—Freidlingen, Racours, and Fleurus. Marshal," to Serrurier, "lend me your cross; you shall have one in its stead to-morrow," he added, smiling. "Give me yours also, Rapp."

Having received the two crosses, Napoleon gave one to Jerome, the other to Cyprien; and then taking off his own, he fastened it on the breast of the venerable Maurice, saying, at he did so, "My old comrade, I regret that I did not sooner discharge this debt which France owes you."

"Long live the emperor! long live the emperor!" shouted all present.

"Sire," said old Maurice, in a voice trembling with rapture, "you have made the remainder of life happy to me and my children."

"My brave fellow," replied Napoleon, giving his hand, which the old man seized and pressed respectfully with his lips; "I repeat that I am only discharging a debt which our country owes you."

Meantime the news had spread throughout the Hôtel that the emperor was there. All the inmates, disregarding rules and discipline, came out of their rooms, and rushed into the court, crying out, "Long live the emperor!"

In a moment Napoleon found himself surrounded by a crowd of eager veterans, each trying who could get nearest to his beloved general.

"My emperor!" cried one, "I was with you at Toulon!" "And I at the passage of St. Bernard!" "And I at Trebia!" "You spoke to me at Aboukir!" "I shared my bread with you at Roveredo!" "I picked up your hat at Marengo!" "I was at Austerlitz!" etc., etc.

Napoleon smiled at the reminiscences of these extempore Xenophons, and tried to

answer each individually, inquiring whether they were content with their position, or wished for any thing with which he could supply them.

At length Napoleon took leave of the governor; and the crowd opening, respectfully made way for him to pass to the gate. Rapp had sent back the horses, and ordered a carriage with an escort of dragoons to be in attendance. The emperor got in with his aide-de-camp, while the echoes of the Seine resounded with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"This has been one of the happiest evenings in my life!" he said to Rapp. "I should like well enough to pass the remainder of my days in the *Hôtel des Invalides*."

"Then I," replied the aide-de-camp, with his usual frankness, "should like to be assured of dying and being buried there."

"Who knows?" said Napoleon; "that may happen; and I myself—who knows——" He did not finish the sentence, but fell into a profound reverie, which lasted during the remainder of the drive.

III.

ON the 15th of December, 1840, a funeral-car, covered with crowns of laurel, preceded

by the banner of France, and followed by the surviving relics of her forty armies, passed slowly beneath the Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile. The sarcophagus it bore contained the mortal spoils of him who, in the space of fifteen years, had well-nigh conquered the world. The dead Napoleon was thus tardily borne to his place beneath that dome raised for the shelter of heroes.

Late in the evening, when the crowd had slowly dispersed, when the murmur of its thousand mournful voices was hushed, when the solitude was complete, and the silence unbroken, an invalid, a centegenarian, almost blind, and walking on two wooden legs, entered the chapel where reposed the body of Napoleon. Supported by two of his comrades, he reached with difficulty the foot of the imperial catafalque. Taking off his wooden legs in order to kneel down, he bent his venerable head on the steps; and presently, mingled with sobs, he uttered in broken accents the words, "Emperor! father!"

At length his companions succeeded in drawing him away; and as he passed out, the superior officers of the *Hôtel* respectfully saluted the old man. He who thus came to render his last homage to his master was Cyprien, the grandson of father Maurice.

From Tait's Magazine.

A NIGHT WITH THE LORDS.

AMONGST the sights of London surely may be reckoned the Chamber of Peers—fallen from its high estate, but still existing as a potent institution in this self governing country and democratic age. Of course it is usual to sneer at the peers: we all do so; and yet we would move heaven and earth to be seen walking arm in arm with a peer, no matter how old or vicious he be, on the sunny side of Pall Mall. We all say the peers must give way to the Commons, and yet we all know that half the latter are returned by the former, and that you can no more succeed in contesting a county against its lords and landlords, than you can hope to fly in the air, or to walk on the sea. Hear a pot-house orator on the House of Peers, you would think it the most indefensible establishment imaginable. But is it so? Ask Exeter

Hall; that truly British institution is in raptures with the whole British peerage. A lord at a Bible-meeting, a lord stammering a few unconnected common-places about the propagation of Christianity in foreign parts or the conversion of the Jews; a lord denouncing the Pope, or anticipating the coming of the millennium, is a sight dear to the British public—sneer at the lords as you will. Expatriate on the manifest absurdity of supposing that they are wiser and better than other people; say, what every one knows and thinks, that you cannot transmit brains as you can the family spoons, and that therefore the idea involved in hereditary peerage is a lie; nevertheless, the House of Peers still continues a great fact. And it is a gorgeous fact as well. The apartments of the Commons are poor and mean compared with the

chamber, all resplendent with crimson and gold, where the lords meet. As you enter the central hall in the new Houses of Parliament, the passage to the right leads you to the Lords. We will suppose you have got an order—any peer can give you one—and as the house commences its sitting at five, and there is plenty of room in the gallery, you may take your time, almost as freely as the celebrated Miss Lucy Long herself. Passing the lobby, you soon find your way into the house, the magnificent adorning of which will be sure to excite your utmost admiration. Some may say it is too gaudy, every thing pertaining to the chamber is so richly decorated; but it is very fine; and when Parliament is opened by Majesty in person, and the house is crowded with all the great men of our land, and the galleries blaze with beauty and diamonds, the effect must be, as it has always been described, imposing in the extreme. On ordinary evenings, however, nothing of this splendor is visible; the house has a deserted air; an assembly of a dozen or twenty is a very fair muster; a debate of a couple of hours is generally considered as unusually exciting and fierce. The best description of a debate in the Lords we have ever read is that by Disraeli, in the "Young Duke." We quote the passage:—"The Duke of St. James took the oaths and his seat. He was introduced by Lord Pompey. He heard a debate. We laugh at such a thing, especially in the Upper House, but on the whole the affair is imposing, especially if we take part in it. Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivey Seal seconded him with great effect—brief, but bitter, satirical, and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech, so inaudible that it was doubted after all whether the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the Premier, who, having nothing to say, was manly, and candid, and liberal; gave credit to his adversaries and took credit to himself,

and then the motion was withdrawn. While all this was going on, some made a note, some made a bet, some consulted a book, some their ease, some yawned, a few slept. Yet, on the whole, there was an air about the assembly which can be witnessed in no other in Europe. Even the most indifferent looked as if he would come forward if the occasion should demand him, and the most imbecile as if he could serve his country if it required him."

But let us look around us. We, the strangers, are up in a comfortable gallery at one end of a long, narrow, and rather dark chamber, along the sides of which are narrow windows of painted glass, and bronze statues of the barons of the olden time. In a smaller gallery, just beneath us, sit the parliamentary reporters. Exactly opposite us is the THRONE; its splendor we but faintly perceive, for it is veiled from vulgar eyes; but there it is—the very spot where Majesty sits, while around her are principalities and powers,—there the royal assent is given to laws which affect the weal or woe of an empire—there, with silvery voice, and faultless delivery, and perfect pronunciation, are spoken royal speeches, greedily bought up in second editions of the evening papers, and flashed along the electric wires to all the great cities of our own and the capitals of other lands. At present a few peers are leaning against the rails and chatting—that is all. A little below the throne is the purple velvet cushion—the object of so many a struggle—of so many a year of unflinching toil—of so many a defence of party spoken in another place—of so many a clever piece of intrigue. We mean the woolsack, on which sits the Lord Chancellor Cranworth. Greater men than himself have sat there. We live in a little age. Our great men are little men, after all. Our Lord Chancellor has never done what other Lord Chancellors have done, viz., wielded the fierce democracy of the lower house, shone unrivalled on the parliamentary arena, thundered from the platform, won fame by their daring, and acumen, and learning, and eloquence in every corner of the land. Indeed, he makes no pretensions to oratory or greatness of any kind. In this respect not at all resembling, or rather very much differing from, the extraordinary individual who has just darted on the woolsack, as if he would edge off the Chancellor and take his very seat. That individual we need not name: a glance at the nose and plaid trousers are sufficient. It must be my Lord Brougham and no one else. To no other

man born of woman has nature vouchsafed the same power of universality. No other man would attempt to do what he is now doing, talking law with one man, politics with another, and scandal with a third, and all the while listening to the debate and qualifying himself to take a part in it. In the course of time we shall see him pursuing an erratic career in any part of the house except in that one part in which sit ministers and their supporters. Amongst their ranks Lord Brougham is never to be found. To the party in power he is always opposed. It is his pride that he never worships the rising sun. The Ex-Chancellor has never forgotten or forgiven the treatment he received, but it does not affect his health—it does not tinge his life with melancholy. He does not let consumption, like a worm in the bud, prey upon his damask cheek. His hair is a little grayer—his face is a little fatter—that is all the change the wear and tear of half a century of public life has produced—and of such a half century—the half century that waged war with France—triumphed at Waterloo—carried Reform—repealed the corn laws, and saw the birth of railways and the electric telegraph; a half century of more interest than any preceding age—the work and the excitement of which wore out our Romillys, Follets, and Horners, with premature decay. Yet Brougham still lives. Slightly altering Byron, we may say of him,—

Time writes no wrinkles on his brazen brow,
Such as the Edinburgh's dawn beheld, he wring-
gleth now.

Below the woolsack is a table, and on each side are ranged the orators and partisans of the two great sections which, under some name or other, always have existed and always will exist in our national history. The uninitiated call them Conservatives and Reformers—the wiser simply term them the men who are in office and the men who are not. The Government for the time being sits on the right hand of the Lord Chancellor, who acts as Speaker, and who has a far easier berth of it than Mr. Shaw Lefevre. The Lords are not long-winded, nor noisy; not passionate, and, like true Britons, always adjourn to dinner. Hence no post-prandial scenes are visible. In the small hours no patriots, smelling strongly of whiskey and water and cigars, expatiate to a wearied assembly on that ever-fertile theme, the wrongs and woes of the Green Isle. The lords, like Mr. Wordsworth's gods—

Approve the depth but not the tumult of the soul.

We can never fancy the House of Lords to be what you may sometimes take the House of Commons to be—a bear-garden or a menagerie. You miss the vulgarity of the one, and you also miss its excitement and earnestness—its cries of “question” and “divide,” when some well-known bore is on his legs, and its long-resounding cheers when some favorite partisan sits down. All is staid, and correct, and proper, with the exception of a tirade from the Rupert of debate and some father in God on the Episcopal Bench. We would fain say a word about the Episcopal bench. One could hardly expect to find a minister of the self-denying and lowly Jesus of Nazareth sitting in a gorgeous house with the proudest and wealthiest of the English peers. You would expect to find these reverend gentlemen by the bedside of the sick, in the houses of the poor, combating with the vice and infidelity of the day; or else you would look for them in their studies, surrounded with stately folios; or in the midst of their clergy, reviving the faint-hearted, urging on the timid, counselling the young, and girding up the energies and hearts of all. You would expect to find them in the House of the Lord, rather than in the House of Lords. In short, anywhere but in the turmoil of party conflict. This, however, is not the case. The bishops are almost the first object that attracts your eye. They sit on benches by themselves, on the Government side, but beyond the ministerial bench. In the dark, religious light of the Upper House, you can scarcely make out what they are. You see venerable wigs, and black robes, and lawn sleeves; and, if you look sharp, you may, at times, catch the outline of a reverend face—most probably of the deep lineaments of Charles James of London, or of the pug nose and plebeian profile of Samuel of Oxford. They are very regular in their attendance, and frequently take part in the debate. Indeed, the latter bishop is a great man in the Lords, and so was Henry of Exeter, but his voice is seldom heard, and his name never mentioned now. The Archbishop of Canterbury is also pretty regular in his attendance. The other bishops do not muster quite so strongly. Half of them is a good attendance. It is to be hoped they are more profitably employed.

Coming lower down, our eyes rest on the men who carry on government and occupy the unenviable situation of Ministers of the Crown. Generally at the top of the bench

is seated a slight, undersized, juvenile, red-haired Scot—that is the Duke of Argyll, who, in virtue of being a Duke and the husband of the daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, is Lord Privy Seal. His Lordship is as pert and ready as any forward youth in a debating-club, and has much of the appearance and manner of such a one. He gives you no great idea of hereditary statesmanship, the only quality conspicuous in him being a tolerable amount of modest assurance, perfectly natural to a peer who is an author, and has lectured at mechanics' institutions, and read papers before the British Association. A strong contrast is presented by the next illustrious personage—a severe, well-made, heavy, gray-haired man, who sits almost silent and sullen, as if he had no feelings, as if the debate was a sham, and he should be glad if it were over. We refer to

The travelledthane, Athenian Aberdeen,

the best-abused man at this time in her gracious Majesty's dominions, but without whom, nevertheless, it is questionable whether the Queen's Government could be carried on. Unfortunately, Lord Aberdeen is not the man for the public. The public likes to be gammoned, and his Lordship cannot gammon. He is spare in words, cold and unimpassioned in delivery, and somewhat too indifferent to party attacks. The other ministers sit below him; they are none of them distinguished for oratorical power—one of the best of them is the good-tempered looking Earl Granville, who has managed to succeed better in the Upper House than he did in the Lower. He is a better speaker than his illustrious chief—has a more musical voice, and a less monotonous manner, and like him he aims at little effect as a speaker—like him, he never soars. The tall, thin, courtly Earl of Clarendon shines in comparison with them, as does also the Duke of Newcastle, who has fine intellectual features, and a commanding presence, and has that fluency of language so remarkable in all the prominent followers of the late Sir Robert Peel.

On the neighboring benches are seated discontented Whigs, overlooked in the scramble for place when the Coalition Ministry was formed, and who, therefore, view its proceedings with an impartial, but yet a jealous eye. Prominent amongst such is the sandy-looking, unamiable Earl Grey, who seems angry with himself and all the world, because he is lame, and has not the command of the colonies.

Below the table are half-a-dozen benches, on which congregate a few peers till dinner-time. Here sits Earl Fitzwilliam—here also sits one of the most frightful bores in the house, Lord Monteagle, who always speaks, and, for a lord, cruelly long. That is the consequence of his having been in the Lower House. Never stop to hear him. As soon as you see his bald head, be off. Crossing to the opposition benches, the Earl of Derby fills the first place. We need not paint his portrait; the sharp aristocratic face—but feebly reflected in that promising young man, but unfortunate speaker, his son—is familiar to us all; there he is out of place. He has no fitting opponents. It was among the Commons that he won his laurels. Yet, at times, the old afflatus serves him, and his clear voice and fluent declamation are as bitter and terrible as when night after night he wrestled, as if for very life, with the brawny champion of Catholic Emancipation, and the somewhat too selfish, unscrupulous exponent of Irish wrongs. By his side is his trusty page, the inelegant and insipid Malmesbury, of whom, in a passing freak, the author of "Vivian Grey" not merely made a statesman, but actually Minister for Foreign Affairs. Higher up, facing the bench of bishops, sits a tall, thin gentleman, with a copious head of hair, and a force of gesticulation hardly English: that is the Earl of Ellenborough, in his own opinion hero, statesman, lawyer—all things by turns, and nothing long; in this respect, second only to Lord Brougham, who sits everywhere, speaks whenever he can, and whose Ciceronian eloquence, aided by a delivery more expressive than dignified, by gestures and tones at any rate vivacious, astonish the weak nerves of the spectators, and oftentimes puzzle the parliamentary reporters themselves. Few other notabilities do we see. Perhaps we may note near Lord Ellenborough the pale aristocratic form of that popular nobleman, the Earl of Shaftesbury. Disraeli makes one of his peers say, the House of Lords looks like a house of butlers. We think the satirist is unjust. At any rate the peers are well dressed. Hats, gloves, boots, and frock-coats are all unexceptionable. We need not say, in this respect, the House of Lords presents a very different appearance to the House of Commons. Yet the Lords need not be so particular about their "gorgeous array;" there are seldom more than half a dozen ladies present to admire and reward their display. The Lords are more polite than the Commons. Such ladies as are present take their seats in the gallery,

where they can see and be seen; in the other house, as our readers know, the case is different. But even the ladies, we dare say, would not mind being treated as the Commons treat them, if the debates in the Lords were as good as in the Commons. If the peers did not dress so well and were not so excessively polite, but spoke better, no great harm would be done; but there's the difficulty. It is difficult for a polite man to be ill-bred, and to lose his temper, and say sharp things. In the House of Commons nothing is easier. Say something bitter, and you will have a murmur of applause—be savage, and at any rate your own party will cheer; but in the Lords you can't get up the semblance of earnestness. The whole thing seems too much like play—an apology for business, and that is all. No man can speak to twenty sleepy peers as he could to four or five hundred eager partisans. No man can be impressive in the bosom of his family—and the Lords are a family party, all connected, or nearly so; and if a stranger comes in, he soon apes the fashionable tone, and becomes as dull and apathetic as the rest. And why should a lord be otherwise? A lord is not more a lord for having brains—nor the less a lord for being without. Intellect, skill, oratory, are no helps—are unnecessary in an hereditary institution. Sir Robert Peel knew this, and lived and died a commoner. Chatham became comparatively a small man when he took a pension and a peerage. So was it with Walpole, when, meeting his old rival Pulteney, after they had both been raised to the peerage, he exclaimed, "Here

we are, my Lord, the two most insignificant personages in Europe." The Upper House but registers the decision of the Lower—the business of the country is carried on elsewhere.

But while we have been looking at the house, the debate has closed. Lord Malmesbury has asked a question and made an attack. Lord Derby has uttered a few petulant remarks, to which Lord Aberdeen has made a cold and formal reply, to which some of the disappointed Whigs have added a little independent criticism on their own account. Two or three exquisites have been discussing little matters of their own, till they find that if they stop much longer they will be too late for Rotten Row, and the house merely waits for Lord Monteagle to sit down and go home. Happily his noble lordship is briefer than his wont, and the Lord High Chancellor declares the house adjourned. Rushing outside, we catch hasty glimpses of our hereditary legislators as they, in fashionable brougham or on splendid blood, start for their parks or respective Belgravian homes. We also, in more plebeian manner, do the same. We are sure the reader will have had enough of the lords for one night. He will have found out that they are not much better orators or speakers than other men—that even lords stammer, utter incoherent remarks, display poverty of ideas—and more, the great merit of a night in the lords is, that it is soon over. If the lords be dull, at any rate they are short. To be dull and long-winded is an offence against good-breeding of which few peers are guilty.

From the Eclectic Review.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.*

THE names of the Gurneys, the bankers of Norwich and London, and that of their kinsman, the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, stand high in public estimation. These eminent men, along with their no less eminent relative, Elizabeth Fry, have won European and American fame by standing forward

among the foremost in promoting the best works of our time; and they have helped to sow seeds of humanity so plentifully, that younger philanthropists are now enabled to follow out their benevolent designs with far less difficulty than they encountered. It is then right to hold them up as examples to others who are to be the instruments of doing even better things than they accomplished. The Gurneys are brilliant representatives, so to speak, of the Society of Friends,—a portion of the British people whose influence

* *The Memoirs of Joseph John Gurney: with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence.* Edited by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite. 2 vols. 8vo. Norwich: 1854.

should be measured by character, not by numbers. It is not the least of the merits of these Memoirs that they present in striking lights the method by which a powerful mind contributed to direct the efforts of *Friends* towards special works of reformation; and the habit of that society, after deliberating upon some one object of improvement, to pursue it with the collective and individual zeal and prudence which so rarely fail of success.

Joseph John Gurney, the subject of these volumes, was one of the eleven children of John Gurney, a banker of Norwich, sprung from a younger branch of the ancient family of the Gurneys, or Gournays, powerful land-owners in several counties, whose ancestors came from Normandy with the Conqueror. The story of that ancient family is told in a work* of even more historical than personal interest, from the pen of Mr. Daniel Gurney, the youngest of the eleven children of John Gurney, of Earlham. In the attractive forms of individual anecdotes and of pictorial illustrations, this volume presents the strangely diversified lives, and the fortress and rural homes, of this manly race, from old Hugh de Gournay, who, with his followers from his lordship of Brai, boldly encountered and mercilessly slew his adversaries,† down to Sir Thomas de Gournay, "a man of a savage and cruel disposition," who was one of the tormentors and assassins of Edward II. in Berkeley Castle, and was then chased by the subtle vengeance of Edward III. half over Europe, to his death at Bayonne;—from Francis Gurney, a prosperous merchant of London in the seventeenth century, to the princely provincial traders and bankers of Norwich of a later date;—from the more strongly-contrasted Gournai, of the Norman monastery of Bec, down to anti-Cromwellian puritans, and the Quakers and philanthropists of our time. Mr. Daniel Gurney has abstained, with good taste, from including in the Memoir the living members of his family, and from setting forth those advocates of peace and reformation in contrast with the daring warriors and the regicide barons of his remarkable race; but the portraits scattered through the volume strikingly attest its genuine type, and recall the kindly features with which we are all so well acquainted.

* Record of the House of Gournay, compiled from original documents, by Daniel Gurney, Esq., F.S.A. 4to. London: Nichols. 1848. pp. 715. (For private distribution.)

† "Là vœil Hue de Gurnai, ensemble o li sa gent, de Brai. Mult e ocistrent et tuerent." Roman de Rou, par Wace. 2d Vol. pp. 241.

He has, however, carefully recorded the progress of his forefathers in religious dissent, and enlarged with curious felicity upon the antiquity of the craft of banking and loans, to which the worthily employed wealth of their descendants is traceable. On this head a slight error in his historical sketch, of styling the founder of the Bank of England Sir William Paterson, instead of plain William Paterson, may be noticed the more properly, inasmuch as "Mr. John Gurney of Norwich" is a fellow-subscriber with a plain William Paterson to an early book on Commerce, "The British Merchant," along with Harley and Walpole, Addison and Steele, and a host of other historical names.

This "Record of the House of Gournay" ought to be published for general use, as a picture of our progress in civilization. What a contrast is here seen of the ravages of the barbarians who violated all the decencies of social life in the middle ages, to the happier influence of the members of the same family in our day! With equal energy of character at both periods, and probably an equal amount of wealth, according to the requirements of the times, the men of brute force are the disturbers of society, the good and gentle its preservers and improvers.

The grandfather of John Gurney was one of the first *Friends*; and suffered in their religious persecutions in the time of Charles II. John Gurney, of Earlham, did not strictly maintain the habits of the *Friends*; but he respected that sect, and his wife, Catherine Bell, great-granddaughter to Barclay, author of the "Apology," became in her latter years, says the author of her son's memoirs, a decided *Friend*. She possessed superior talents, and her admirable qualities are fully described in the life of her highly-gifted daughter, Elizabeth Fry, one of the sisters of Joseph John Gurney. At her early death, leaving numerous young children, the eldest daughter, then but seventeen, took the place of her mother—a charge she proved singularly capable of. Joseph John Gurney was at that time under five years of age; but he had already received good religious impressions. "I have no doubt," he says in his journal, "that some seed was sown in my heart when I was little more than an infant, through the agency of my watchful mother; and that seed was sedulously cultivated by my dearest sister Catherine;" but he had no recollection of any decided turning-point in regard to religious impressions except what afterwards brought him to "plain Quakerism." "I was by no means

insensible," he says, "in very early life to religious considerations; being no stranger, from the first opening of my mental faculties, to those precious visitations of Divine love which often draw the young mind to its Creator, and melt it into tenderness. If religion has indeed grown in me, (as I humbly believe it has, though amidst innumerable backslidings,) it has pretty much kept pace with the growth of my natural faculties; for I cannot now recall any decided turning-point in this matter, except that which afterwards brought me to plain 'Quakerism.'"

At eight or nine years old he was sent to a good classical school in Norfolk, kept by the Rev. John Henry Browne, a minister of the Church of England, and a pupil of Dr. Parr. When there, he regularly attended the Friends' meeting at Wymondham. In his Journal for January 6th, 1811, a curious passage indicative of changes known to have been long taking place in that body occurs, which marks his conscientious treatment of every thing, however trivial. "I have had," he writes, "some powerful doubts on my mind whether or not it was my duty to adopt the phraseology of Friends; whether in not doing it I was not paying something like a false tribute to other people. I desire that I may not drive away these or any other scruples, and yet that I may be favored with a clear discernment of what is really my duty. At present, as such a step would involve large consequences, and as the thing is not now very forcibly on my mind, I believe I may rest till I have more closely investigated the differences between Friends and others." At fifteen he went with a cousin, Gurney Barclay, to study at Oxford under the care of a very able tutor, John Rogers, who was employed in correcting the press at the Clarendon printing-house. The youths being dissenters, were not entered as members of the University. Joseph John Gurney had had come well grounded from school; and here he worked hard, and with extraordinary success, for two years, so as to lay the foundation of that superior scholarship for which he was afterwards distinguished. His tutor was lively to eccentricity in his manners, and original in his method of teaching; but profound and various in his attainments. He seems to have set his pupils hard tasks of every kind. But they were ready learners, and to extensive classical study Joseph John Gurney willingly added Hebrew, mathematics, *chemical lectures*, and "Italian," the last being learned secretly to surprise a sister.

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The eagerness with which, according to one of his letters of the time, he searched over Oxford for news of "Dr. Kidd's lectures," is highly characteristic of the activity of his whole life; as well as of the then dawning state of chemical science in Oxford. "As I saw no advertisements in any hole or corner," he says, "all good judges thought Dr. Kidd had not begun his lectures. So I staid at home. Next lecture night I sent to the *Cellar*, as it is called, to be certain he had not begun; when, to my mortification, my messenger brought me word he had seen a light and heard a voice. I flew to the place, and sure enough found the Doctor haranguing. I was really disappointed to have missed *three* lectures on nitric, muriatic, and carbonic acids. I have partly made up my loss by studying an account of them in chemical books."

A summary of *one week's* work towards the close of the residence of this young dissenter of seventeen in Oxford contains a remarkably satisfactory account of his proficiency. It may be doubted whether in 1805, the date of this letter to one of his sisters, the University could have produced his equal for the variety, depth, and exactness of his attainments. Vicesimus Knox had not indeed labored in vain to reform the Oxford system; and the Allens had proved what fitting stimulants Oxford can produce in every department of science and learning. But here was their equal, however much their junior.

"My studies," he says to his sister, "go on in rather a flourishing way. I have read *this week* almost half through one of *Æschylus's* plays, a great deal of Thucydides and Josephus, two or three acts of Plautus, a great part of Caligula's reign in Suetonius, four cantos of Dante, and a proportionate quantity of Davila, a tolerable number of verses in the Hebrew Bible, some Euclid, and a great deal of algebra, a crowd of German grammarians, with portions of Locke, Gregory, and Ferguson. Besides these things, I have been employed by exercises of all kinds, Latin verses, chemical lectures, and, to conclude the whole, the composition of a long dissertation in Greek—rather a good week's work."—Vol. i. p. 26.

His course of education might indeed become a model for all. Its solid foundation in the country school and its varied superstructure at Oxford do much credit to his teachers. How early he formed a correct notion of what makes a good scholar is shown in one of his letters at sixteen to his younger brother. "Never despair," he writes from Oxford, in 1805; "fag on, and you will soon have your reward. . . . I hope

Mr. — does not follow —'s method of not laying sufficient stress upon grammar. Unless you know *that* perfectly, you will always find Greek difficult. *Never let a word pass without knowing every circumstance belonging to it.* You will find this tedious at first, but it will, I assure you, soon smooth down your difficulties."

The contemplation of these two young dissenters at Oxford, zealously and successfully engaged in all the studies of the University, *with their examinations by their own tutors*, not by its public officers in the usual way, cannot but suggest very painful reflections. Why were they not members of the great educational establishment where they so creditably spent their youth? Why were they not to share its honors, which they were proving themselves so well to merit? The answer is a heavy reproach. The proud designation of *University*, which should signify a seat of all learning, and, without a strain of the term, a place of study open to all ranks and denominations of men, was narrowed by a by-law of bigotry to mean the profession of a section among us. It is matter of national triumph in 1854 that so miserable a rule no longer prevails!

Joseph John Gurney had another destination in life than literature. His father was a partner in the bank established in Norwich in 1771, and which had greatly prospered. Two of his elder brothers were already introduced into the business—one of them, Mr. Samuel Gurney, was fixed in London. He was himself disposed to the same career, which would favor the continuance of his home enjoyments. It was his greatest delight to be in daily intercourse with his father and sisters. Although joining in the amusements suited to his age, he was already beginning to take the graver view of life, and of a Christian's duties. His journal, now begun, and continued without interruption to within a short time of his decease, has early entries to this effect.

The family at Earlham were divided in their views on ecclesiastical matters, yet without any diminution of mutual regard. In this respect they constituted an example most worthy of imitation, and one which deserves serious attention from that numerous body which associates agreement of sentiment on all the secondary points of Christian faith and practice with mutual charity. Two of Mr. Gurney's sisters became decided Friends and ministers of the gospel, whilst others formed ecclesiastical relationships of a different order. His own mind

was deeply exercised on these points, and the conscientiousness with which he set himself to their consideration forms one of the most pleasing features of his character at this period. Having recorded, under date of July 1st, 1810, his attendance at a quarterly meeting "with much satisfaction and peace of mind," he adds, "At the same time, I am not yet a believer in the peculiar pretensions of Friends; nor has any thing which I have witnessed this week tended to make me so. Yet if it be the will of God to bring me more nearly to them, I earnestly pray that no countervailing disposition of my own may stand in his way." In July of the following year he refers to the same subject in terms which sufficiently indicate his growing conviction:—

"I also think," he says, "that Friends have reason on their side with respect to the ministry; because I can hardly conceive any other authority for the ministry than the direct gift of the Spirit. . . . Their testimonies about oaths and war put them, I think, upon a very high ground; and their ecclesiastical discipline is very admirable. I also think there is some reason in their minor testimonies about plainness of speech and dress. Indeed, I have felt so much about the former, that I have adopted their modes in some degree. How far the reason of the thing will bear me out I know not; but my having made such a change should induce a state of watchfulness and prayer, in a far greater degree than is at present my portion. If it be the Lord's pleasure that I should adopt these things, may I be enabled to do so with all Christian boldness. Let me not be afraid of approaching my Saviour in solemn waiting to know his will. With respect to the sacraments, I own they are matters of great doubt; may I use all my efforts to discover the divine will respecting them."—Ib. pp. 67, 68.

On the 2d of August, 1812, he records that his mind was made up to "conform more entirely with Friends in plainness of speech and apparel;" and on subsequently reviewing this period, he records an anecdote which, whilst clearly illustrating the strength of his own conviction, betokens in our judgment a misapprehension, the conscientiousness of which we honor, whilst we demur to the propriety of the conclusion formed. We should do injustice to the narrative if we reported it in any other than his own simple and lucid words:—

"Soon after my return home," he says, "I was engaged to a dinner-party at the house of one of our first county gentlemen. Three weeks before the time was I engaged, and three weeks was my young mind in agitation, from the apprehension, of which I could not dispossess myself, that

I must enter his drawing-room with my hat on. From this sacrifice, strange and unaccountable as it may appear, I could not escape. In a Friend's attire, and with my hat on, I entered the drawing-room at the dread moment, shook hands with the mistress of the house, went back into the hall, deposited my hat, spent a *rather* comfortable evening, and returned home in some degree of peace. I had afterwards the same thing to do at the bishop's; the result was, that I found myself the decided Quaker, was perfectly understood to have assumed that character, and to *dinner-parties*, except in the family circle, *was asked no more*."—*Ib.* p. 85.

That so clear a thinker, honestly devoted to the pursuit of truth, should confound such acts with religious conscientiousness, is matter of grave wonder to us, nor does his candid biographer remove our surprise by the remarks which he appends. There is something infinitely superior to all this in the testimony borne by the spiritual mind against worldly conformity, and that something—whatever it may be—was nobly exhibited by Mr. Gurney throughout his subsequent life. There is no religious community on which we look with more respect than on that of the Society of Friends. It occupies an important post in the Church of Christ, and has rendered to it most important service; yet we are free to confess that some of its habits seem to partake rather of "will-worship and voluntary humility" than of the fidelity and spiritual-mindedness which characterize the servants of God. From some of the evils which frequently flow from sectarian associations, Mr. Gurney was happily exempted by the largeness and catholicity of his mind. "His natural character," says his biographer, "doubtless led him to dwell rather on the points of union than of difference with those around him. With his expansive feelings, it was to him peculiarly painful to be separated in outward religious fellowship from some whom he much loved, from many whom he highly valued, and from the great bulk of his fellow-professors of the Christian name." This temper beautifully appears in a letter to his aunt, written in September, 1811, giving an account of the formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society in Norwich. Speaking of the resolutions which were submitted to the general meeting, he says:—

"The Bishop proposed them, I seconded them; and after I had given a little of their history and purport, they were carried with acclamation. Fellowes moved thanks to the Bishop; Kinghorn seconded, with some excellent remarks upon the Bishop's liberality. The Bishop replied, and said some fine things of Kinghorn. It was really delightful to hear an old Puritan and a modern

bishop saying every thing that was kind and Christian-like of each other. The Bishop's heart seemed quite full, and primitive Kinghorn, when the Bishop spoke of him so warmly, seemed ready to sink into the earth with surprise and terrified modesty."—*Ib.* p. 70.

His attention to the business of the bank was assiduous; but it did not prevent a close pursuit of knowledge, and especially of the study of the more serious branches of theology and biblical literature. At this period, Edward Edwards, a minister of Lynn, described him as "an extraordinary young man, about twenty, entirely employed in the bank, yet in the habit of devoting so much time to study early in the morning, as to have read nearly the whole of the Old Testament in the original Hebrew."

An entry in his own journal, the twenty-third year of his age, presents a still more striking view of his literary vigor:—

"I wish," he says, "to complete the Psalms, attending a little to Syriac and Chaldee as I go along. After that, to read Solomon, then Job again; to make myself master of the Jewish laws, and translate the 'Yad Hachazekah' of Maimonides; to study the New Testament critically, and with a particular view to the great doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement; to finish Ancient History in Plutarch, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, &c.: after that to read Tacitus, then Gibbon; to read every afternoon a hundred lines of Greek poetry, and go on with Pindar. After I finish *Michaelis* I shall launch into English history, and follow it up, if possible, with English law."—*Ib.* pp. 58, 59.

It is not surprising that so ripe a student should have corrected the less exact learning of Sir William Drummond, as Joseph John Gurney did in an acute criticism, published in the "Classical Journal," (vol. ii. No. 3, p. 524,) in his twenty-third year.

Such suitable preparation enabled him to produce his important "Essays on Christianity," his "Biblical Notes and Dissertations," and his treatise "On the History, Authority, and Use of the Sabbath." But deep learning was a secondary instrument in his chosen path in life. Attached from early association, and on principle, to the Society of Friends, he soon became one of their ministers, so far as their plan admits of such a service. This employment long claimed a large portion of his earnest and active labors in all parts of the United Kingdom, and in the United States of America. He also devoted much time and thought to the calls of *philanthropy* in the widest and purest meaning of that abused word, and has left a poetical, truthful view of a good man's proper way of directing his

sympathies with his kind. His own practice conformed to this curious scheme of communicative benevolence, which is of universal application:—

"I have often," he says, "thought that the grounds on which a serious Christian stands in connection with other men, while he prosecutes his various objects in life, may be compared to the successive stories of a *pyramid*. When he is transacting the common business of the day, with men of all characters and conditions, he is surrounded by vast numbers of people, and stands on the broad basement story. Here, while he abstains from evil things, he is compelled to communicate with many evil persons; and he calls to mind the words of the Lord Jesus: 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil.' But now an hospital is to be built; he mounts to the second story, his ground is narrowed and his company lessens. The utterly selfish and dissolute disappear from his view; but he still finds himself in communication with the worldly as well as the religious; with the infidel as well as with the believer. Christian benevolence, however, has new services in store for him. A society is formed for distributing the Scriptures without note or comment. The object is one of undoubted excellence, and he heartily engages in the cause. Here he stands on the third section of the pyramid. Again the company is diminished; again the circumference is contracted. Yet it is large enough to comprehend all reflecting persons of every class who value the Bible and approve of its dissemination. Our philanthropist knows that the work is pure and good, and though he by no means agrees in sentiment with all who coöperate in it, the last thing he dreams of is to narrow the circle either of its friends or of its efficacy.

"But while in distributing the Bible he stands on a common level with all who approve that object, he well knows the importance of a sound interpretation of its contents; and on the next story of the pyramid he finds himself engaged with rather fewer companions, and within somewhat narrower boundaries, in a Missionary Society, or in a Sabbath-day school formed for the express purpose of affording, to those who need it, *evangelical* instruction. The merely nominal Christian and the Socinian subscriber to the Bible Society have now parted from him; yet he is still encompassed by many persons whose religious views, on secondary points, differ from his own. He ascends, therefore, when occasion requires it, to an area of still smaller dimensions, and there he joins the members of his own church, in distributing tracts written in defence of the sentiments or practices peculiar to themselves. Finally, he has some solitary duty to perform, or some opinion, all his own, to maintain or develop; and behold, he stands alone on the top of the pyramid."—*lb.* pp. 461, 462.

It is impossible to have taken a very slight part in the various objects of social interest

here sketched, without observing the cordial spirit in which the *Friends* have met on a common platform with others to promote the success of what they could agree upon, without being diverted from a good cause by the gravest differences in religious opinions. Who has not heard with satisfaction the *papist* O'Connell, before crowds of them, rousing Exeter Hall in behalf of the slave, and in mitigation of capital punishment? Christian charity was never better shown than in Joseph John Gurney's scheme of universal intercourse on proper occasions for good purposes.

He was one of the first to revive the work of prison reform, which had become almost null among us after Howard's death. The evils attendant upon capital punishment had struck him forcibly, as is recorded in his *Journal*, in the year 1816. Within two years of that date, his sister, Mrs. Fry, began her labors as a Christian heroine, by appearing before a Committee of the House of Commons as the advocate of penitentiary reformation; and, at the same time, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton made his first effort in the same career by publishing his work on "*Prison Discipline*." In 1819, Mr. Gurney published his own "*First Book*,"—notes of a visit made to some of the prisons of Scotland and the North of England, in company with Elizabeth Fry, with general remarks on prison discipline. At this period he "was much interested, at Yarmouth, by a mantua-maker, who gave up the time and earnings of one day in every week in order to visit the wretched prisons of that place. She has surmounted," he says, "many difficulties, and has produced great effects."—(*lb.* p. 161, 1819.) Thus early did he appreciate the merits of SARAH MARTIN, who, by her own efforts and experience, solved the two most difficult penitentiary problems. She practically, and upon a considerable scale, comforted, taught, and reformed the prisoner within the prison; and what is to them just as important, she helped them effectually to find honest employment at home when discharged. Her example, with that of the magistrates of Durham, and others which abound throughout the country, show what may be done towards settling the chief difficulties in the way of penitentiary reform.

Joseph John Gurney never ceased to follow his early, excellent views, in aid of the efforts of his sister, Elizabeth Fry, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and Sir James Mackintosh, for the improvement of the criminal law in all branches. As a banker, he

was a powerful advocate in favor of making the punishment of forgery more mild; and, in particular cases, he was an unwearied, and sometimes successful, intercessor for the mitigation of sentences of death.

His friendships are among the most valuable subjects of this record of a good man's life. His excellent tutors had his early attachment; and his near relatives shared his affectionate respect for the high qualities of intelligence and principle which have placed them among the best of our worthies. Of distinguished persons not related to him, but with whom his intercourse was intimate, the most detailed accounts concern Mrs. Opie, on her becoming a *Friend*, Wilberforce, and Dr. Chalmers. An original memoir, cited under the title of "*Chalmeriana*," supplies the following extract. After dining with Dr. Bird Sumner, (the present Archbishop of Canterbury,) Dr. Chalmers, and others, he tells us—

In the evening Joanna Bailie joined our party; and, after the bishop and others were gone, we formed a social circle, of which Chalmers was the centre. The evidences of Christianity became again the topic of conversation. The harmony of Scripture, and the accordance and correspondence of one part with another, were, I think, adverted to. This evidence of accordance is one to which Dr. C.'s mind is obviously much alive. He knows how to trace, in the adaptation between one branch of truth and another, and especially between God's religion and man's experience, the master-hand of perfect wisdom and goodness.

CHALMERS.—"The historical evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutinizing researches of the learned; and are within the reach of all well-educated persons. But the internal evidence of the truth lies within the grasp of every sincere inquirer. Every man who reads his Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with the records of his own experience; every man who marks the adaptation of its mighty system of doctrine to his own spiritual needs as a sinner in the sight of God, is furnished with practical proof of the divine origin of our religion. I love this evidence. It is what I call the *portable evidence of Christianity*."

When comparatively ignorant and worldly, he was called upon by his learned friend, Dr. Brewster, to write the article on Christianity for the "*Edinburgh Encyclopedia*." He obeyed the summons, though himself scarcely a believer; and his researches in order to this end, especially the study of Scripture itself, were the means first of convincing his understanding of the truth of religion, and next of impressing his heart with a sense of its unspeakable importance and excellence. In the whole of this process he was doubtless marvellously assisted by that childlike *simplicity* of mind which he recommended to us so beautifully,

and which is so marked a feature in his own character. "The meek will be guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his way."

When our conversation was concluded, my brother, Samuel Hoare, took me with him on the box of his chariot, and drove Dr. Chalmers and his pleasing wife to Wilberforce's, at Highwood Hall, beyond Hendon. Dr. Chalmers and his lady were engaged to stay some days there; and we were glad of the opportunity of enjoying the company of the *senator emeritus*, together with that of Dr. C., for a few hours. Our morning passed delightfully. Chalmers was, indeed, comparatively silent, as he often is when many persons are collected, and the stream of conversation flowed between ourselves and the ever-lively Wilberforce. I have seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance; Wilberforce minute, and singularly twisted; Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with a delicate step; Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, flies about with astonishing activity; and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on every thing that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humor in his countenance; but in general he is grave—his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered: Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is "rapid productiveness." A man might be in Chalmers' company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was—though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some unexpected display of powerful originality: Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent: Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud; Wilberforce is always in sunshine. Seldom, I believe, has any mind been more strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise. Yet these persons, distinguished as they are from the world at large, and from each other, present some admirable points of resemblance. Both of them are broad thinkers and liberal feelers; both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity; both appear to hold self in little reputation; above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge Him to be their only Saviour.

Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant at Hull, and was scarcely more than of age when he was elected member of Parliament for that town. But he was not long to occupy this station, for a higher one awaited him. Immediately after the Hull election, he attended the county election at York; where, to the vast assembly collected in the castle yard, he made a speech on the popular question of the day—Fox's India Bill. His eloquence, especially in the earlier stages of his course, was, as I understand, of a most animated and diversified character; and his voice sonorous and mellifluous. The speech produced an almost magical effect on the assembled multitude; and under a strong and apparently

unanimous impulse, they cried out, "We will have the little man for our member." In short, though without pretensions from family or fortune to the honor of representing that vast county, he was elected its member by acclamation.

Wilberforce was now one of the most popular of men. His fine talents, his amiability, his wit, his gaiety, adapted him for the highest worldly circles in the county. Happily, however, that heavenly Father whom his pious parents had taught him to love in early life, was preparing for him "better things" than the blandishments of the world, even "things which accompany salvation." Not long after his election, he was travelling through France, in order to visit a sick relation at Nice, in company with his friend, Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, a person somewhat older and more serious than himself. In the course of their journey they happened to converse about a clergyman in Yorkshire, who, having been impressed with evangelical views, was remarkably devoted to his parochial duties.

WILBERFORCE.—"That man carries things a great deal too far, *in my opinion*."

MILNER.—"Do you think so? I conceive that if you tried him by the standard presented to us in the New Testament, you would change that opinion."

WILBERFORCE.—"Indeed, Milner—well, I have no objection to try the experiment. I will read the New Testament with you, if you like, with pleasure."

Important, indeed, were the results of this casual and unexpected conversation. The two friends read the whole of the New Testament together as they journeyed on towards Nice; and this single perusal of the records of inspiration was so blessed to Wilberforce, that he became a new man.—*Ib.* pp. 409–413.

Mr. Gurney's appreciation of the virtues of individuals among his own people—the Friends—will be traced with great interest in the extensive intercourse which the controlling plan of Quakerism occasions between its members. For a church without a stated ministry, this body is under a system of internal supervision beyond all others; and besides the examples here held up to reverence, this practical supervision brings forward some remarkable cases of severe discipline and *excommunication*.

The *deliberative* character of the philanthropic works of the Friends is curiously illustrated in these memoirs, in which the thread of such works may be followed for many years. Upon a special topic of great difficulty, which has much occupied public attention during the last quarter of a century, without yet producing satisfactory results,—the treatment of the aborigines of the colonies,—there is an early entry in Mr. Gurney's Journal, showing that the Society of Friends had formally considered the case, and resolved

to make efforts for the relief of the sufferers. This was independently of the question of Negro emancipation, and the resolution to contribute largely to the great exertions of Sir Fowell Buxton in the same field of philanthropy. Individual Friends, such as Daniel Wheeler and the Backhouses, obtained the unanimous approval of successive "meetings" to their "missions" to the Eastern Colonies and the South Seas. A similar sanction is recorded in 1832, as given to the philanthropic visit of John and Martha Yeardley to Greece and the islands of the Archipelago. Hannah Kilham had previously devoted her life to the cause of the negroes in West Africa with the warm sympathy of her society; as, at a much earlier date, the 17th century, Mary Fisher had carried out, with success, a bold resolution to visit the Grand Seignior in his camp on the Danube, in order to bring him Christian tidings for his good!

The same deliberative spirit prevails on all grave occasions. Even the quasi-missionary travels of Joseph John Gurney to America were not undertaken without the formal approbation of the religious body of which he was a member. Under such auspices, his life was literally spent "in going about doing good." Besides frequent visits to Friends in his ministry in various countries, he made a special visit of philanthropy to Ireland with Mrs. Fry. The result was an able memoir upon the measures wanted to regenerate that country, which has lately received high praise from the ablest Irish authorities. He also visited Scotland for a *penitentiary* object; and more than once passed some time on the Continent to inspect the benevolent establishments of France, Germany, and Holland.

His voyage to the West Indies was one of the most important of these excursions; and its result was a decided conviction of the benefit of Negro emancipation.

The object of his visit to America, to promote unity among the Friends by ministerial appeals to all the members of the Society, respecting doctrinal schism, which had become threatening, met with more reluctant assent, which accounts for some painful passages in his Journal. Indeed, the controversial character of some of his labors brings under review a deplorable schism, which long divided the Friends, but which, unlike some other religious differences, although ending in some secessions, has left, we are assured, no bitterness behind.

For twenty years Mr. Gurney had contemplated a visit to America in the cause of

the Society. So early as 1814, a minister of the Friends from the United States, followed by a colleague, had been formally disavowed by the *Yearly Meeting*,—the one for discrediting the writings of the Old Testament, the other for promulgating Unitarian doctrines. Towards 1826 and 1828, a separation took place from the main body in five out of the eight of the American Yearly Meetings, under the influence of Elias Hicks. They had been led on, step by step, to the same results.

To one of Joseph John Gurney's "cast of mind," it was a source of unhappiness without compensation to be engaged in controversy with any member of his Society. The elements of such controversy had, however, long existed in its bosom—largely in England,—more extensively in America.

"There were," says Mr. Braithwaite, "some members of the body who, whilst distinguished for their warm attachment to those views of the spirituality of the gospel which had led the early Friends to the disuse of all outward rites and ceremonies in the worship of God, and to press home to the consciences of men the practical operations of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, were yet, perhaps, hardly enough alive to the importance of keeping steadily in view the great and glorious truths of the incarnation of the Son of God, and of the necessity and efficiency of his atoning sacrifice upon the cross. These were not indeed disbelieved, but they had evidently not occupied so large a share in their meditations as some other portions of divine truth. Others there were who, though brought up with great strictness in the habits and usages of the society, had not imbibed in their earlier years an extended knowledge of scriptural truth, and who, after leading a regular and blameless life among their fellow-men, had, in their middle or declining age, been, for the first time, awakened to the full conviction that their salvation wholly depended on the free and unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus. This was indeed a new light to their souls, and, under the painful consciousness that they were dark before, they were too ready, perhaps, to reject all their former experiences; too ready to think that all their brethren were precisely in the same condition as they had been in; too ready to make this one precious doctrine the entire sum of their Christianity."—Vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

A grave incident in the annals of the Society brought on a serious crisis. In 1829, a solemn declaration of its principles had been made, in expectation of staying the spread of differences already broken out in America. Between the divergent sections of the body, Mr. Gurney sought to steer a middle course, on which his biographer enlarges with commendable fidelity. After stating the case at

large, he thus sums up its more serious conclusion:

Such was the state of Joseph John Gurney's feelings when, towards the conclusion of his ministerial labors in London, the conflict of opinion amongst Friends in this country was brought to a crisis by the publication of the "Beacon," in the beginning of the year 1835. The late Isaac Crewdson, of Manchester, the author of this work, was a man greatly esteemed and beloved by a large circle, and was then in the station of an acknowledged minister. He had been brought up in all the strictness of an external Quakerism, and had early imbibed a strong attachment to its usages; but it was not until towards middle life that evangelical truth dawned upon his mind. "I remember," says Joseph John Gurney in his Autobiography, "telling my friend Isaac Crewdson, nearly three years before the publication of the 'Beacon,' that he and I had started in our race from opposite points, had met, and crossed on the road."

"This publication consisted," to adopt Joseph John Gurney's description, "of a running commentary on various passages in the sermons of the late Elias Hicks, of North America, who had been disowned by Friends in that country; and with proof, drawn from Scripture, of this preacher's perversions and delusions, are mixed up many painful innuendoes, trenching, in various degrees, on our well-known views of the spirituality of the gospel of Christ. Indeed, it is my deliberate judgment, that the work, professing as it does to defend sound Christianity, has an undeniable tendency to undermine the precious doctrine of the immediate teaching, guidance, and government of the Holy Spirit. Calculated as it was to disparage the character of the society, it was forced upon the attention of the public by placards and advertisements of various kinds; and was the means of bringing down upon us a shower of offensive weapons, in reviews and other publications, from our evangelical fellow-Christians. The society was, in no common degree, held up to scorn and reproof; the common butt of many who were destitute of any correct knowledge of our principles."—*Ib.* pp. 15, 16.

During more than ten years of these distressing agitations, Mr. Gurney, of all the members of the Society of Friends, perhaps suffered the most acutely under the trial of the hour, and from apprehension of the possible issue of that trial. During this whole period he was deeply impressed with the conviction that he might by suitable efforts bring peace to his people, by testifying personally and plainly to what he believed to be truth. Himself a Friend from conviction, even more than from early instruction, he never shrank from the duty of giving a reason for his faith. This was seen at a later period of life in his answer to the question of the *Christian Observer*, "What is Quakerism?"

—to which he adverts in his journal of April, 1845.

In the next year he had an opportunity, which he eagerly seized, to draw up a declaration of his "faith in the Holy Scriptures, in the immediate and perceptible operation of the Spirit, the doctrine of the mediatorial justification of the penitent, and in that of the Trinity,"—all of which he avers had always been maintained by the Society of Friends. (Vol. ii. p. 235.) His visit of three years to the United States was undertaken in the hope of healing very serious differences on these and other points of doctrine and discipline. He entered on it most deliberately, and with all the apprehensions which pertain to minds of extreme sensibility. Indications occur to this effect in his journal, not to be read without the greatest pain. The brave spirit, urged almost perhaps beyond its strength by the purest motives, to buffet with contrariety of opinions, had resolved to appeal in person to the members of the Society, in the hope to bring back those he held to be erring to the common fold. A degree of nervous infirmity, seldom experienced, was here joined to an indomitable resolution to act up to his sense of right, and was near overpowering it. In the distraction of mind, not unapt to be occasioned by the terrors of the ocean, added to the sinking of heart that might well attend a mission to charge dangerous error upon his brethren, a flitting thought of despair crossed even the benevolent Joseph John Gurney. On the voyage to America he one day expresses himself thus:—"We have had adverse winds; dead calm; fair wind for a season, and now somewhat the contrary again. How uncontrollable is this moving power by any human being! . . . My condition is one of much lowness, for the enemy had been beating against me within, with many a stormy, restless wave; so that the suggestion arose, *Am I a Jonah, to stay the vessel on its course? This temptation, however, left me, after a very interesting meeting in the large dark hold of the vessel, with the steerage passengers before they retired to rest.*"

He discharged his mission, as might have been expected, exemplarily; what he effected, even on minor points, will be told in his own words:—

"I think," he says, as a narrative to his children, "my visit has been the means, through mercy, of leading many, especially of the young, to clearer views of the religion of the New Testament, and to a firmer and more intelligent attachment to the principles of our own society, than they had ever felt before. So far from having at all unsettled

their Quakerism, my ministry has been the means, under the divine blessing, of inducing many of them, especially of the young men, to renounce the habits of the world, and, as a token of their allegiance to the Saviour, to adopt the plain dress and language which unquestionably become our Christian profession."—*Ib.* p. 223.

The Society in America solemnly declared their approval of his course. Nevertheless, after his return, warm discussions were kept up respecting his exposition of his religious views. In reference to charges against him on this subject, in 1845, he expressed his readiness to submit his writings to the judgment of the constituted authorities of the Society. He passed the ordeal unharmed; but opponents were not wanting to embitter the latter years of one whose whole life was spent in efforts to know the truth himself, and to conciliate them by earnest and affectionate appeals. The character of the man was, indeed, in an extraordinary degree, a guaranty of the innocence of the disputant. So mild and benevolent was his nature, that he was incapable of coldly reproving an erring child; and his own obvious and intense pain when the fault of such an one was perceived, proved the child's severest punishment. This part of his character is beautifully set forth in his daughter's "Recollections" of him annexed to the Memoirs.

How nearly his candor approaches to perfection is demonstrated by his journal; every thought is here curiously analyzed, and every action told in its minutest circumstances. It is another admirable trait, in this good man's character that he has no respect of persons. The humblest have his sympathy and his personal attentions—as his just sense of good-breeding made him appreciated by the more refined, and acceptable to the highest members of society. His generosity knew no bounds; and in perusing his curious reflections upon his own splendid fortune, with his doubts whether to be so rich was consistent with his Christian calling, it is impossible not to feel that the good use of riches sanctifies their diligent, honorable acquisition, dangerous as their abuse is to the individual, and injurious as that abuse is to society at large.

That such a man should have passed away honored by all, will surprise none. The words of his long-esteemed friend, the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich, in his "Brief Memoir," leave nothing to be added:

"His death, 4th January, 1847, in his 59th year, has furnished," says Mr. Alexander, "the prin-

cial topic of conversation in every family, in every private circle, in every group by the wayside. Persons of all classes and of every age, however various in opinion on other subjects, have united in their high estimate of the character of the deceased, and in the melancholy satisfaction of recalling excellences of which now, alas! the memory alone remains. Each individual has had his own story to tell of some public benefit, or of some kindness shown to others or himself; and innumerable acts of beneficence, long forgotten amidst the crowd of more recent instances, have been related and listened to with the mournful pleasure incident to such a theme. The very street gossip of Norwich during the past week, if it could have been collected and recorded, would doubtless furnish an almost unparalleled tribute to departed worth."

"The funeral itself, as might have been expected from these unusual preliminaries, was an extraordinary scene. The entire city suspended

business, in order to witness or to take part in it.'—*Ib.* pp. 516-518.

Mr. Braithwaite's volumes are ably written, and they are a valuable addition to a branch of our literature—the *biographies* of the Friends—on which they who are best acquainted with the productions of the British press in the last two centuries set a high value. The patriarchal hospitality of the Earlham family; the affectionate intercourse of its eminent members with each other; the unwearied versatility of Joseph John Gurney's philanthropy, are here well displayed. It may be hoped that future editions of the work will be still more enriched from his remaining journals and correspondence, of which what is produced gives large promise.

From the Westminster Review.

THE BEARD.*

WHEN Erasmus, nearly three centuries and a half ago, published his "Encomium Morie," he thought it necessary to remark, that sports were allowable in literature as well as in other departments of life; and that if he did praise Folly, he did not praise it like a fool. What Erasmus condescended to do, modern *littérateurs* may well not be ashamed of; and therefore, if we choose to make a few remarks on such a subject as the agitation for the restoration of beards and moustachios to their historic position on the English countenance, we hope we shall not incur the imputation of an undue levity. But, indeed, so far from the beard's requiring an apology in this way, it would not be difficult to show that in every age it has had a philosophical relation to institutions. Thus, once it was a symbol of patriarchal majesty; next, of general manliness; then, of devotion to speculative pursuits. It has risen and

fallen as empires have risen and fallen. And its being an object of so much contest and dispute just now, is profoundly natural. For what tradition or establishment is not just now in pretty much the same critical state? So that the more speculative of mankind are beginning to inquire, in fact, whether the beard is "used up" as an institution, and the demand for its revival merely an unhealthy movement, of the nature of romanticism; or whether it has suffered an unjust exile during the last two centuries, and has a right to expect its recall to its ancient honors. Such being the case, a glance at its civil and literary history may reasonably be expected in our review. We premise distinctly, that we are totally without prejudice in the matter. We approach the subject with the impartiality of Cicero's friends of the New Academy. All that we claim is freedom from tyranny on the one side and the other; that he who wears a beard, and he who rejects it, may equally be permitted liberty of conscience. So that we neither advocate nor do we oppose its adoption; knowing, however, that after the heavy hand of exclusion has rested on the custom so long, it is difficult to sketch its history (however meagerly) without appearing as its advocate.

* *The Human Hair popularly and physiologically considered, &c.* By Alexander Rowland. Piper Brothers & Co. 1853.

The Philosophy of Beards. A Lecture. By T. S. Gowing. Ipswich.

The Beard. Why do we cut it off? By David. London: Bosworth. 1854.

It may be remarked that the beard is at present in what we must venture to call an unnatural position in Europe. Once, the symbol of patriarch and king, (and so of the highest kind of order,) it is now, it would seem, that of revolution, democracy, and dissatisfaction with existing institutions. Conservatism and respectability (and after them, plausibility and *its* companions) shave close. The moustachio enjoys military honor, indeed. But the beard itself is from sea to sea in disfavor with power and order. It is hated at once by the King of Naples and by Mrs. Grundy. In England, too, public opinion (which compensates with us for the smallness of our standing army) is perhaps harder on the beard than it is anywhere else. All kinds of offices discourage or prohibit it;* only a few travellers, artists, men of letters, and philosophers wear it; and to adopt it places you under the imputation of Arianism, or dissipation, or something as terrible, with the respectable classes. Yet this opposition proves unable to stem the rising agitation. Pamphlets accumulate on the question; and the curiosity about it has reached that degree of liveliness which authorizes us to pronounce it a movement.

Of the importance of the beard in primeval periods, no doubt can exist; and enviable is the vision of the fathers of the world with their hoary hair. "By the Jews," says an antiquary,† "it was esteemed a great dignity." "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." So it is said in Leviticus. And with regard to priests, specially, it is there prescribed: "They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard." The dignity so preserved was no doubt part of that general dignity of age which is to be revered. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." (Leviticus xix. 32.) The natural feeling of early periods seems to be in favor of it as an object of dignity; and the imagination does not tolerate the thought of a patriarch or prophet with a razor in his hand. Thus with the classics:—the gods were bearded. So

with early England. When Gray would depict the extreme misery of his bard, he says—

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.

How, again, did the hand of Michael Angelo revel in the creation of the beard of Moses? What other feeling made Knox say, "Better that women weep, than that bearded men be made to weep!" Patriarch, priest, bard, king—to all of these, the ornament was felt to be a part and parcel of their station, its outward sign and symbol. The Thunderer was sitting in his majesty, when the sea-goddess appeared suppliant—

—one hand she placed
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.
Pope's *Iliad*, i. 650, l.

And when Achilles was impressed with reverence for the form of sorrowing old Priam, and

On his white beard and form majestic gazed—
Not unrelenting—

much of that reverence must have been owing to the venerable appendage; which, also, was worn by the chiefs, by Agamemnon and Ulysses. First of all, then, what we may call a beard tradition descended from the heroic period, and thus it was that, in ages when shaving had been established as a custom, men still spoke of the "bearded ones," their ancestors, with a peculiar emphasis. When Cicero is lashing the affected gravity and severity of the infamous Piso, he tells you, that you would have thought you were looking at "*aliquem ex barbatis illis, exemplum veteris imperii, imaginem antiquitatis.*" There is a similar allusion to the terrible barbe of the ancient statues and "imagines," in one of the most charming of his minor speeches, the *Pro Calpio*. When Perseus introduces Socrates in the fourth of his satires, he speaks of him as the "*barbatum magistrum*," whereupon Casaubon, his most distinguished commentator, (he of the mighty learning and the twenty children,) remarks that Perseus so called him—"non, solum, quia barbam alebat Socrates," but also, because the Romans were wont to speak of their ancestors as "bearded," when they praised them. It would seem, then, that the most patriotic Romans of the shaven period (to waive any mention of the *barbula* or goatee, of which, presently!) looked back with a certain tenderness and reverence to

* "A Preston firm has hinted to its young men, in the most polite terms, that they are not to wear the moustachio—they are 'requested' not to wear it 'during business hours.'"—*Spectator*, March 18, 1854. Was this spark of humor unconsciously struck out of the flinty capitalists? Or is the anecdote too good to be true!

† "Some Account of the Beard and Moustachio." By John Adey Repton, F. S. A.

the beards of their progenitors, as if there were something naturally worshipful in those objects.

The heart of the matter (as Mr. Carlyle would say) is thus expressed by Becker in his "Charicles," where he lays it down, that "the beard was not looked on as a troublesome burden, but as a dignified ornament of ripe manhood and old age." He confesses that shaving it was in vogue at an early period," but maintains that "the innovation was stoutly resisted." Before we speak of this innovation, let us not forget that "memorable scene" of Rome taken by the Gauls, when an insult offered to the beard of M. Papirius by a Gaul (an unintentional insult, it would seem, but the result of the most barbarous ignorance) led to unholy slaughter. The Gauls had entered, Livy tells us, and looked on the spectacle of the old grandees sitting each at his threshold—"haud secus quam venerabundi." A soldier could not resist reverently stroking (*permulcens*) the beard of M. Papirius, (and they all wore beards long then, Livy says,) but the old man blazed up into sacred wrath at the profane touch; struck him with his ivory sceptre, and "ab eo, initium cædis ortum."* The beard was avenged, but the old men were murdered; every thing was lost but the beard's honor.

It appears to be generally agreed that shaving was introduced into Greece in Alexander the Great's time. It is said that "that prince ordered the Macedonians to be shaved, lest the beard should afford a handle to their enemies."† Here we might observe, that the beard saw the best days of Greece; as it did the purest days of Rome. But leaving the reader to his own reflections on that coincidence, we will transcribe for popular perusal from Mr. Bohn's "Athenæus," just published, the passage testifying to this fact—the orthodox passage to quote in support of it, which commentator hands to commentator, from generation to generation.

"And this custom of shaving the beard originated in the age of Alexander, as Chrysippus tells us in the fourth book of his treatise on the Beautiful and on Pleasure. And I think it will not be unseasonable if I quote what he says; for he is an author of whom I am very fond, on account of his great learning and his gentle, good-humored disposition. And this is the language of the philosopher:—'The custom of shaving the beard was introduced in the time of Alexander, for the people in earlier times did not

practise it; and Timotheus, the flute-player, used to play on the flute, having a very long beard. And at Athens, they even now remember that the man who first shaved his chin was given the name of κόρης;* on which account, Alexis says—

Do you see any man whose beard has been
Removed by sharp itch-plasters or by razors?
In one of these two ways he may be spoken of:
Either he seems to me to think of war,
And so to be rehearsing acts of fierce
Hostility against his beard and chin;
Or else he's some complaint of wealthy men.
For how, I pray you, do your beards annoy you?
Beards by which best you may be known as men?
Unless, indeed, you're planning now some deed
Unworthy of the character of men.

And Diogenes, when he saw some one once, whose chin was smooth, said,—'I am afraid you think you have great ground to accuse nature for having made you a man, and not a woman.'‡

The line in italics expresses a common popular notion about the beard,—and which has survived generations of barbers, viz., that it is a mark of manly potency to have a sturdy one. Hence, we still hear old gentlemen sneer at a "beardless boy," which surely has an inconsistent sound from individuals who daily labor to be beardless themselves. In the same involuntary homage, we now talk of "bearding" a foe, recognizing virtually the idea which yet we condemn in particular; and testifying to the naturalness of letting the beard grow. Taking the first stage in beard-history to be the era of the heroic and patriarchal beard (when it is even a sanctified object)—the second is the era when it is a sign of general manliness, when a *πρωτον βαθυσ* indicates a sturdy character. But a period comes, when the human race grows luxurious; when it grows mechanical and commercial; the age of the hero is gone by; the position of the priest is becoming doubtful: the time of the barber is at hand! Greece shaved, after it had lost its liberty; Rome shaved—but not, also, till comparatively late in its history; and here, as in so many other arts, Rome was an imitator. The first Roman *tonsors* came from Sicily, b. c. 300. This statement Pliny copies from Varro. The younger Africanus seems to have been the first Roman who shaved every day, as we do; and Aulus Gellius speaks

* From *κείρω*, to cut the hair.

† The *Deipnosophists*, &c. Literally translated by C. D. Yonge. B. A. Bohn.

* Liv. v. 41.

† Encyc. Brit. art. *Beard*.

of his having read that this was done in middle life by the *nobiles viros* of that age. But it is a very noticeable feature that the philosophical world generally seems to have protested against the practice. "The sophists," (says Becker in the "Charicles,") "partly, at least, kept to the ancient fashion." We have heard the remark of Diogenes: there are doubtless statues even of philosophers, without the beard; but that the beard was part of the general "get-up" of a professed philosopher, is one of the best known facts about the social life of antiquity. A professed philosopher, and especially one of those later fellows, (who unhappily brought at once philosophy and the beard itself into disgrace,) was no more complete without a beard (generally a terrible one, such as that with which Virgil has endowed Charon) than without a head.

A supporter of the beard might very plausibly maintain, that this fact came to be characteristic of the philosopher, because he stood for the absolutely and eternally fit and beautiful. In the decay of national religions, and the corruption of national taste, he took his stand upon the eternal truths of nature, and witnessed for them against the decaying world. What saith the golden-tongued Cicero, (too much neglected by the beard-shaving youth of this age?) He, writing of the formation of the academic and peripatetic sects—says, "*Ac primam illam partem, bene vivendi, a NATURA petebant.*"* Doubtless, then, it was in homage to nature that philosophy retained the beard; meaning to protest against mere fashion and change; and likewise respecting the antique tradition of purer and earlier periods. But this insulting contempt of public opinion provoked reprisals. In proverb and in epigram, the ancient world retaliated. The comic writers (in all ages, a genial sort of race, and hateful of all pretence to superior virtue) embodied this retaliation in literature. It was openly urged, that the beard was the *only* thing philosophical about many a so-called philosopher! An epigram asserted, that if the beard made the philosopher, the claim of the goat to Platonic honors must not be overlooked! And the current proverb—"The beard does not make the philosopher,"—rebuked the haughtiness of many a well-thatched chin.

No one can deny that a large class of so-called "philosophers" were what we should designate intolerable bores. They were at

once the scandal of respectable and the torture of intellectual circles. Ruffians of hideous aspect, dirty person, and mendicant importunity, eternally babbling of the *summum bonum*, and abusing a world desirous of paying its way in peace, infested the fair and potent cities of the ancient world. Horace tickled them; Martial peppered them; Juvenal flayed them. Scandal loved to hint that the philosophic cloak covered a multitude of offences, dark as those which the stoics and cynics charged on the world. The *Aretalogus*, in fact, was at once a bore and a reproach: suspicious in his conduct, and contemptible in his person, the public conscience yet felt that there was a justice in his gibe, and thin-skinned respectability shrank from his blistering tongue. Often, indeed, he seems to have combined in himself, cynic, pauper, libeller, moralist, tuft-hunter, and diner-out. How charmingly has Horace sketched the tribe; and with what fine humor does he pray the gods to endow Damasippus, in exchange for his wisdom, with a barber!

Di te, Damasippe, deæque
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore!

It would seem that the boys even loved to have a tug at the stoic beard, (Sat. i. 3,) and Martial's contempt for Antiochus the barber, seems unable to prompt him to any deeper curse than that he may have pauper, cynic, and stoic beards to trim—

Tondeat hic inopes Cynicos, et Stoica menta.
Ep. lib. xi. 84.

Yet, it might be urged, that the wearing of the beard by some questionable vagabonds who called themselves philosophers, was but a corruption of the institution of Pogonotrophy? Are the monks of Erasmus's time held to have dishonored all ancient and pious monasticism? Do we not still honor philosophy in spite of the abuse that has been made of its name? Shall the beard of Socrates be forgotten, because the cynic of a later period dishonored the ancient and honorable appendage? Let us distinguish, as Herodes Atticus (who was consul A. D. 143) distinguished. The tale is in Aulus Gellius. A man of this questionable school, "*barbâ prope ad pubem usque porrecta*," came to him, begging. Being asked what he was, he replied, sharply, that he was a philosopher, and wondered that the inquirer should ask. Admirable was the retort. "*Video barbâ et pallium; philosophum nondum*

* Acad. Posterior, lib. i. c. 5.

video." "I see the beard and cloak; the philosopher I do not see!" As Herodes would not suffer the fellow to do discredit to the name of philosopher, so, let us not suffer him to injure the reputation of the beard.

We have hinted at the *barbula*, or goatee. In Cicero's times, the genuine beard was not worn by society. But the *barbula* seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells;" as we see in the above-mentioned *Pro Cælio* of the divine orator. He there rallies Clodia with much humor, and happening to allude to the "bearded" of old days, brings in, by a side-wind, that he does not mean that "*barbula*" with which she is delighted, &c. But the regular "*barba*" was not then worn, except in mourning, when the Romans let their beard and hair grow. No doubt, many a chin grew dark when the mourning for Cicero's exile began, among the youth of Rome. Suetonius (in *Julius Cæsar*, c. 87) states that Cæsar let his beard grow, "*auditâ Tituriana clade*," and did not cut it off, till he had revenged himself. The same curious and interesting writer supplies us with other illustrations of our subject. He tells us that Cæsar, in an altercation, absolutely violated the beard of an Eastern prince (*barbam invasit*.) He informs us that Augustus, too, let his beard and hair grow, after the terrible Varian catastrophe; though, in general, he resigned himself with indifference to his tonsors, to be clipped or shaven, and read during the operation. Further, he has preserved for all posterity the curious fact, (which so survives, when so much is hopelessly lost!) that when Nero dedicated his first beard, (which was consecrated by the Roman youth, on a festal day,) he enclosed the valuable offering in a golden box adorned with precious pearls, and consecrated it in the Capitol!

The beard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the emperors who wore that ornament, none creates so much interest in posterity as the Emperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history, and hangs up like the hair of Berenice, world-famous for ever. All Englishmen early learn to wonder over it, from the pages of Gibbon. The *Misopogon*, which the Emperor wrote to confound the audacious rabble of Antioch, who had presumed to sneer at it—we, indeed, have only consulted it in the version of the Abbé de la Bleterie, (reserving a profounder study of that famous piece for our maturer years)—yet a version which was of value to Gibbon, as he tells us, is not to be pooh-poohed by an age like ours.

What, then, are the facts? Let us suffer the Emperor to speak through the medium of the Abbé:—

"I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular, or particularly agreeable about it; and out of humor and whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long and peopled beard."

"*Cette barbe longue et peuplée!*" The Abbé refers the reader to his notes, and there (having, as it were, got you up in a corner, where he can talk over the awful allusion quietly) he relates how shocked his friends were at Julian's levity, (for of course he must be joking,) and how they advised him to suppress the fact:—further communicating to you that the rest runs as follows:

"It serves as a forest for troublesome little animals, that I suffer to roam there with impunity!"

What are we to say to this? The world does not seem to be quite clear whether the Emperor was joking or not. But in an ironical work, one is entitled to a good deal of license, and Julian is to have the benefit of the doubt. It is true, indeed, that he is the great and standard specimen of the class of men whose tendency is to attempt to restore exhausted forms of life; and that there may have been a certain affectation (if not morbidity) in his wish to possess a genuine, antique, philosophical *barba*, or *pogon*. Yet, what then? Were "little animals" known to the primitive *barba*? Even Death himself, who, according to Burns, *has a beard*—for doesn't he make him say—

"put up your whittle:
I'm no design'd to try its metal;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd;
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard!"

Death and Dr. Hornbook.

—would not tolerate such inconvenience. Besides, we know that the care of the ancient beard was an elaborate business; and the *tonsor* an important functionary. No, if Julian was negligent of his person, there is no probability that he carried matters so far as this.

The East (except in the case of Egypt)* has been more consistently faithful to what we have called the beard-tradition, than the North. The Arabs swear very frequently

*Becker derives the custom of shaving from thence.—"Charicles."

by the beard of the Prophet; and, we are told, "make the preservation of their beards a capital point of religion, because Mohammed never cut his;"* and the Turks (whose sense of personal dignity is so strong, and whose pachas are among the best bred of mankind) cultivate the beard with great attention. "Among them, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipt, or branded with a hot iron." The slaves who serve in the seraglio have their beards shaven as a sign of their servitude.† The late Mehemet Ali had a white and silvery beard; and Byron speaks of the "hoary lengthening beard" of Ali Pacha—another of the latest men of notable energy whom the East has produced. Indeed, there is something in the ornament calculated to become the face of king or potentate; and Dionysius, of Sicily, should not be forgotten, who dared not to trust his beard to an operator, but was obliged to burn it when needful—an example of the misery of tyranny, which Cicero does not forget to moralize on.

When we look at the question, in its relation to our own ancestry, we must not forget the moustachio on the bust in the Townley Marbles, which has been thought to represent Caractacus. "The Britons," says Mr. Fairholt,‡ "like the ancient Gauls, allowed their hair to grow thick on the head; and, although they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore immense tangled moustachios, which sometimes reached to their breasts." The moustachio and beard seem, indeed, to have gone generally together, in ancient times,—as we see them in the bust of Socrates. It may be presumed, that the Northern nations felt the symbolic force of these appendages; we have a well-known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who, he says, made a general custom of what among other German people was an affair of private daring—the letting the "*crinem barbarum*" grow till they had killed an enemy. Guizot, who sneers at "*patriotisme germanique*" for attaching too much importance to Tacitus's remark on German morals, will probably admit the correctness of this part of his picture. We know, at all events, that the Saxons grew the beard; and everybody remembers the story of the observer from the Saxon camp at Hastings, who took the well-shaven Norman gentlemen for monks. Monks shaved—"veluti mundo mortui"—but other-

wise, the Church and the beard were mostly in friendly relations. "*Apud Christianos clerici non radunt sed tondent barbam*,"—shave not, but clip the beard—is the rule which we find laid down by a learned Jesuit on the point.* Yet, councils have repressed huge beards in priests, and have ordered them to shave the upper lip, so that no impediment may be presented by the moustachio to their partaking of the holy chalice.†

In the pages of Fairholt and Planché, the curious reader may hunt for traces of the way in which the fashion of our ancestors varied in this matter. The Normans, when they conquered England, were well shaven, on the back of the head as on the face:—

"For all were shaven and shorn,
Not having moustachios left."

But the tide turned again. A spring came; and hair sprouted once more—as when—

"—redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ."

There was a revival during Henry I.'s reign, says Mr. Planché. In Edward II.'s, "Beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of state, and knights templars, but not generally," he observes. Sir John Mandeville, the traveller, (who died A. D. 1372,) was called Sir John with the beard, (presumably from the size,) and was as notable in this as in other respects. But, indeed, in Edward III.'s time—the hey-day of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love-poetry, of heraldry—long beard and fine moustachio were in honorable estimation. In an English Froissart before us, illustrated with cuts taken from old authorities, we find very noble faces gifted in this way. In Richard II.'s reign, the fashion continued. The beard was "forked," Mr. Planché notes, and "in all knightly effigies, the moustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth." The venerable authority of Chaucer now comes in; and what a glimpse is this he gives us of his "Shipman":—

"Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake."

Here is vigor of delineation! The "Franklein" (that model country gentleman) derives a poetic grace from his ornament—

* Eacye. Brit.

† Fairholt's "Costume in England."

‡ Ibid.

* Laur. Beyerlinck, "*Magnum Theatrum*," &c. in voc. Barba.

† Ibid.

"White was his berd as is the dayesie;"
also—

"A merchant was there, with a forked beard."

From this period to the culmination of Pogonotrophy, or beard-culture, in the triumphant *barba* of the sixteenth century, beard and moustachio appear to have distinguished old men, soldiers, &c. The sixteenth century opens well; for it was in 1513 that James IV. of Scotland presented that manly and brilliant figure which Scott has immortalized in the free and flowing lines of "Marmion":—

"The monarch's form was middle size,
For feat of arms or exercise,
Shaped with proportions rare;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the deepest dye
His short curled beard and hair!"

The shortness and the curl, probably, were calculated to charm the fair wife of Sir Hugh de Heron—even as the *barbula* of Young Rome delighted the Roman ladies. But the mighty spirits of that time, the men of the Reformation, revelled in those large and noble beards which characterize great ages, and periods of warmest faith! Pre-Raphaelite and Raphaelite painters—painters from the time of Cimabue and Giotto—have depicted their great men as bearded. When Holbein began to paint, (coming over to England, with a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, who kept him in his house, in Chelsea, for two years,) he had many a noble *barba* to depict, besides the well-known one of Sir Thomas himself; which he moved out of the way of the headman's axe, because it had never committed treason! Knox wore a grand one, and Buchanan, and Cranmer, and Grindall, and Cardinal Pole. Indeed, a certain "large and profuse beard"* characterized these great men. The beard of Harry the Eighth we shall find celebrated in song. The "great and energetic time" (as Goethe calls it) of Harry's daughter, took up the tradition. A gentleman who grew up to maturity (and *such* a maturity!) under its influences, shall furnish us with a paragraph on the point. Listen to a passage from the autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury:—

"My father was Richard Herbert, Esq., son to Edward Herbert, Esq., and grandchild to Sir Richard Herbert, Knight, who

was a younger son of Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, in Monmouthshire, of all whom I shall say a little; and first of my father, whom I remember to have been black-haired and BEARDED, as all my ancestors of his side are said to have been!"

A sober and well-governed gentleman (to use one of Lord Herbert's expressions) of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beard, as he did his dress, his mind, manners, or conduct. It was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes—a symbol to be respected, like his coat-of-arms. Each class of mankind had its own form of the ornament. The Reformer cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as Buchanan, (whose beard may be seen and admired in the portrait by Holbein,) wore it—sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin, perhaps; but also, we may believe, not unmindful of the tradition of Socrates and the Roman patriarchs.* The gentleman adopted it as he adopted the other manners which he inherited;—respecting the "brass" of his ancestors in the parish church, honoring the example of the beard of Edward III. on his monument in Westminster, and the moustachio of the Black Prince on his effigy in Canterbury. When Gray wished to paint the characteristics of that great-hearted age, what points did his eyes seize?

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.

Shakespeare will preserve the custom in everlasting remembrance, alone. For who does not remember the

soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;

and the debate on the attire of Bottom?—

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your

* Repton on the Beard and Moustachio.

* In early editions of the "Sealigerana," Joseph Scaliger has a very handsome one.

purple - in - grain beard, or your French - crown - color beard, your perfect yellow.

A man gone insane in love could show his departure from a healthy condition no better than by sacrificing his beard, as appears in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Claudio. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brusheth his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Don Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claudio. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.

Leonato. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

As for the brilliant Beatrice, her authority obviously settles in favor of the institution, though her wit threatens to singe the beard in the first instance:

—— Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him with my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

Among the items of dandyism which made up the picture of the Swell whom Hotspur describes with such exquisite contempt, we must not forget one:—

—— his chin, new reap'd,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner.

Rosalind, describing to Orlando the marks of love, says—

A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for simply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue.

And the same ever - delightful Rosalind, does she not say, in the Epilogue—

If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me . . . and I am sure as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

Every class, in fact, had its characteristic

beard; and divines especially, of the Church of England, wore theirs "large and trimmed square." Such a square-cut beard was called the "cathedral beard," and was thought to become the grave face of a bishop.

But we will now insert from the literature of this subject, the "Ballad of the Beard," which we extract from a little volume called "Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume: from the 13th to the 19th Century," edited by Mr. Fairholt, for the Percy Society, and pronounced by that gentleman to be "evidently a production of the time of Charles I., if not earlier." Here the reader may learn, on sound authority, the fashions of his ancestors in this matter; and, to our mind, there is no little spirit and point in the style in which they are dashed off:

Now a beard is a thing that commands in a king,
Be his sceptre ne'er so fair;
When the beard bears the sway, the people obey,
And are subjects to a hair.

'Tis a princely sight, and a grave delight,
That adorns both young and old;
A well-thatch'd face is a comely grace,
And a shelter from the cold.

Now of beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a beard
Tho' it be never so long.

The Roman T in its bravery
Doth first itself disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
With the flames of a torrid nose.

The stiletto beard, oh! it makes me afraid,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a dagger in 's face,
What wears he in his sheath?

But methinks I do itch to go thro' stitch,
The needle-beard to amend,
Which without any wrong I may call too long,
For a man can see no end.

The soldier's beard doth march in, shear'd
In figure like a spade,
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
And think their graves are made.

But, oh! let us tarry for the beard of King Harry
That grows about the chin,
With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
And a champion ground between.

The "beard of King Harry" is, indeed, a stately object in his portraits; and in most portraits of the leading men of Europe, from his time to that of Charles II., the beard is a conspicuous object.

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars; and the same rigor which the Puritan exercised on his head, he exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyke beard is the typical one of this period, and is associated for ever with the melancholy face of Charles I. Peaked beards and moustachios were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pretty generally worn—till the Restoration, deriving its inspiration from the French Court, gave a blow to the cause which it never recovered from. "Beard," says old Fuller, "was never the true standard of brains;" a remark which shows that the tide had set against them. Soon came the era of the wig, and of elaborately artificial attire; and poetry disappeared from the English face and dress. Yet, for the next two or three generations, some sturdy Jacobite ever and anon appeared true to the house of Stuart and the memory of Vandyke, who made a vow not to shave till the king had his own again. These beards were called vow-beards. One Scottish gentleman, from whose loins was destined to spring a descendant who should awaken all Europe to a delighted interest in the memory of its past, made himself famous in his country by one of these ornaments. This was Scott, of Harden, known as "Beardie" Harden, from this peculiarity, to whom the author of "Waverley," proud of his race, as he justly was, looked back, we believe, with a peculiar tenderness. The king did *not*, we know, get his own again; but whether the beard shall ever get *its* own again, is a question not now interesting to Jacobites only, (if such exist,) but to an increasing class of people, of various kinds of opinion. Indeed, nothing would injure its cause so much as its being adopted as symbolic of particular opinions; and one reason why it is discouraged in England is, that it is somehow confused with the maintenance of revolutionary doctrine—as if its wearers were necessarily men who would, from their

—— horrid hair,
Shake pestilence and war,

should an opportunity present itself. At all events, it cannot be doubted that shaving in England is but two centuries old, (a brief period in the annals of an historic nation,) and that it then owed its introduction to mere temporary fashion—to the accidental state of the chin of a French king:—

Every one has admired on medallions and in
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portraits the beard of the renowned Henry IV. of France, which gave to the countenance of that prince a majestic dignity and openness, and which ought to serve as a model for every great king, as the beard of his illustrious minister should for that of every statesman. But there is little dependence on the stability of things of this world. By an event equally fatal and unforeseen, the beard, which had arrived at its highest degree of glory, all of a sudden lost its favor, and was at length entirely proscribed.

The unexpected death of Henry the Great, and the youth of his successor, were the sole causes of this revolution.

Louis XIII. mounted the throne of his glorious ancestors without a beard. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king with a smooth chin, would look upon their own as too rough; and the conjecture proved correct. They presently reduced their beards to whiskers, and a small tuft of hair under their nether lip. But the people at first refused to follow this dangerous example. The Duke of Sully also persisted in clinging to his beard. This man, great as a general and a minister, was likewise so in his retirement, and had the courage to keep his long beard; nay, to appear with it at the court of Louis XIII., when called thither to give his advice in an affair of importance. The young smooth-shaven courtiers laughed outright at the grave look and old-fashioned appearance of the venerable minister; on which the latter, probably jealous of the honor of his beard, observed to the king, "Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honor to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his court."

The Czar Peter, who had so many claims to the surname of *Great*, seems to have been but little worthy of it in the matter of beards. He had the boldness to impose a tax on the produce of his people's chins. He ordered that the noblemen and gentlemen, tradesmen and artisans, should pay a hundred rubles for the privilege of retaining their beards, and that the lower class of people should pay a copeck for the same liberty; and he established clerks at the gates of the different towns to collect these duties. Such a new and singular impost troubled the vast empire of Muscovy. Both religion and manners were thought in imminent danger. Complaints were heard on all sides; and some ill-natured persons even went so far as to write libels against the sovereign. But Peter was inflexible, and shaving began in good earnest; the Russians very generally coming to the conclusion that it was better to cut off their beards than to give serious offence to a man who had the power of cutting off their heads.

Example, more powerful than authority, produced in Spain what the Czar Peter had not accomplished in Russia without great difficulty. Philip V. ascended the throne with a shaven chin. The courtiers imitated the prince, and the people in turn imitated the courtiers. However, although

this revolution was brought about without violence and by degrees, it caused much lamentation and murmuring; the gravity of the Spaniards lost by the change, and they said, *Desde que no hay barba no hay mus alma*: "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls."²⁸

In Mr. Rowland's comprehensive and interesting work, the title of which is at the head of our article, we are informed that—

It was not the progress of civilization, it was a servile imitation of the first George that introduced among Englishmen the ridiculous practice of divesting their faces of every particle of hair. Prior to the reign of George I. such a practice was unknown, and would have been scoffed at as preposterous.

We set out by saying, that we desire to be impartial, and only aim at attaining a little more social liberty than the iron frame-work of English conventionalism permits people to enjoy at present. It is undeniable that shaving *does* make its appearance as a custom in certain stages of society; that for several generations the cultivated ancients of the classic world shaved as closely as we do, and that the *tonsor* was an important functionary in those days. Nay, from the shop of the *tonsor*, men arrived at great heights. Juvenal's barber—

Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat :

(a line thus rendered in the version of queer old Holyday—†

He whose officious scissors went snip, snip,
As he my troublesome young beard did clip,)

ended by outwying nobles in possessions. Jeremy Taylor's father was a barber, too; and the barbers of Spain (a country which has produced splendid beards) are immortalized in music. Yet the beard is essentially honorable in history; it revived in Rome again; and it would scarcely become the most intensely civilized Englishman to sneer at the Herberts, the Raleighs, and men of that stamp.

Our utter want of knowledge as to what may be (using Fichte's phrase) "the divine intention" of the beard, is abundantly shown in the great variety of *opinions* which have been offered as a substitute. Some one has

suggested that the final cause of beards consists in the necessity of supporting the Sheffield trade; but we have not yet been sufficiently imbued with the doctrine of the Bridge-water Treatises to believe in the providential adaptation here implied. Our locomotive engine-drivers have discovered in beards the natural *clothing* of the chin—a discovery, we opine, not without advantages, when, in bleak December mornings, they are rushing through the air at a rate of from thirty to fifty miles an hour. In fact, ardent advocates of the beard rest upon the argument that it is a natural respirator, as their strongest rock of defence. They all eagerly quote the evidence of Dr. Copland and Mr. Chadwick on this point. We will give our readers the benefit of Mr. Chadwick's remarks, as transcribed by Mr. Wilson, in his excellent work on the Skin :

There can be no doubt, says Mr. Chadwick, that the moustachio is a natural respirator, defending the lungs from the inhalation of dust and cold: it is a defence of the throat and face against the cold; and it is equally, in warm climates, a protection of those parts against excessive heat. Mr. Chadwick was first led to make these observations by seeing some blacksmiths who wore beards, whose moustachios were discolored by the quantity of iron dust which had accumulated amongst the hairs; and he justly inferred that, had not the dust been so arrested by a natural respirator, it must have found its way into the lungs, where it could not have done otherwise than be productive of evil consequences. Mr. Chadwick further reminds me of the necessity for the beard in sandy countries, as Syria and Egypt, and mentions the well-known fact, that travellers through those countries will find it expedient, and even necessary, to wait until their moustachios have grown to a sufficient length to defend their mouths against the admission of the burning sands of the desert. Upon the same principle, he conceives that the moustachio would be of service to laborers in all dusty trades, such as millers, bakers, masons, &c.; to workmen employed in grinding iron and steel, and to travellers on dusty roads.

In favor of the moustachio as a defence against the inhalation of the cold air, it has been stated that persons who wear moustachios are less susceptible of toothache than others equally exposed; and that the teeth are less apt to decay. The use of the moustachio and beard as a means of maintaining the temperature of the parts which it covers is indispensable. Mr. Chadwick remarks that he has known an instance of a cold occasioned by shaving the moustachio; and I have myself seen a severe attack of mumps result from the removal of the whiskers. Mr. Chadwick also states that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are remarkable for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity against bronchial affections; and in further illustration of the same principle, he has known persons suscept-

* Enayc. Brit., art. *Beard*.

† In Holyday's "Juvenal" is a portrait of the satirist, in which he is endowed with a noble *barba*. But it is plain from his writings, as from those of others, that the beard was not in general use at his time. See particularly, Sat. vi. 214, 215.

ible of taking colds and sore throats rescued from that inconvenience by permitting the growth of hair beneath their chins. The celebrated Egyptian traveller, Mr. St. John, informed me, that Walter Savage Landor was a great sufferer from sore throat many years of his life; and that he lost the morbid disposition by following the advice of the surgeon of the Grand-duke of Tuscany to let his beard grow—a certain corrective, as he was assured by that medical authority. There are strong reasons for the opinion advanced by Mr. Chadwick, and others, that the army and navy should wear moustachios and beards. The arguments against the moustachio and beard, at least in this country, are founded on the possible neglect of cleanliness. This argument could not apply to the army and navy, where attention is paid to such points; but it might and would among our ill-fed and worse-lodged working classes. In warmer climates another difficulty arises, as happened to a friend of my own who took pride in a majestic beard, and almost wept over the necessity for its destruction, when, one morning, after enjoying the hospitality of an Arab tent, he beheld his glorious beard teeming with animated forms.*

We fully believe the beard to be the best of respirators; we know that since Englishmen have dispensed with it, a silver gauze substitute has been often found necessary, even at the cost of disfigurement and inconvenience to the wearer. But if the tender lungs and sore throats of men require the beard and moustachio to warm and modify the air as it passes through them before each inhalation, what are we to say of Nature's carelessness regarding her fairer and tenderer offspring—woman? Surely her respiratory organism needs even more shielding than man's. It is true, that women are usually neither stone-masons nor workers in iron or steel, but they are no less wont "to kick up a dust." Do not our housemaids make it fly from the carpets, in clouds, all over the rooms, every day, in every house wherein they hold office? And do they not inhale the said dust with business-like regularity? And yet, unhappily or happily, as taste may affirm, woman is left utterly without protection! It is urged, in defence of Nature's arbitrariness, that woman's life is a domestic one, that her duties are at home; that, unlike man, she is not exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, that she is not called upon to become either a stone-mason or a Sheffield grinder, and that therefore she has no need of such protection as the beard affords. We cannot admit this defence:—the dust-argument we have already disposed of, and we may add, that the

women of uncivilized races endure all the vicissitudes of weather and seasons equally with men: so that either the theory of the lung-protective function of the beard, as a final cause of its existence, must, we fear, be given up, or we must accuse Nature of neglectful cruelty to the "better half" of the human race. The latter alternative we are not disposed to adopt, the more especially as we decidedly prefer woman's lip and chin in their *naked* beauty; and as yet we have met with no feminine envy of the masculine protection.

In the absence of any theory, in all respects satisfactory, we would suggest whether Nature's chief motive for investing man with the beard may not consist in her love of exhaustless variety. Who will venture to affirm that she is animated only by a utilitarian spirit in creating her infinite diversity of forms in the animal and vegetable kingdom? She revels in countless modifications of plans for the achievement of similar ends. Regarding only the forms of Nature, boundless caprice would seem her chief characteristic. Studied, however, more intimately, she appears as an almighty artist, developing and individualizing her vast resources into every conceivable gradation of grandeur and beauty. Out of this spirit arises, we believe, the distinctive aspects of man and woman. His potential beauty is not less than hers, but of a different, more complex,* and severer order. When

* The opinion that the ideal beauty of man is of the highest order, can scarcely be expressed without calling forth, even from ourselves, an instinctive protest, and is infidel to the universal faith in the supreme beauty of woman; nevertheless, in heretical contrast to the chivalrous lines—

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the ladies O,"

stands the grave authority of Winckelmann, and before it that of Aristotle: "In regard to forms and development, there are not so many gradations of difference in the figures of beautiful females, because that development is varied only according to their age. . . . For the same reason that I find less to notice in the beauty of the female sex, the study of the artist in this department is much more limited and easy; even Nature appears to act with more facility in the formation of the female than of the male sex, since there are fewer male than female children born." [Was not the ancient philosopher wrong in his statistics?—Ed.] "Hence Aristotle says, that the operations of Nature tend to perfection, even in the formation of human beings; but if a male cannot be produced, owing to the resistance of matter, then a female is the result!"—*Hist. of Ancient Art among the Greeks*. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by C. H. Lodge. London: John Chapman.

* "A popular Treatise on the Skin and Hair." By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

man's physical system is perfectly developed, his capacious chest and stalwart frame, overlaid with muscles in high relief, seem to us to require the beard for the completion of features fitted to harmonize with their vigorous outline.

But it will be observed, that the very reason which would induce us to sanction the wearing of the beard would also, in a vast number of cases, forbid its assumption. As certain dresses do not become diminutive women, and must, in order to display their wonted effect, be worn by those of noble stature, so the beard—identified as it is with sternness, dignity, and strength—is only the becoming complement of true manliness. If we are not mistaken, therefore, the cultivation of the beard is a perilous experiment for all degenerate sons of Adam, and may produce in the wearers the most ludicrous incongruity. We trust that the noble associations

with the beard will never be degraded; and we would advise all beard-loving aspirants to be well assured of their worthiness—physically and mentally—to wear it, before they venture to show themselves in a decoration so significant of honor. He who adopts it is bound to respect its venerable traditions, and to conduct himself with an extra degree of carefulness and propriety. For with beards as with other institutions—at bottom—it is the *man* that makes them respectable. To those who do venture to wear it, we would add: Let us have less hypocrisy! Let us not hear that the healthy Jones wears a beard "because he suffers so from tic," &c. But let him who assumes it plant himself on what he conceives the sense and right of the matter; his moral courage will then sustain him until his friends, who may now amuse themselves at his expense, shall esteem him for his brave fidelity to his convictions.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DAY'S HISTORY OF THE LONDON TIMES.

THE mechanical wonders of the daily newspaper have been described a hundred times. We have been made familiar with the great inventions whereby so many thousand lines are put into type, and so many thousand copies laid on the breakfast-tables of the country; the lines having been only a dozen hours before in manuscript, and the copies blank paper. In truth, it would be difficult to point out any fact which combines in itself so many of the prodigious successes of modern science, as the great fact of a London morning paper lying upon an Edinburgh counter at eight o'clock in the evening. Twenty-four hours before, the matter of two octavo volumes existed only in manuscript—part of it, indeed, in the brain of certain persons, at a distance of four hundred miles.

The mechanical arrangements by which this feat is effected are, as has been said, sufficiently familiar to most people: of the intellectual arrangements, much less is known. Few ever think of the direct process whereby such a heterogeneous mass as the columns of daily papers present, is collected, digested,

and put into forms so clear, regular, and connected, during the course of one half of a single night; or how half a dozen articles—which would be among the brightest in a collection of essays—are thrown off at an hour's notice, with small preparation, amid the confusion of facts yet uncertain, and after the toil and pressure of the labor of the day. It may be interesting to watch, during its progress, the development of a daily newspaper.

Enter the working-office of the paper in the middle of the day: it is like a geological interval between the extinction of one creation and the formation of another. You go up a narrow, creaking staircase—dirty and inky—such as would disgrace a collier. Every thing is still. Half-way up, in a little dusty room, sits a man with a pot of porter before him; he wonders what on earth you can want at that time of day. If you succeed in penetrating to the working-room—not yet put in order—your impressions will be curious. On one side lie the slips of an article which cost the writer infinite pains and satis-

faction—on another, the fragment of a despatch, containing news of the utmost importance, which excited the whole office at its arrival. Both are now interesting myriads of people at a distance of many miles. Here they are crammed into a corner, covered with dirt, and forgotten by the persons who, a few hours before, were so much interested and excited about them. A new world is about to dawn upon the newspaper, and the past is already sunk and forgotten. The newspaper world never thinks again of a thing when it has once done with it: with that world, each day's work is like the May-fly—brilliant and rapid for its hour, then lost upon the winds.

At the same time the editor, four miles out of town, is taking his breakfast. He glances listlessly over his paper, just to see how it looks; but it is a thing gone by with him as with the rest of his world: he would be lucky if, till his hour of duty, he could forget altogether that such a thing as a newspaper existed; but this is a happiness not allowed to editors of daily papers. At every sip of his tea—amidst the prattle of his family—amidst the chat of his friends—the inquiries of his wife—rises in dread solemnity the image of the next morning's paper. Never did coming event cast its shadow before more effectually than the coming newspaper throws its shadow over the mind of its ill-fated editor. What are to be the general subjects for the day—the particular subjects, of course, depend upon what may turn up—whether he shall be indignant on judicial abuses—proud of commercial prosperity—virtuous on the rich—sentimental on the poor—indulgent towards the Lords—piquant towards the Commons—all this—how it is to be done, and who is to do it, will intrude upon his thoughts, however closely he may fix his eyes on the flaxen hair of his pet daughter, or the bright illustrations of the last new publication.

But between him and his next paper there yet intervenes an important ceremony: he has to meet the proprietors at four o'clock. In the old times, those of which our fathers have told us, these meetings were very pleasant. When there was yet a race amongst the newspapers for the first place in influence and profit—ere a single publication had overshadowed all the rest—when personal communications from men of official rank were matters of course—when the destinies of the country seemed to hang upon the press—when the great public pressed less, and great people pressed more upon the newspapers—

when the race for earliest intelligence was eager and fiery, and £200, and occasionally very much more, would be spent on a single despatch—in those days, the four o'clock meetings embraced matters of extraordinary interest and excitement. It is much duller work now. If the paper succeeds so far as to pay a dividend, the eagerness of gain sends the proprietors—starched, white-cravatted men—closely into the accounts; the penny-a-line book is too large; a reporter may be dispensed with at such a court; a correspondent at such a station. If the great topics of the day are touched upon, it is in the mercantile view of circulation. If a great name is to be connected with the establishment, it is asked if it will increase the sale. If, on the other hand, the affair does not pay, the poor editor has a sad game to play; his mode of handling general topics, the style of his articles, his choice of features, his management of contributors, and a thousand other matters, are liable to be discussed in an impatient and cross-grained humor, which is not likely to lighten the mind of a man who has a mental burden of such weight to lift and carry every day of his life. It is true, there is commonly a business-manager attached to the paper, who ought to take much of this off the editor's hands; and so he generally does, under new arrangements and new proprietors. But the editorial duties are so intimately connected with the business, under all its forms, that the load gradually and naturally slides from the manager to the editor, who ends by having all the plague, whether he has ostensibly the business or not.

It is seldom the fortune of the editor to fall upon the golden days of a large profit; then, indeed, these annoyances are spared him, and his position is in many respects enviable. The next best position to this is to have rich proprietors, who have taken the paper for the purpose of promoting a crotchet or a principle, and are comparatively indifferent as to the expenses. A few strong articles, good personal praise, and a special tone, suffice to keep these men in good humor; and their editor has an easy time. But this seldom lasts. Such a hobby is terribly expensive, and wearies out most people after a few months.

Our editor has got rid of his proprietors; he has now his contributors to attend to; Persons from influential quarters, with messages or articles, are to be seen and satisfied; new hands are to be engaged for the Gallery, or elsewhere. No wonder the candidate is

somewhat fidgety at the approach of the great *chef*, for it is a question with him between starvation and £300 a year. It is one of the misfortunes of metropolitan journalism, that its members, instead of beginning with small salaries, and rising gradually and certainly, begin at once with five guineas a week. With this they live famously for a time; but a change intervenes; they are thrown out, and left with nothing. But we cannot stop now to dilate on a subject on which so much might be said, and on which so much depends in the state of modern literature. The editor has fulfilled his engagements; let him go home to his dinner; we shall not want him again till nine.

Meanwhile, the editorial apartments begin to exhibit some slight signs of life. A few packets have found their way to the tables—some of the reports of the day, parcels from penny-a-liners, and letters of correspondents. One or two of the parliamentary staff drop in, to make inquiries about the arrangements of the evening. It is a slight gust before the evening's storm, and drops into silence soon after five.

Between seven and eight, in walks the sub-editor, and with him begins the regular business of the evening. He is a pale, worn-looking man, the sub-editor. Hard and drudging work all through the dark hours, from seven till four, six days out of the seven, and with only a fortnight's holiday in the year, tell grievously on a man's constitution. He is well paid; but where is the enjoyment of money to one whose day is spent in providing rest against the exigencies of the night? However, rested or not, there he is, looking on the accustomed packets upon his table. Half of these—reports of the law-courts, or communications from known and accredited persons—he hands at once to the printer without further examination. He then sits down to the "flimsy," as the communications are called of the penny-a-liners—who, by the way, should be "three-half-pence-a-liners," three-halfpence a line being their usual honorarium. With these gentlemen he has a world of trouble. Being paid by the yard, they have of course a direct interest in lengthening their measure. This they might do by amplifying incidents, or inventing a few supplementary particulars; but this the penny-a-liner never does; although, for the most part, the poorest of poor fellows, he is thoroughly conscientious as to matter of fact. His amplifications are sentences of pathos, compound epithets, and little pieces of humor. He has, perhaps,

sent in some penny-a-lining matter every day of his life for ten years. During that time he has certainly never known a single instance in which his pathos, his humor or his epithets, have actually found their way into print. The sub-editorial pen is most ruthless in its erasures. The sub-editor, too, having often the choice of several accounts of the same occurrence, naturally chooses that with the least ornamental superfluity, as giving the least trouble. Yet, nothing can cure these gentlemen of their passion for eloquence. The same heroic flourish in a shipwreck, the same magnificent indignation in a murder, expressed in terms of sublimity which Milton never thought of, still, night after night, solicit publication, only to have it refused. The heroism of genius must be truly great to resist such eternal rebuffs! If authors lose half their praise, because it never can be known what they blot, what is to be said of penny-a-liners?

The foreign editor, or rather sub-editor, makes his appearance about half-past eight. This functionary, like others, has of late years had his glories dimmed. The incessant activity of "our own correspondent" leaves him little to do. His work, in former times, used to include the memorabilia of all Europe: at present, it is mainly confined to what is found in the German papers. These multifarious productions, from holes and corners beyond the reach of the corresponding system, often contain facts of interest when least expected. These, and a few gleanings from the Italian papers, form the substance of the foreign work now done at home; and this last source produces so little as to be scarcely worth notice. In these days, when periodical-writing reaches every extreme, from the highest point to the lowest, it would be difficult to find any publication more utterly lifeless, pointless, and uninteresting, than an Italian newspaper.

A heap of country newspapers is lying on the table. If these papers were what they ought to be, they might furnish our sub-editor with the means of placing the state of the nation before the public with unrivalled certainty and completeness. In the country districts, the workings of the law, the state of prisons, of workhouses, of agriculture, of religious opinion, are known to every diligent inquirer; and if these things were properly gathered by the local editors, the daily papers in the metropolis could form a summary of the great facts of the nation, which would utterly throw into the shade the reports of parliamentary commissions.

England might know itself every week, instead of waiting for enlightenment every two or three years at the hands of peripatetic philosophers, who have just begun to comprehend the district, when they are called somewhere else. Unfortunately, the local newspaper, with a very few exceptions, tells nothing of all this. Observe how languidly our sub-editor glances over its columns, as if fulfilling a duty he cared little about, and from which he expected small fruits. His scissors are inserted at last, only to cut out the notice of the consecration of a church, a colliery accident, or a cabbage of preternatural growth. Let such country papers as aim at higher things, pardon us if we lament that so few of their brethren resemble them: great are the opportunities of all, since the country knows or can know the country, while London is far from having the power of knowing London. Hitherto, there has been little either of excitement or amusement in the office; the first sounds of either come from the Reporter's Room. By this time the debates have become heavy, and have brought with them a host of anecdote—the snubbing given by the minister to a troublesome querist, the absurd look of such a member when he was called to order, the bull of one man, the fantastical argument of another, are—or rather were, for we must again speak in the past tense—an unfailing source of jest and merriment—often just, piquant, and well aimed. They were a gay, rattling set, too, the reporters, with their working-coats, which might have come fresh from Houndsditch, capering and playing pranks in a close, mouldy room, black with the ink of ages. Now, the liberality and sense of convenience of the parliament and its architect have spoiled all the fun. In the gentlemanly, well-contrived lobbies of the Reporters' Gallery is to be found all the accommodation requisite for giving the senatorial eloquence in its full detail. The reporters work silently, under the eye of authority, with the leaden atmosphere of legislation pressing heavily upon them. They make but little use of the jolly old room at the office. They have become, in consequence, staid and gentlemanly themselves, as befits official functionaries, many of them appearing in the gallery in dress fit for a dinner-party, and which would have struck their predecessors with astonishment. The tact necessary for a reporter is greatly diminished. Of old, it was a great point when an eminent speaker fell to the turn of the reporter best qualified to manage him. One

was good for an argumentative, another for a humorous debater. At present, the great speeches are written out at full length, or, if shortened, it is by omission rather than abridgment. A simple readiness in shorthand serves instead of the able and often singular dexterity with which the reporters in past days were wont to condense without injuring the wit, wisdom, and follies of parliamentary effusions. Condensation is now chiefly applied to unimportant speeches, where the style matters but little.

At about half-past nine, the editor himself makes his appearance. By this time it has become tolerably clear, as a general rule, what will be the special demands on his attention: it is but seldom that, after this hour, either news arrives or any thing turns up in the debates requiring a special article. He is, therefore, able at once to arrange the subject of the one or perhaps two leading articles not already provided. Sometimes, however, it is necessary, from some unforeseen occurrence, to get up a leader at a later hour; and the commotion to obtain at a moment's notice the right thing from the right person, is quite wonderful. This is what the continental papers find most to admire in the English. Their articles are uniformly got up the day before; their writers have no notion whatever of working on the spur of the moment. The Paris paper of Tuesday is settled, written, and half printed by noon on Monday—at a time when an English newspaper would scarcely have its doors open, and more than half its staff would be fast asleep. Some of the very best articles in our papers have been written in this hasty way: the hurry of the moment produces a vigor and excitement *sui generis*; but it is not everybody who is to be trusted, for as there is no time to look up facts, a man not perfectly careful, or not perfectly well-informed, may be betrayed into awful blunders.

The editor then lounges probably into the sub-editor's room, to hear the day's scandal, and form some estimate of the space and importance of general topics. This is by far the most lively time of newspaper work. You have the consciousness of living a day earlier than the rest of the world; occurrences are fresh, and have not been spoiled by the jokes and commentaries of the herd; the masquerade dresses of the world are new again, and you have the first look at them. Editorial feelings require some such stimulus to brace and nerve them to the proper point.

With a tolerably clear idea of his paper

now before him, the editor re-descends to his room. His next task will be one of much more importance than is generally suspected. He opens the mass of correspondence which has accumulated during the day. In the multitude of facts, incidents, grievances, suggestions, offered by this correspondence, lies an immensity of the special interest attaching to the chief morning paper. The other newspapers get the individual political opinions of their own set, but very little beyond. On the other hand, the mass of fact alone in the occasional correspondence of the *Times*, is sufficient to set up an ordinary paper. Besides these, there are the whims and caprices of all the world; the thousand little adventures, fancies, and whimsies, which bubble up in the every-day life of ten millions of people; all the multifarious mishaps, hopes, fears, and ideas of twenty-four hours of society—matter much more amusing than private strictures on this or that debate; or the solemn assurance of A. B., that Lord C. is the worst man possible for the duties of his office. The variety of topic, style, and feeling, in the "letters to the editor," is worth any thing to the said editor; it saves him a world of thought and trouble in his efforts to vary and enliven his paper. The choice given to the editor of the *Times* in the myriads of the letters he receives, is no small element in the success and superiority of the journal. Another point to be observed is, that a man, writing under the smart of provocation or injury, usually writes forcibly; and many of these letters—the majority of them, indeed—are singularly well written. Their business, matter-of-fact, and often homely style, serve admirably to set off the studied tones of communications purely literary. The letters to the other papers are not from the same class of persons: they come from talkers at the clubs, oracles of a set, who have picked up one of the threadbare coats of a great question, and send it, with their compliments, to the editor. This matter settled, our editor, if the news and topics of the day are not particularly heavy, unlocks his desk, and extracts therefrom sundry articles of literature on general topics, selecting, for variety's sake, that which contrasts most with the rest of his night's matter. In its reviews, the *Times*, again, occupies a peculiar position. The other papers usually intrust the reviewing duty to some of the staff of reporters. These men are clever and trustworthy, and a partial notice is a great rarity; but they are wont to look upon their task as a work of supererogation, of which it is their

principal business to get rid as soon as possible. The *Times*, on the contrary, seldom reviews, except when it intends to produce an effect; intrusts the work to a specialist; and has frequently published some of the most striking pieces of criticism in our literature. To create an effect, wherever an effect is possible, has been uniformly the tactics of that paper, and we all see their success.

In other respects, the daily papers present but little differences in their critical character. None is very ambitious of literary distinctiveness. The case is different with another class of articles, some of which are probably before our editor amongst the treasures of his drawer. These are the occasional—or, as they are called, somewhat technically, "headed articles"—essays on every kind of topic, from an emperor to a potato. The *Times* is not very partial to these things, though they owe their importance in some respects to that paper. Its famous "Irish Commissioner" was an experiment which succeeded beyond expectation. It was the first great attempt on the part of a newspaper to gather general information as distinct from news. Its success induced other attempts—there were commissioners on English agriculture, on the laboring classes, both here and in other countries, which produced a few good articles, but failed to compensate the newspapers for their expenses—necessarily great. The occasional papers are, therefore, left to chance contributors. The *Morning Post* is gay, graphic, and descriptive; the *Daily News*, statistical and politico-economical; the *Morning Advertiser* ferrets out jobs and abuses. These are the three papers most addicted to headed articles. They are amongst the most convenient resources to an editor—out of the session—in making up his paper.

About this time drop in the musical and dramatic criticisms. If the rapidity of our political writing startles occasionally the continental journalist, the rapidity of our critical writing ought to startle him still more. Political writers can sometimes take their time—the newspaper critic never. A notice—two newspaper columns in length—is handed in at half-past one, of an entertainment scarcely over at twelve. Janin or Berlioz would shudder if the editor of the *Débats* were but to hint at the possibility of their undertaking such a task even on a single occasion. It is true, the work looks more than it is, for all the historical part of the notice—whether of an opera or a singer—is written beforehand. Still, all the criticism on the

performance must be written on the spot; and it is really curious to see the critic, in a tavern close by the theatre, with his brandy-and-water, or yet more vulgar porter, before him, writing at furious speed, and stopping to sip or joke with a companion; for your dramatic critic never writes alone, if he can help it. Companionship stirs up his imagination, besides being otherwise useful. The feat is—all things considered—a great one, but we fear we must add, that criticism suffers in consequence. Undoubtedly, the worst part of a daily paper is its dramatic criticism; the hurry to which we have alluded is in part the reason; but there are other reasons too. Obligated, by the system, to make something of every occasion, when there is, in reality, nothing to be said, the writer takes refuge in pedantic terms, or extravagant praises, to conceal the poverty of his matter. The praise is sometimes carried to an extent nothing less than ludicrous. A common performance on the bass fiddle will be characterized as "marvellous," "perfect," "thrilling the audience," and so forth, by an able writer, who, when he comes to the real triumphs of genius, has nothing higher to say, having already exhausted the language. On the other hand, if he had simply said, that the performance of A on the fiddle was good; of B on the flute was good; of C on the harp was good, his criticism would be laughed at for its tameness, and with reason. The fault is with those who compel him to say something when there is nothing to be said. The French plan of working up all the dramatic and musical criticism of the week into a single article, has many advantages: it avoids hurry, and, giving a sufficiency of choice to the writer, prevents him from forcing barren subjects. There is, besides, another drawback on the English critical writing, arising from the simple cause, that the writers do not understand their subject. Men of general information, practised in the art of making dull topics lively, they are sent into the theatre or the concert-room, to make a spirited article, but a most preposterous criticism. The display of learning used on these occasions is, to the initiated, a source of abundant merriment. Professional men are very seldom able to write, and when they are, their strictures often savor so much of their own peculiar clique, that they are not to be trusted.

It is one o'clock, and the paper begins to assume a definite shape. As usual, there is too much matter in hand; the printer fidgets about the sub-editor's room, and looks ner-

vously at new "copy."* He is quite a peculiarity in his way—the London master-printer in the newspaper office. A square, rotund man, with a high forehead, an intelligent eye, and a manner half-deferential, half-conscious of his own importance; giving serious and useful advice in the quietest possible form of good-natured complaint—he is never put out of his way, and never at a loss in cases of absolute necessity. "This *can't* go in, Sir." "It *must* go in." "Very well, Sir," is the regular colloquy, about this time of the night, between the printer and the sub-editor. The printer's ingenuity in finding space is certainly wonderful, and his tact in suggesting what should be preferred for insertion, is of more value than editors choose to acknowledge. Much lies in the appearance and first aspect of the paper, and this the printer has fully before him; and even in the discernment of mere literary reasons, long experience and natural shrewdness make him a safe adviser. He never gives advice unless asked; but when it does come, it is almost always worth having. The reader does not know half his obligations to this functionary. The way in which articles are set up, made good-looking by a judicious arrangement of the paragraphs, and intelligible by a judicious arrangement of the types, does as much for the enjoyment of the said reader, as the efforts of much more pretentious personages. Many a young hand, who goes away with a dim idea that the worthy public next morning will not understand his lucubrations, is astonished to find how intelligible they have become, when he nervously glances over his paragraphs, and wonders at the effect which capitals, rules, and italics, have had in reconciling the different fragments of his text, and introducing a friendly light where he, in his inexperience, found a most uncomfortable mist.

By this time the office assumes a sad and tired appearance. The excitement of fresh news, the lively hurry of critics and reporters, the warm sensations of progressive toil, have all died away, and six hours' hard work is producing its effect. The editor is perhaps in the sub-editor's room, talking lazily over matters general and journalistic. The sub-editor, thoroughly worn out, is looking over proofs; a few empty bottles, blotted manuscript, cut newspapers, complete the dreariness of the scene. The printer alone moves alert and briskly—his excitement is only half over; besides, no one yet ever saw a printer tired. Five hours hence, he will be putting

* Manuscript to be set into type.

on his best coat, without exciting a suspicion that he had been working all night. For the rest, they are at no pains to conceal their weariness. If there has been a late debate, a reporter or two may yet be heard upon the stairs, with dull, heavy tread, as forlorn and dreary as the rest.

It was not always thus. Before railways and electric telegraphs, the foreign expresses would come in at this time—twenty lines, paid for at the cost of hundreds—information wonderful and exclusive, which is to make the fortune of the paper for the next half-year—meetings in the far North, reported and carried two hundred miles in eight hours, at the cost of the death of a dozen horses. Then there was the wonder whether the same intelligence had reached their rivals—what was its real importance—how far it was true. In election-days, these expresses were wonderfully stirring: during an Irish turmoil, a reporter would be following the testy heels of an agitator for days, and sending his notes by a man who would write them out, ready for immediate printing, in a carriage dashing at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Alas! all this is over now. In their essence, railways and electric-telegraphs are wonderfully prosaic things: they do their business quickly; but where is the poetry, the spirit, the excitement of it? The racing post-horse, the steamer panting for its port, was worth, for the fun of the thing, a thousand railways and telegraphs, whose disdainful ease and selfish consciousness of power are enough to quench the fire of Homer himself. To be sure, there is something in the saving of some twenty thousand per annum, which the Indian expresses alone used to cost the newspapers. The economy may add to the comfort of the proprietor; but it is only another in the prosaic items of the present time. Even the pecuniary extravagance of old was infinitely amusing—except to those who had to pay; and

even they were not always without a return. The rivalry of early intelligence kept up at once the sap, the spirit, and the equilibrium of the journals.

At present, if there is any exclusive intelligence sent in this way, the dreary hours of the earliest dawn are not enlivened by it. It makes its appearance at the garish hour of ten, telegraphed from the morning's advices, and destined for the prosaic readers of second editions—merchants in the City, and clerks in banking-houses.

No one who has not had experience in the newspaper, could imagine how long it takes to complete the minor details of arrangement. Things which look only like the offshoots of business—correcting proofs, cutting down paragraphs, after the great work appears to be entirely over: all these, and a hundred small matters, run away with one minute after another. Two hours after the last reporter has been asleep—three after the critic has done praising *prima donnas*, and torturing musical phrases—the editor has given his last instructions, and the sub corrected his last proof. They wend their way—the one in a cab to his cottage four miles off, the other on foot to his chamber in Clifford's Inn. The printers are left alone in the deserted office, working silently, diligently, and coldly. Hours, news, passion, opinion—all come alike to them. The most terrible incident, the most magnificent oration, is to them all so much bourgeois and brevier type. Erelong, the efforts of fifty men have placed in the hands of the machinist 200,000 words, of which scarcely one was printed twelve hours before. A new labor, not less wonderful than the rest, places 20,000 copies in the hands of the news-agent, ere the bourgeois and the squire have rubbed their eyes to the consciousness that a new day's intelligence is waiting, damp and uncomfortable, at their gates.

From the North British Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF VINET.*

VINET is the most illustrious ornament of modern French Protestantism. Distinguished alike in literature and theology—at once accomplished and profound—practical and meditative—he presents an example of noble qualities which are too seldom seen united. If there are others among the divines of French Switzerland more familiar to us, this arises in a great measure from the very refinement and dignity of the literary and theological labors of Vinet, which commend themselves rather to the cultivated than the popular Christian sympathy in all countries. We shall devote this article to a review of his life and writings; a task which, so far as we are aware, has not yet, in any connected form, been attempted in our language. The interesting and finely appreciative notice by M. Scherer will form the appropriate basis of our remarks, which—glancing as slightly as possible at the politico-ecclesiastical opinions that connected our author so closely with the religious history of his country—shall be concentrated on those higher pursuits in literature and Christian science, which claim the widest attention, as they must give to his name its most enduring fame.

Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet was born on the 17th of June, 1797, in Lausanne, renowned

for the beauty of its natural situation and the interest of its historical reminiscences. His father held an official appointment in his native canton. From him the young Alexandre received his first instructions, which appear to have been inculcated with that undue rigor which so often defeats its end in such matters. Under the paternal discipline, the mind of Vinet developed tardily. We are not detained by any of those precocious manifestations of mental power with which a mythical admiration has too frequently invested the youth of distinguished men. There are evidences enough, however, of that genial susceptibility—that intellectual *blossoming*, which was destined to ripen into such rich and fair fruits. The poetical talent, commonly characteristic of the Vaudois youth, displayed in him a peculiar vigor and fertility—so that songs, epistles, and even mimic epics flowed from his pen. Intended for the church, his studies were very early devoted to theology. Literature, however, continued long and powerfully to attract him—if it ever, in fact, lost for him its predominating charm. He abandoned himself with a rare enthusiasm to its marvellous enchantments, and lost himself amid its proud dreams and raptures. A story is told illustrative of his literary sensibility. While engaged in reading a tragedy of Corneille in the midst of a family, to one of the members of which he acted as tutor, the perusal affected him so intensely that he was forced to leave the room abruptly, and being sought out, he was found in his own chamber, bathed in tears.

At the age of twenty, Vinet was called to Basle, as Professor of the French language and literature in the gymnasium or public school of that city. This would seem to have been before he had completed the full course of his theological studies, as it was not till after two years, on a temporary return to Lausanne, that he received appointment to the ministry. In the same year in which this latter event took place, (1819,) he married; and resuming his duties in Basle, devoted himself with laborious ardor to their discharge. An accident, the nature of which is not ex-

* 1. *Alexandre Vinet—Notice sur sa Vie et ses Ecrits.* Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris, 1852.

2. *Essais de Philosophie Morale et de Morale Religieuse.* Par A. VINET. Paris, 1837.

3. *Etudes sur Blaise Pascal.* Par A. VINET. Paris, 1848.

4. *Etudes sur la Littérature Française aux dix-neuvième Siècle.* Par A. VINET. 3 tomes. Paris, 1849-51.

5. *An Essay on the Profession of Personal Religious Conviction, and upon the Separation of Church and State, considered with reference to the fulfilment of that duty.* By A. VINET. London, 1843.

6. *Vital Christianity: Essays and Discourses.* By A. VINET.

7. *Gospel Studies.* By A. VINET.

8. *Pastoral Theology: The Theory of a Gospel Ministry.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark.

9. *Homiletics, or, the Theory of Preaching.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 1853.

10. *The History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century.* By A. VINET. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 1854.

plained, interrupted for a season his activity, and laid the foundation of an infirmity which remained with him through life.

There is but little known of the particular events of Vinet's life during his twenty years' residence at Basle. It is to be regretted, as observed by M. Scherer, that some of his friends or pupils have not given a sketch of this period of his career. It would appear that at first, and for some time, he suffered from the prejudice of his German colleagues in the gymnasium. These gradually yielded, however, to the force of his merits and amiability. He was eminently successful in winning the attachment of his pupils; and the effect of his labors soon became observable in the quickening of a new spirit and life among them.

The whole of French Switzerland was at this time more or less the scene of a religious awakening, which, under continued and sometimes bitter persecution, has yet perpetuated itself with gathering strength. Vinet mingled very early in this new movement, and from the force of his genius, and the clear determination of his opinions and character, contributed considerably both to advance and modify it. In the first instance, however, he was more repelled than attracted by it. One of his colleagues, M. Curtat, a pious man, but an opponent of the new tendencies, had written against the *conventicles*, (as the meetings of those engaged in the religious movement were called,)—an interference which had been requited with good intention, but not very good taste, by his being made the subject of special intercession at one of these meetings. The seeming pharisaism of this act drew from Vinet a brief vindication of his colleague, in which he characterized the doctrine of the *revival* as "new, sectarian, and a curious mixture of humility and pride." Some years later an opponent made a handle of this passage against the author, who had then become eminent as a defender of the doctrine which he previously impugned. Vinet at once retracted his words. "He had," he said, "judged ignorantly, rashly, and wrongly." This incident may serve to recall to some of our readers an analogous one in the life of Dr. Chalmers. Both men were certainly in a high degree distinguished by that magnanimity of nature which knows how to confess its error, and to gather dignity rather than humility from the confession.

It was in 1821 that Vinet thus felt and wrote. In 1823 a great change had passed upon him. We are not informed regarding the circumstances under which this change

took place. A modesty which shrank at all times with sensitive acuteness from the disclosure of those deeper feelings which relate the soul to God—a discretion which could only feel itself offended by such disclosures, have left unknown the particulars of this crisis of his life. But it is by no means difficult to understand its general character. Vinet clearly entered from the first into the possession of the truth with a rare freedom and earnestness. It was not merely on one side, or towards one aspect of Christianity that his moral nature was stirred; but he felt his whole being drawn to it, with a depth of conviction and intensity of love which filled his soul, and brought him into direct and enduring contact with its profound harmonies and marvellous consistency. Few, perhaps, have ever risen from the darkness and distraction of a faint half-knowledge of the Divine Revelation into the sunlight of a more vigorous and happy faith.

The peculiar depth and comprehensiveness of the Christian views of Vinet may be traced in the very first of his writings which claim our notice,* viz., a paper on the *Inseparable Relation of Christian Doctrine and Morals*, which he contributed to the *Journal of the Society of Christian Morals*. The subject was one in which he continued to feel a profound interest, especially in reference to the restoration of evangelical feeling in the Swiss churches. In some of his purely literary papers he has recurred to it, and dwelt upon it in an admirably felicitous manner.†

The ecclesiastical opinions of Vinet matured rapidly along with his Christian convictions. In the year 1824, the Canton de Vaud, in which the religious reformation had been steadily spreading for some years, became the theatre of active persecuting measures, adopted by the government against the evangelical clergy. Already, in 1822, certain younger ministers had been driven from the national Church for their perseverance in holding *conventicles*. To these younger men (Juvet, Chavvannes, Olivier) the two brothers Rochat somewhat more lately attached themselves, and the foundation of evangelical Dissent was laid in Vaud. Unwarned by the futility of its previous efforts to eradicate the

* Besides the *brochure* in defence of his colleague, already mentioned, Vinet appears to have previously given to the public a discourse which he pronounced by the grave of Professor Durand, and a translation of one of De Wette's sermons.

† For example, in his lengthened paper on *La martine*—*Etude sur la Littérature Française*. Tome ii. p. 139, seq.

spirit of "religious enthusiasm," the government issued the famous edict of the 20th May, 1824. It was then, in the language of M. Scherer, that intolerance was for the first time officially inaugurated. Vinet felt himself brought face to face with the great question of religious liberty, and, if he did not all at once reach settled convictions on the subject, he yet sufficiently indicated on what side he was to be ranked. A pamphlet under the title, "*Du Respect des Opinions*," appeared with his name in the same year. It was written in the interest of freedom of opinion generally, and boldly expresses the vigor and independence of Christian thought which the author had already attained.

In 1826 appeared the first of Vinet's elaborate works on the subject of religious liberty, under the title of *Memoire en Faveur de la Liberté des Cultes*. A sum of 2000 francs had been left by the late Minister of Justice, the Count de Lambrechts, for the best essay on the *Liberty of Worship*. The subject was announced under the auspices of the Society of Christian Morals. Nine and twenty memoirs were given in; and M. Guizot having undertaken the task of deciding on their respective merits, adjudged the honor to that of Vinet.

In this work, our author announced those special views as to the character and government of the Church, with which his name became afterwards so prominently associated, and which are sufficiently familiar to us in connection with *Voluntaryism*. Although it was not till some time later—so late even as 1842—that his second and larger work* on the same subject was published, and that his convictions regarding it may be said to have attained their complete maturity, they are yet so far unfolded in this earlier work, that we can fairly estimate, once for all, their nature, and the grounds on which they rest. What we apprehend will be found chiefly characteristic of them, is their intellectual thoroughness. Here, as everywhere, the views of Vinet start from a clear basis of principle, and develop therefrom into a structure so logically coherent as to defy assault, if we grant to him his starting-point. His constant complaint of the Vaudois clergy was, that he could not carry them back to general principles, and enable them to see their duty in the transparent and comprehensive illumination of ab-

stract truth. It is possible, however, that in this attempt to give logical completeness to an argument which does not admit of such decisive treatment, the reader may find just the weakness and insecurity of Vinet's position.

The State, according to Vinet, is a creature of necessity. It is a social necessity which creates and conserves it. The moral advantages which it secures are among its consequences, but not its end. Government, which is the means of social organization, ("le moyen de la société,") is also its representative, and does not rest any more than the State itself upon moral ideas. The State, therefore, has no religion, and can have none. There is no doubt a social morality which society is called upon to protect, and upon which it is based. But that morality has a source different from religion. It springs simply from the rights which it is the function of society to guarantee—from the natural wants which have brought men together. We might designate it *public reason*. Its principal elements are justice and virtue—its clear character and warrant are found in its necessity. Beyond its limits entirely, lie the feelings of the heart and of the interior life, and generally all which transcends the sphere of rights positively consecrated by society.

In contrast to the State, the Church is born of voluntary community of sentiment. It is a moral feeling, and not a want or necessity, which determines the formation of it. Not only is constraint entirely foreign to it, but its genuine basis is *liberty*, for it rests upon faith, and faith cannot be forced. The only valid relation, therefore, between the Church and the State, consists in the purely moral influence of the former over the latter.

In his later and more detailed work, the same ideas are expressed, and the special question of the connection between Church and State is argued at length, and still more decisively towards the same result. The system of union between Church and State, he maintains in this work, is simply the corollary of a "principle;" and this principle is, that *society* can have and ought to have a religion—a principle so fundamentally erroneous, in his estimation, that it destroys by direct consequence the right and validity of *individual* religion. "If society possess religion, the individual," he holds, "can have none."

In these views of Vinet, briefly but faithfully enunciated,* the radical idea obviously is,

* *Essai sur la manifestation des convictions religieuses, et sur la separation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, envisagées comme conséquence nécessaire et comme garantie du principe.* The translation is included in the list of works at the head of this article.

* The above rapid *précis* of Vinet's views is given in the clear and fair language of M. Scherer.

that the State, in its very nature, is always something entirely alien from the Church. The civil or national life is not merely distinguished from the spiritual or Christian life, but so distinguished as to leave the territory of the one always necessarily lying outside the territory of the other. That society rests on an independent basis—that there are certain principles of public reason which form at once its condition and guaranty, none will deny; for the very fact of national existence, still more of national civilization, before the gospel, is sufficient proof that such principles exist by themselves, independently of Christianity. But this is not the real question. The real hinge of the controversy is not here, but, as to whether such principles of public morality, admitted, in the broadest manner, to exist separately, ought or ought not, under the gospel, to become transfused and elevated by its power into a higher social spirit, presenting its own peculiar conditions and guaranties of preservation. It will not be denied that Christianity, wherever it lives—in whatever community—has an essential tendency to incorporate itself with the *whole* life of that community. Primarily addressing the individual heart and conscience, it has yet a special social action—or, at any rate, springing from the soil of the individual nature, it rises through every vein of society, assimilating the whole social organization to its own purity and dignity. Let the fact then be freely conceded,—that there is a sufficient basis of civil order in certain principles of common reason,—yet it by no means follows that the State does not, through the infusion of higher Christian principles, have its basis and character necessarily elevated. We believe that it always has. We believe that the diffusion of Christianity in any nation imparts to it a new power and responsibility. And it is this new national life—a life taking its rise in individual conviction, yet which acquires by itself a *real* existence, acknowledged and judicially dealt with by the Divine Government as such—which is the fundamental idea wherein, on the one hand, a Christian State, and, on the other, an Established Church, find, it is believed, their true meaning and realization.

It appears to us to be a defect of Vinet's ecclesiastical doctrine, that it separates so essentially between Church and State as to leave the latter wholly without religious character. It takes up the accidental distinction, or rather antagonism, which *originally* existed between them, and perpetuates it in the form of an *abstract theory, good for all times*. The State, according to his view, can never

be Christian, but must still always remain alienated from the Church, just as really as when the latter began its great regenerative work in the heart of the old Roman world. A Christian nation is not with him even an ideal, but, in the nature of the case, an impossibility.

It is interesting, in this point of view, to contrast the theory of the late Dr. Arnold with that of Vinet. With the latter, the State is a form of society, we have seen, essentially alien from the Church, finding not only its warrant but its highest sanction in a lower range of moral ideas. With the former, the state is not only Christian, but is itself the Church. It is not only bound to acknowledge and protect the national Christian life, but is, in its own order and authority, the only proper expression of that life. While Vinet separates Church and State to an extent practically untenable, Arnold unites, or rather identifies them, in a way no less practically unjustifiable. Yet the theory of Arnold is, to our fancy, the nobler one; for, while the Church is not, and can never be, in the present state of things, the State, it is yet its ideal to become commensurate with it,—to diffuse its own divine spirit throughout all the movements of the national society, in all its ramifications,—and thus to become coextensive with every local organization within which it acts. It is the error of Arnold's theory, that it exceeds the actual fact of the case, and builds the construction of the Church upon a merely ideal basis; but it is the error of Vinet's theory, that it does not rise to the actual fact of the case, and therefore strikes not only at the union of Church and State in the ordinary sense, but, so far as we can see, subverts, by strict logical sequence, the Christian responsibility of nations yet blessed with the knowledge of the gospel.

In another point of view, the ecclesiastical teaching of Vinet appears to be defective. In its extreme reaction from the old Catholic theory, it is not content merely to assert the right of private judgment, but to isolate it till the idea of authority seems altogether to disappear. Catholicism sinks the individual in the Church; Vinet forgets the Church in the individual. With the former, the Church is a mother nursing her children,—the baptized throughout the earth. With the latter, the Church is merely an aggregate of individuals, freely adhering under the force of a common faith and sympathy. Taken distinctively, there is no doubt truth in both of these views; but in the former assuredly not

less than the latter. We cannot help feeling that Vinet has too much obscured the former, and that the truly scriptural notions of a divine institution and education, preserved in the Catholic doctrine, are too little regarded in his system of individualism. The fact is,—a fact elsewhere so clearly recognized by our author,—that here, as in every such general question, there is a duplicity of ideas which we must not overlook, but in the strongest manner maintain—difficult as it may be to determine, in point of actual working, their exact correlation—to ascertain their mutual practical adjustment.

Having in our remarks somewhat anticipated the progress of Vinet's ecclesiastical opinions, it will be well to pursue, before again pausing, the series of external events with which that progress was intimately bound up, and which so strikingly helped it forward.

The law of May, 1824, constituted, as has been said, the formal commencement of persecution in Vaud. In 1829 the persecuting spirit broke out with fresh and redoubled violence, on which occasion Vinet stepped forth as a determined opponent of the Government, and became in consequence involved in a public prosecution. It is impossible not to admire his frank and manly bearing throughout this matter. In the extended defence of himself and his views which he published—distinguished alike for the resources of its logic and the vigor of its style—he takes his stand on the inviolable rights of conscience, and expresses his opinions with fearless boldness.

The Vaudois Revolution of 1830 revived with new warmth the discussions as to religious liberty, and Vinet again lent his active pen to aid in the solution of the controversy. He published a *brochure* vindicating the utmost latitude of religious freedom, as alone compatible with the interests of Christianity. Far, however, from requiring the overthrow of the national Church, he congratulated himself that all the facts and reasonings of his publication tended to show that the highest prosperity of this institution was involved in the most perfect freedom being allowed to all modes of worship. Vinet indeed remained even for some time after this a member of the national Church, although the force of conviction and the course of circumstances were ever bearing him farther away from it. Already a dissenter in principle, he did not hasten to become one in practice; and for the obvious reason, that the severance of Church and State was as yet to him rather an "ideal

than a dogma." He still believed in a Christian nation, if doubts were also beginning to assail him on this head. The sentiments which still in 1831 attached him to the national Church are expressed in a very touching manner in one of his articles in the *Nouvelliste*.*

The new Vaudois government, after many agitations, rejected the clause in the proposed constitution intended to secure religious liberty. This was a great blow to the cause which Vinet had so much at heart, and in whose behalf he had incessantly raised his voice during the prolonged debates regarding it. The result was to him full of grief, and his health, never strong, became about this time a source of great anxiety to his friends.

While mingling so directly in the political and ecclesiastical conflicts of his native canton, Vinet had remained at Basle up to the period of which we speak. Hitherto attached to the university of that city merely as an extraordinary professor, the government at length in 1835 sought to fix him as one of its regular members, by instituting for him a chair of French Literature and Eloquence. The Vaudois authorities, however, about the same time commenced a movement for his recall to his native city, of which he promised to prove so brilliant an ornament; and accordingly, when in 1837 the chair of *Practical Theology* became vacant in the Academy of Lausanne, he was appointed to it. Vinet yielded to what he regarded a duty, but he did not quit Basle without a struggle, and he often looked back with lingering regret to the years he had spent there.

The revolution of 1830 resulted in a political compromise, which it was obvious to all discerning eyes could not be permanent. Although yielding for a time the reins of government, democracy then really triumphed—as subsequent events fully proved. In the

* "Sans doute, je ne suis pas plus étranger qu'un autre à ce sentiment qui attache au passé, à ce respect pour les anciennes institutions, proche parent du respect pour la vieillesse. Je me reprocherais presque autant de manquer à une vieille chose qu'à une vieil homme. L'âge de notre Eglise ne la recommande, son origine bien davantage, ses écrits encore plus, et je considère en outre l'inconvénient de la supprimer. Mais j'aime encore plus en elle ce qu'elle peut devenir que ce qu'elle a été. J'aime en elle un des départements, un des territoires de l'Eglise inviolable. J'aime en elle ce que nos pères y ont aimé; un asile pour les âmes travaillées et char-gées, une hôtellerie pour les voyageurs en chemin pour l'éternité, un filet jeté par la main du Seigneur sur ma terrestre patrie. J'aime en elle quelque chose de plus ancien que tout notre passé; Je veux dire ce qu'elle a encore de l'Eglise de Christ, ou plutôt c'est l'Eglise de Christ que j'aime en elle."

meanwhile, discussions continued as to the proper relations between Church and State. In place of the old ecclesiastical ordinances adopted at Basle in 1793, the council of state occupied itself in 1837 with the preparation of a new ecclesiastical constitution, which, before bringing up for adoption to the grand council, it submitted to delegates of the four classes of clergy. Vinet was appointed delegate for the class of Lausanne and Vevay. The sittings of the delegates were public, and may be said to have been devoted to the whole range of the ecclesiastical controversy that had so long agitated the canton. Such questions as the admission of the laity to the government of the Church, and adherence to the Helvetic Confession of Faith, were prominently discussed. On both of these questions Vinet ranged himself once more in opposition to the ultimate decision of the government. In reference to the important point of adherence to the Helvetic Confession, the part taken by him is well worthy of attention. He did not defend the Confession considered in itself—as in all its parts a thoroughly accurate or adequate exhibition of Christian truth; but he maintained the essential relation subsisting between the two terms *church* and *symbol*. It was necessary in his opinion that the Vaudois Church should have a symbol, and, symbol for symbol, he preferred that which was known to that which was unknown—that which represented an historical faith to that which would probably prove a mere series of negations.

The new ecclesiastical constitution came into operation in 1841. Vinet did not think it in his power to accept the *régime* to which it submitted the Church; and accordingly, in the end of 1840, he withdrew from the national Church, setting forth the grounds of his determination in a letter addressed to his clerical brethren of the class of Lausanne. He resigned at the same time his office as Professor of Theology. He appears, however, to have continued privately his theological lectures, and again, in 1844, connected himself openly with the Lausanne Academy as temporary Professor of French Literature.

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to this movement was somewhat singular. He felt himself alternately attracted and repelled. He sympathized with the sacrifices of the clergy, but he could not understand the partial grounds on which alone they sought to defend their secession. He complained of their inability to grasp the real importance of their position, and aimed to convince them that the step which they had taken, under the force of circumstances, was not a *pis aller*, but a step glorious and momentous to the Church. He urged his ecclesiastical views in "Considerations" addressed to them; but there were few comparatively that he could raise into the same clear atmosphere of conviction with himself. Even the Evangelical Society of Geneva, in its General Assembly of 1846, protested, by two of its most eminent members, against the importance attached to such merely ecclesiastical questions. D'Aubigné, their President, complained that there was given to such questions a place which only belonged to the cross of Calvary. M. Gausson, in a report on the theological school, proclaimed that the best church is that which speaks least of the *Church* and most of *Christ*. These were among the last assertions on the subject to which Vinet made reply.

It was thus that, in the closing years of his life, Vinet returned to questions which had occupied his youth. He preached tolerance to a persecuting people. He preached the spirituality of the Church to a clergy whose demission, he believed, had not sufficiently impressed them with this great principle. He labored, at the same time, till the state of his health rendered this no longer possible, in the actual formation of the communion which was born of the Demission. Although himself, we have seen, a dissenter of older standing, he attached himself to this communion and exercised his ministry in it. A project of a constitution was presented to a synod which met at Lausanne on the 10th of November, 1846, and was remitted by this synod to a committee of nine members, who were to report upon it at the commencement of the following year. Vinet was a member of this committee, and hastened to expound in the "Semeur" the principles which he considered indispensable as the foundation of such a work. These principles he reduced to three. The first contemplated not merely the admission of the laity to the councils of the Church, but the modification of the ministry itself, so that there should be different orders for preaching and ruling. The second proposed that the simple fact of secession, and the profession which such an act implied,

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* *Essais de Philosophie morale et de Morale religieuse.*

"What shall I ask for you?" said his friend. "Ask for me?" replied Vinet, "all grace, even the most elementary." At one o'clock in the morning his breathing became heavy and his sufferings returned. They continued to the end, but without any great struggle or agony. Some one asked a question. "I can no longer think," he answered; and these were his last words. He expired at four o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of May, 1847.

A great multitude from Vevay, Lausanne, and even Geneva, met to pay the last duties to one whom they had so much admired and loved. A monument raised by his friends marks the place where Vinet rests, in the cemetery of Clarens, on the summit of a smiling hill, in one of the most beautiful spots in the world.*

In turning now to the writings of Vinet, we feel that it would be a vain task to criticise them in detail. They are at once so diversified and so fragmentary. We shall best accomplish our purpose by rapidly glancing at his successive publications, and endeavoring to gather up from them his most prominent characteristics as a man of letters and a divine. It is necessary to consider him, to some extent, separately under these aspects; but we would by no means lose sight, even temporarily, of the one character in the other. It is, in truth, impossible to do so from any right point of view in which our author can be regarded. For, as will be fully apparent in the sequel, it is just the very unusual combination of exquisite literary taste and skill with the depth and comprehensiveness of the Christian philosopher, which imparts to the name of Vinet its highest lustre.

Literature was the idol of Vinet's youth, and although graver employments often interrupted his literary ardor, he still clung to it, and, at different intervals, recurred to elaborate plans of literary preparation. He had already in Basle, amid his more ordinary functions as a teacher, begun his literary career. In 1829-30 he gave to the public his first work, entitled *Chrestomathie Française*, which appears to have been intended as a sort of text-book for the use of his classes in the Gymnasium. It was based upon a principle to which he attached great importance in the teaching of languages—viz., the communication of instruction in the concrete, from the actual text of some author, instead of the common abstract method of teaching from

the grammar as a species of geometry. The second edition of this work he enriched with various fragments in the form of letters, in which he communicated the fruits of his long meditation on his favorite task, and treated cursorily of language and the study of literature. An historical survey of French literature, which formed the introduction to the third volume, was also entirely recast for this edition, and so admirably accomplished its object, as to draw from critics a warm tribute of praise. "It was a veritable literary *chef-d'œuvre*," wrote M. Sainte-Beuve, "at once full and finished."

In 1831 the *Semeur* was commenced, and this journal formed henceforth for many years the centre of Vinet's literary activity. It might be said, according to M. Scherer, to be *his* journal, so much was it indebted to his pen, and determined in its character by his influence. Especially was it the depository of those literary criticisms which he delighted to throw off, with such easy fertility, and in which he manifested such aptitude as to lead some to consider them his special work and calling.

A famous course of lectures on the French Moralists, which he delivered at Basle during the winter of 1832, deserves special mention. The success which attended them was remarkable. The felicitous union of literary criticism of the most delicate and searching character with a vein of profound and ingenious moral sentiment, was something quite new and striking. Among the many regrets, remarks his biographer, which are left to us from the interrupted career of Vinet, one of the most lively is that which arises from the impossibility of our ever possessing as a whole these memorable lectures. We have only some fragments of them published in the *Semeur*.

In 1837 he collected certain of his miscellaneous writings, and published them in a separate volume, under the title of *Essais de Philosophie morale*, one of the works before us. These Essays, as the title indicates, bear in the main on a common topic. "One train of thought pervades them, and is reproduced under diverse applications."† They cannot be said, however, to exhibit any thing of the unity of a treatise, while several merely literary criticisms are added to fill up the volume.

The Introductory Essay of this collection is among the most characteristic of all Vinet's productions. It is devoted to the consideration of those seeming intellectual contradic-

* For the details of these paragraphs we are indebted to M. Scherer.

† Introduction, p. ii.

tions—"dualities," he calls them—which meet us everywhere as we push backwards our speculative inquiries. He brings out into clear and sharp prominence a great variety of such *antinomies*, to use the more exact Kantian expression; and dwells strongly on the impotence of all mere Eclecticism to resolve them—pointing at the same time to the direction in which he is disposed to seek their solution. It will be felt by all who have grappled with such difficulties, that Vinet is, as ever, more successful in the exposition of the problem than in the hints which he throws out towards its solution. We believe no less strongly than he did that Christ is the great centre of mediation here, as in all respects, and that in the "gospel alone there is a key which opens all doors;" but it is utterly to mistake the true character of that reconciling power which lies in Christianity, to ascribe to it, as he would seem to do, a purely intellectual as well as moral force. Christ came not to resolve the enigmas of human philosophy, but to restore the harmony of human life. If the Christian, therefore, finds a refuge in the gospel from the oppression of those intellectual contradictions which have been in all ages the torture of speculation, it is not because he is enabled to see with the intellectual eye more clearly than others, but because he is enabled to repose in the perfect peace which flows to him from the Cross, amid all speculative difficulties whatever. We would not say with Vinet, therefore, "this word (the Cross) reorganizes *thought* and the *world*," but simply, this word reorganizes the world, and, through the practical unity which it brings, prepares the way, if not for speculative unity, yet for speculative submission.* To proclaim any thing more than this, is, we believe, radically to misrepresent the truth, and to gainsay the most obvious and undeniable evidence all around us. A Christian Philosophy—a satisfactory solution of the problems which meet us wherever we penetrate to the depths of Christian thought—is still notoriously a desideratum; and if the traces of it may be discerned at length by the patient and thoughtful eye among the

* This subordination of speculation to practice, according to the condensed pith of Christian philosophy, expressed in the pregnant words—"If ye do the will of God, ye shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God"—is, indeed, elsewhere distinctly acknowledged by Vinet; and in the Essay in question he probably did not mean to teach an opposite doctrine, although his concluding paragraphs, in their peculiar emphasis, would seem to point to such a conclusion.

suggestions of a more genial, and reverent, and comprehensive philosophic spirit, it assuredly does not yet present itself as a clear and complete doctrine.

The other Essays in the volume treat of such special subjects as the *freedom of the will*—the *nature and principle of morals*—the *standard of morals*—*utilitarianism*—*individuality* and *individualism*. They all bear abundant marks of Vinet's literary skill, but they do not in this respect claim from us any particular notice.

We hasten to introduce to the reader those more purely literary productions of his pen which his friends have collected since his death, in the three large volumes at the head of our paper, entitled "*Etudes sur la Littérateur Française au dix-neuvième Siècle*," and in his other writings on the History of French Literature.* The chief foundation of the three volumes is the lectures which he delivered at Lausanne during the years from 1844 to the close of 1846, while he occupied the chair of French Literature there, in room of his friend M. Monnard. This, indeed, appears to have been one of the most brilliant periods of Vinet's intellectual activity. Rapid, ingenious, and fruitful, as is the display of his powers in these volumes, they convey but little idea of the real resources and charm of his lecturing. This, according to one of his auditors, was "in its form and method of the highest character. Free from all pedantry and scholastic coldness, it was at once lively and profound, thorough and copious. The effusion of his whole soul into the souls of his pupils—it was eminently fertile and creative, inspiring as much as merely instructing. No one ever went from his lectures without some spark of that enthusiasm which a noble and sympathetic spirit always kindles in the hearts of the young." M. Sainte-Beuve has added his testimony to Vinet's

* Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, have just issued a translation of Vinet's posthumous *History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, founded on his last Course—(see list at the head of this article)—a work of great interest, which abounds in illustrations of the profound views and broad literary sympathies of the author, and is the first attempt to estimate the literary age of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, from a Christian point of view.

The mention of this subject suggests another work, recently translated from French literature into our own. We refer to *Voltaire and his Times*, by L. F. Bungener. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co., 1854.) This fascinating work should be in the hands of all who are interested in that memorable period in the history of France and of Europe.

rare powers as a lecturer. Entering his classroom one day unexpectedly, he reports—"I listened to a lecture profound and elevated—to an eloquence grave and earnest. In language exquisitely finished, weighty and yet animated, the lecturer unfolded his rich mental treasures,—what a profound and genial and complete impression of a Christianity thoroughly real and spiritual! . . . I have never tasted a purer mental joy, nor experienced a more lively exaltation of moral sentiment."

The whole of the extended criticisms on Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand, which fill the first volume of collected "Studies," appear to have been given during this period, as well as the criticisms on the contemporary French lyric and dramatic poets, which compose the second volume. The remaining volume consists mainly of selections from the author's critical papers in the *Semur*.

These "Studies" furnish us with abundant means of determining the literary merits and character of Vinet. He ranges with a free and facile pen through the most diverse subjects—commenting with equal copiousness on such writers as Beranger and Victor Hugo on the one hand, and D'Aubigné and Sainte-Beuve on the other. All subjects and writers—if they be only French, for he does not seem to have interested himself much in foreign literature—come to the critic alike. Philosophy, history, eloquence, poetry, are handled with the same apparent ease and mastery; and especially, it is deserving of notice, in their subtle and less obvious bearings on the interests of religious thought and feeling. For in the midst of all his diversity, Vinet never forgets that he is a Christian critic. On the contrary, he acknowledges it at all times to be one of his main duties to penetrate beneath every sphere of intellectual activity, and to lay bare the principles there at work in relation to the gospel.

This feature of Vinet's literary career possesses for us peculiar interest. Manifesting everywhere a wide and hearty appreciation, and shutting his mind to no aspect of intellectual beauty, he yet carries with him everywhere a Christian spirit. You feel yourself to be in the presence of one whose whole intellectual being lives only in the atmosphere of Christian truth, and which, instead of limiting his mental range, or blunting his mental keenness in any direction, has only given to the one a more elevated scope and to the other a finer edge. He abandons himself to the charms of literary excellence. It is im-

possible to imagine any one more free from the slightest taint of that Puritanism which apprehends danger in the genial impulses of literary enthusiasm. But, amid his most perfect abandonment to the charms of literature, he never, for a moment, ceases to be a Christian. You can never, in his freest sketches, trace the least coldness of evangelical feeling. No one is farther from all the plausibilities of latitudinarianism. With æsthetic sensibility most acute, and a mental organization tremulous to all the impulses of artistic delight, it is noble to see how rigorously he owns all the claims of the gospel, and how thoroughly its life is transfused through all his criticisms. In this respect his intellectual character is perhaps more significant than in any other. There has been so long, and there continues to be, in many relations, so strange a repulsion between literature and Christianity. The literary spirit, in the anti-thetic language of M. Scheier, is so apt to become *pagan*—the evangelical spirit so apt to become *puritan*. It is, above all, through the example of such men as Vinet, combining both in such rare purity and perfection, that not only their thorough compatibility will be fully shown, but their divine fitness to adorn and beautify each other brightly illustrated.

We need scarcely say, that in thus signaling the Christian spirit which breathes through all Vinet's literary criticisms, we are far from meaning to suggest that they bear generally a theological stamp. Not in the least degree. Save in one or two instances—as in his review of Lamartine's *Jocelyn* and Soumet's *Divine Epopée*, where he is led, from the professed nature of the subjects, to enter into something that may be considered theological discussion—he is singularly free from theological as from every other sort of pedantry. No one, indeed, could be more destitute of professional narrowness of every kind. His sympathies range so freely as to defy those formal bounds which, in ordinary cases, confine the intellectual taste. Everywhere he rejoices to recognize traits of the beautiful and the good—rays, however broken and deflected, from the great Source of all truth. This dramatic peculiarity of his genius, which enables him to enter so heartily into the views and feelings of the different writers whom he criticises, is one of the most delightful features of his "Studies." Always in the writer he recognizes, and, wherever he can, honors the man.

In their more general character these "Studies" are remarkable for being in the strict sense criticisms. They are not disser-

tations, setting out from the works of an author as merely a sort of text, but truly analytical digests and reviews of the work before him, although in the Introductions he often launches into a thorough and expanded discussion of literary principles. This minutely critical complexion tends to detract from their permanent interest and value in a collected form, especially as many of the works so carefully reviewed—the *Divine Epopee* of Soumet, for example, and the *Prometheus*, or Edger Quinet—can never be said to have emerged from the oblivion which was their natural destiny. This feature of the "Studies" serves at the same time strikingly to display the acuteness and versatile subtilty of Vinet's genius, and not less his painstaking conscientiousness. Everywhere his conscientious thoroughness is in fact remarkable. Fragmentary as are his works, they are never superficial and never commonplace. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the same variety of literary material marked throughout by a more scrupulous earnestness. His incessant productiveness was, especially in this view, a mystery to his friends. M. Secherer says, "he read, examined, and often re-read, always returning to the study of Pascal, Racine, and Bossuet. He never undertook to lecture upon a literary epoch without studying anew its principal authors, and sometimes even their least important writings. And all this intellectual exertion, divided among lecturing, teaching, preaching, and the composition of innumerable articles, was liable to constant interruption from the inroads of a cruel malady."

We cannot, with the space at our command, pretend to exhibit any thing like an adequate specimen of Vinet's literary powers, as displayed in these volumes. We present the reader with only a single extract from the critique on Lamartine's *Jocelyn*, illustrative of that Christian quality in the criticism of our author of which we have spoken.

Christianity, the work of God, who knows what is in man, admirably fits man for actual life, and for every part of life. It leaves untilled no corner of the field of human existence. It furnishes thinkers to science—arms to labor. It accepts nature and its most diverse gifts, earth and its most various abodes, life in all its circumstances—man in a word wholly; and everywhere qualifies him for action—disposes and excites him thereto. It is the religion of reality, of action, of life. It is a wisdom as fit for man as it is worthy of God. It at once stimulates to activity, and sanctifies it.

M. Lamartine, who knows well that religion like thought must translate itself into action, has

exhibited to us *Jocelyn* active and devoted. He was indeed his master—*Jocelyn* behoved to be what his poet wished. But it is not his Christianity that makes *Jocelyn* what we see him to be. We may be active, and even usefully active, without faith, and the faith of *Jocelyn*, if it is one, never inspires activity. It is the Pantheism of the East transported to the Alps—the sirocco blowing upon the glaciers. Action has only three sources—Faith, Duty, and Love; and how utterly weak are all these in a religion which gives only sensibility as a foundation for belief—which so little appreciates law as to misconceive the necessity of reparation—which gives to love only the same point of departure which scepticism and despair have always chosen, viz., the mere contemplation of life and nature. A lively impulse to action cannot be furnished to all by a religion which can only be that of a small number, since it lives on leisure, reverie, and contemplation. If such a religion could win souls, it would cast them into mere numbness and stupor. We ourselves are in no doubt on the subject; and our industrial population, if they read Lamartine, we feel assured, do not take his mysticism as serious. Action—ardent and indefatigable, yet irreligious—is more than ever the soul and spring of the civilized world. And we have too much faith in the genuine marvels of steam, to give much attention to that ether vapor which is without force, because without bounds, which merely undulates and loses itself in the horizon of theosophy. But action, however increasing, is not a religion. It has need of religion, on the contrary, to consecrate and sanctify it. The world will never rest without God. The proofs of divinity start forth at present in all minds, and in every aspect of society. And as this necessity becomes more imperative, it will satisfy itself somehow. But never shall the world, which feels that its creation is at once to believe and to act, be contented with, or even essay such a religion as that of *Jocelyn*. It acknowledges time for thought, but it has no time for ecstasies. It demands premises, but only to reach a conclusion; and the religion of *Jocelyn* has none. The world is too busy to harmonize with a syllogism perpetually suspended.*

The rare union—sufficiently shown in the above extract—of acuteness with candor, of rigor of judgment with delicacy of sentiment, is among the highest literary merits of Vinet. There is everywhere an exquisite fidelity and balance in his portraits. Warm in admiration, he seldom exaggerates. Severe in reproof, he is never abusive. An admirable control regulates his intellectual impulses. An admirable truth and finish stamp his intellectual pictures. None even of his countrymen have hit more felicitously, in a single stroke or two, the peculiar characteristics of certain writers. For example, when

* *Etudes sur la Littérature Française*, tome II. pp. 104-106.

he says of the author of the *Pensées*, "Many of the paragraphs of Pascal are the strophes of a Christian Byron." Again, of the religion of Lamartine, "It nourishes reason and conscience too little to restore them. It is neither bread nor meat, but a delicate perfumed blanc-manche, which every one is happy to taste, but upon which no one can live." Again, of Chateaubriand's: "The author calls the situation of René *le vague des passions*; he might call it so too, but it is rather *la passion du vague*." This exquisite finish of Vinet's pen is warmly commented on by M. Scherer. He draws a comparison in this respect between him and two illustrious contemporaries, M. Sainte-Beuve and our own Macaulay, which may interest the reader. "M. Sainte-Beuve," he says, "has a finer and more sustained color, but at the same time a color too uniform and unrelieved by any vigorous and, so to speak, victorious touch. Macaulay shows himself an admirable portrait-painter, in many of the essays with which he adorned the Edinburgh Review. But if these portraits appear sometimes to leap out of the canvas and walk, they are yet also at times more lively than like. Shading is sacrificed to effect. The color is more dazzling than solid. Antithesis and paradox are too conspicuous on the palette of the artist. The pencil of Vinet, on the contrary, is always true; it is true above every thing, and he derives from this very truth a vigor and a grace all his own. We might say, changing the image, that Vinet holds a balance, wherefrom he strikes on the finest gold a multitude of medals incomparable for the *netteté* of the impress and the relief of the image."

The style of Vinet is in these, and in all his works, excellent;—more severe and classical in his early—more ingenious, impressive, and *recherche*, with less simplicity, in his later writings. There is a tendency perhaps in some of his critical papers to a brilliancy too strained and antithetic. The radical French vice of trying to say every thing with effect and contrast, is apparent here and there. More plainness and repose would be welcome at times. There are few, however, who can more truly be called a master of style, or whose writing presents a more lively series of separate felicities of expression, if it does not often rise into sustained grandeur or pathos. As a more especially theological author, Vinet presents us with a variety of works. In 1831 he published a volume of "Discourses," which he had preached in the French church at Basle; and again, in 1841, a simi-

lar volume. It is from these volumes that the selections, translated and published first in America, and then in our own country, under the name of "Vital Christianity," were taken. These Discourses, when first published in France, excited a lively and profound impression. If, in their selected and translated form, they cannot be said to have attained to any thing like popularity, there are some sufficiently obvious reasons for this. In the first place, Vinet suffers more than most writers by transfusion into a foreign tongue, even in the hands of a good translator. The peculiar niceties and exquisite turns of expression which give charm to his style in the original, necessarily disappear to a large extent in the translation. The Discourses themselves, moreover, in their range of thought, are rather academical than popular. Some of those in the second volume were in fact never preached, but were prelections delivered in his class-room at Lausanne. Throughout they resemble more the carefully weighed address of the Christian philosopher than the simple and direct utterances of the Christian preacher. Even those which bear more plainly the character of sermons, have an obviously elaborate aspect. And this is easily explained, when we understand the mode of their composition. Vinet, it appears, like Robert Hall, (whose sermons we have always felt to be obnoxious to the very same objection,) first preached his sermons, and then committed them to writing. It was only perhaps after he had preached a sermon several times, that, in the quiet of his study, he gave it a permanent shape. The consequence was, that there appeared to many in his spoken style, a simplicity, warmth, and variety which they missed in his published writings. The emotion which gave animation and directness to his preaching, yielded in the study to the reflective habits of the author. Hence that frequent appearance of overwrought ingenuity, both of argument and expression, which strikes us in the discourses—that antithetical brilliancy and excessive polish which fatigues sometimes without instructing—that apologetical air, in short, which marks them all, and which suggests the theological professor, defending at every point his position, more than the preacher, aiming to seize by a hearty violence the souls of his hearers. Hence what M. Scherer well calls the "incomplete fusion of the oratorical and scientific tone—of the sermon and the essay."

The subtle severity of Vinet's logic,—a dialectic which never loses sight of its object,

amid whatever bursts and winding of sentiment,—is apt also to weary, especially as the mind receives no help in its course from his mode of arrangement. This work is never “distributive,” but always “progressive.” He never lays down his plan in distinct divisions, but links thought to thought in an advancing sequence, highly logical in reality, but without those forms of reasoning which enable the mind to pause and gather in the strength of the argument at given points.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Vinet is not, in many of his Christian writings, thoroughly practical and edifying. He is often so in the highest degree. Even in the “Discourses” the pure impulses of Christian feeling break ever and anon in vivid and startling flashes through the restraints of academic treatment. And in the two posthumous volumes published by his friends, under the title of *Etudes évangéliques*,* and *Méditations évangéliques*, this practical character is, upon the whole, the prevailing one. Throughout many of the pieces in these later volumes, there runs in fact a deep vein of spiritual experience, rising at times into a rapture of devotion, not more delicate and beautiful in its expression than intense and powerful in its enthusiasm.

In one respect these religious writings of Vinet deserve special commendation. The mere technical verbiage of the pulpit, the professional nomenclature which so often disfigures religious works, and (as deplored by John Foster) renders them distasteful to the literary student, finds no place in them. The refined taste and the deep sincerity of Vinet equally repudiated such conventionalisms,—apt to pass current, like old money from hand to hand, long after they have lost all beauty and meaning. Everywhere he translates the profoundest meaning of the gospel into the language of life, and the ordinary expressions of modern literature,—a feature of his religious composition which gives to its most devotional utterance an air of powerful and impressive reality.

This character is said to have even more attractively belonged to his preaching. A secret charm of reality, of truth, in the most comprehensive sense, was, according to M. Scherer, that which especially enchained and delighted his hearers. “You had before you,”

he adds, “a man who mounted the pulpit, because he had something to say. You felt that what he expressed was his life—himself—no mere acquired dogmatism; no set phrases; no religious jargon; no passages tacked the one to the end of the other, in order to hide the emptiness of the thought; all was in the highest degree useful. Nothing betrayed for a moment the oratorical complacency which contemplates itself thinking, or delights to hear itself talking. The tone moved and penetrated, because he who spoke was obviously himself first moved and penetrated.”

We have alluded to the apologetic character of the “Discourses.” We feel we should overlook one of the most significant points in the theological career of our author, if we did not advert to it more particularly. Vinet found himself, by the necessity of his position, in the attitude of a Christian apologist. Amid the infidel opposition which the newly-awakened evangelical feeling of his country encountered, he felt himself called upon to hold forth, in what seemed to him the most effective manner, the divine verity of the gospel. This may be said to be more or less the pervading aim of the first volume of Discourses. The branch of Christian evidence which Vinet has there peculiarly exhibited, is that drawn from the adaptation of the gospel to the necessities of human nature. He does not indeed for a moment disparage the ordinary historical proofs. On the contrary, he expressly acknowledges their appropriate force to many minds.* But these were not the proofs which obviously most interested and impressed himself. The fitness of divine truth to satisfy the spiritual cravings of man, and its power to regenerate his life, were the facts of Christian evidence which he delighted to treat, and to present under a great variety of aspects. This moral fitness and power of the gospel appeared to him in the strictest sense evidence, approving itself not merely to the minds of those who had realized them, but also to the minds of others; for even those who continued strangers to the moral experience, could not fail to observe and appreciate its influence on others. They could not help recognizing facts presented to them, nor dispute the explanation of these facts. But he argues, it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from Him; and it were the grossest absurdity to believe that our moral life could be regenerated through a lie. “Suppose,

* This volume has also been translated in Collins' cheap series of religious works, (see the head of our article;) and we have seen also, we think, a small volume of selections in English from the *Méditations*.

* Discourses, p. 45.—Translation.

after all," he says, "you shall be told this religion is false; but, meanwhile, it has restored in you the image of God, reestablished your primitive connection with that great Being, and put you in a condition to enjoy life and the happiness of heaven. By means of it you have become such, that, at the last day, it is impossible that God should not receive you as his children, and make you partakers of his glory. You are made fit for Paradise, nay, Paradise has commenced for you even here, because you love. This religion has done for you what all religion proposes, and what no other has realized. Nevertheless, by the supposition, it is false; and what more could it do were it true? Rather do you not see that this is a splendid proof of its truth? Do you not see that it is impossible that a religion which leads to God should not come from God, and that the absurdity is precisely that of supposing that you can be regenerated by a falsehood."

The influence of Pascal, of whose "Thoughts," we have already hinted, Vinet was a profound student, is very obvious in these apologetic views. With both, it is the marvellous adaptation of the gospel to the exigencies of human nature which constitutes the peculiar evidence of its divinity. On the one hand, man, cast aside from God, yet cannot rest without Him. The vision of a divine home, from which he has wandered, pursues him. The brightness of a vanished light haunts him. The very depth of his sinful misery asserts the reality of his original holiness. On the other hand, the gospel appears as the satisfaction of these confessed wants of humanity—as the remedy of its guilt and wretched discord. This was the fruitful idea of Pascal, to whose full development his great work, of which the *Pensées* are but the disjointed fragments, was to be dedicated. This was also, it is well known, a favorite branch of evidence with Chalmers. But neither of these great writers, perhaps, has seized the view more completely, or dealt with it more effectively, than Vinet, who pursues it with a force of comprehensive analysis, and a confidence of illustration, deeply impressive. "The gospel," he says, "unites itself intimately with all that is most profound and ineradicable in our nature. It fills in it a void—it clears from it darkness—it binds into harmony the broken elements, and creates unity. It makes itself not only be believed, but felt; and when the soul has thoroughly appropriated it, it blends indistinguishably with all the primitive beliefs, and the natural light which every man brings into the world."

Again, in a beautiful passage:—"You remember the custom of ancient hospitality. Before parting with a stranger, the father of the family, breaking a piece of clay on which certain characters were impressed, gave one half to the stranger, and kept the other himself. Years after, these two fragments, brought together and rejoined, acknowledged each other, so to speak,—formed a bond of recognition between those presenting them, and, in attesting old relations, became at the same time the basis of new. So in the book of our soul does the Divine Revelation unite itself to the old traces there. Our soul does not discover, but recognizes the truth. It infers that a reünion (*rencontre*) impossible to chance—impossible to calculation—can only be the work and secret of God; and it is then only that we believe—then when the gospel has for us passed from the rank of external to the rank of internal truth, and, if I might say so, of *instinct*—when it has become in us part and parcel of our consciousness."

Throughout the Christian writings of Vinet there is a sufficiently marked growth of opinion. We think, however, that M. Scherer, under the force of his own peculiar convictions, somewhat exaggerates the character of this progress. It does not appear to us that Vinet in any respect abandoned the clear and definite orthodoxy of his earlier years. Only in the more thorough transfusion of the different elements of Christian truth in his own consciousness, he certainly came to dwell less upon their logical prominences. He ceased to take any pleasure he may have ever had in sharply defining the boundaries between the different items of his creed. Realizing evermore the whole system of Christian truth as a living synthesis in his own heart, it appears to have been his great aim in his later works to exhibit this synthesis more entirely. He felt always more strongly the force of what he himself says in his Homiletics, and owned more thoroughly the influence of such a conviction. "Every dissection of moral truth," he observes, "is provisory and hypothetical; we separate what is not separate, what cannot be so, what being separate loses its nature. There is, therefore, in the best made analysis something false, were it only in the character of succession which it impresses on simultaneous facts." He became, in short, always more of a profound Christian philosopher, and less of a mere abstract theologian. This appears to us to be the whole explanation of that development in the theological views

of Vinet on which M. Scherer insists so much.

For example: He propounds in his earlier Discourses a certain view as to the relation between *Reason* and *Faith*—a view still common in more than one of our theological schools—according to which *Reason* and *Faith* are apprehended as wholly distinct faculties of the human mind, and it is represented as the glory of *Faith* to receive that which is stumbling to *Reason*. Already, however, in the second edition of these Discourses, the idea of his error in this respect had obviously dawned upon him. For he says in the preface, "It is necessary always that the truth without us correspond to the truth within us—to that intellectual conscience which, no less than the moral conscience, is invested with sovereignty, asserts its claims, and may be said even to feel remorse—to those irresistible axioms which we carry in us, which are part of our nature, and the necessary support and basis of our thoughts—in a word, to *Reason*." A higher conception of *Reason* had here, it is clear, sprung up in the mind of our author, and this, blending it with a higher and more comprehensive conception of *Faith*, was carried by him up into a unity of power, which, directed to the divine verities of the gospel, may be indifferently denominated *Reason* or *Faith*; the truth being, that the soul does not in any case put forth separate faculties, but in every case truly puts forth its entire activity, only now charged more with a moral, and now more with an intellectual element. This approaching unity of *Reason* and *Faith*, conspicuous in his later writings, does not, however, in the least degree impair his orthodoxy. It only exalts and purifies it. In carrying *Reason* with him in this nobler sense, not merely to the threshold of the divine Temple, but within the Sanctuary, he is so far from approaching Rationalism that he destroys it in the most effectual manner, by showing the eternal conformity between the revealed glories of Christianity and the demands of the human soul. Deep is beheld answering to deep, and in the perfect congruity of *Reason* (expressing the highest attitude of the soul towards the Truth) and *Revelation*, the door is shut effectually against all those lower questionings whose issue is alone Rationalism in any intelligible sense.

Again, it is no doubt true, that the distinction between justification and sanctification is much more sharply apprehended and expressed by Vinet in his earlier than in his

later Discourses. This does not arise, however, from his having lost sight of the radically distinguishing element in the former, without the due apprehension of which the latter soon loses all its peculiarly evangelical meaning. The whole explanation of his difference of view appears to us to be that, in his earlier representations of the gospel, he looks more at its objective side—at the fact accomplished for us by divine grace—while in his later representations, particularly in his famous discourse on "the work of God," he looks more at its subjective side—at the work accomplished in us through the Divine Spirit. But while this subjective aspect of salvation assumed latterly a special interest for him—while the realization of the truth in the life of the believer, and his continual purification thereby, became with him obviously the favorite theme of meditation and preaching, there is yet no reason to believe that he for a moment forgot the eternal reality expressed in the peculiarly Protestant doctrine of justification, on the assurance of which the sinner can alone rest amid all his doubts and shortcomings. This great test of a standing or a falling church, we have no right to think was dimmed for a moment from the gaze of Vinet. Only its analytic exposition did not much attract him in his later years, especially in reference to certain Antinomian tendencies which he thought he traced in the Swiss churches. He did not care to dwell on the distinctive theological significance of the doctrine, (truly as he prized it) but rather on its synthetic, practical relation to the whole Christian life. Hence his beautiful and impressive illustration of the river and its source, whereby he shows how in *act* and *life* all the technical and scientific distinctions, by which the theologian characterizes the different stages of salvation, merge into an indivisible unity, even as the river in its source and throughout its course is still the same, however often it may change its name in its onward passage.

Vinet, we have already said, was appointed Professor of Practical Theology in the Academy of Lausanne in 1837. The installation discourse which he delivered on this occasion is a fine specimen of the mingled depth and simplicity of his Christian views.* It strikes with a firm yet delicate hand the

* The reader will find it at the close of the recently published volume on Homiletics, the translation of which we have placed at the head of our article.

key-note of the theological course, the preparation of which henceforth formed one of the main labors of his life. Fervent and even impassioned in evangelical tone—glowing throughout with love and devotion to the cross—it is at the same time eminently rational, and, in a word, *human* in its sympathies. It blends spirituality and reality, faith and nature, piety and literature, in an exquisite harmony of composition, which fills, as with a full and mellow satisfaction, the mind and heart.

The two volumes on "Pastoral Theology" and "Homiletics" are the fruits of Vinet's theological labors at Lausanne which have been preserved to us. They are both of them posthumous volumes, and appear under every disadvantage attaching to such works. In both cases they are in fact little else than the materials, collected in the shape of notes, for the complete works which the author, had he been spared, would have fashioned out of them. Here and there elaborated with obvious care, and characterized by the utmost finish of sentiment and expression, they yet bear many marks of imperfection. They are apt in consequence to disappoint in the mere perusal,—the thread of continuity is so often broken, and the attention so frequently distracted by the fragmentary, note-like aspect of the page. They are admirable, however, in spirit, and contain as a whole more valuable matter of study for the Christian minister than any similar volumes which we know.

It will not be expected that we can present any analysis of these works at the close of this extended paper. Each in itself might form a theme for separate treatment. The smaller volume on "Pastoral Theology" is especially excellent in the point of view from which it contemplates the whole subject. Here the clear openness of Vinet's nature displays itself with the best effect. In almost every treatise on the Pastorate, from Chrysostom's downward, the great defect has always appeared to us to be the air of exaggeration and unreality which to a great extent pervades them. The Christian priest is too much isolated, and his position and duties treated of too much as belonging to a wholly separate region of experience and responsibility. So much so, sometimes, that, as with certain manuals of mystical devotion, the heart which has not abandoned itself to that subtlest of all delusions, a false and empty spirituality, is driven back in a sort of fright and despair at the picture presented to it. The truth of *life*, admitting

of such numberless compromises—marked by such beautiful compensations—is sacrificed to the rigors of theory. Common sense—that vivifying essence in all duty—is made to yield to abstractions. We believe profoundly that such treatises, much as they are sometimes talked about, have exercised but little actual influence in moulding the pastoral mind in successive generations. Eminently adapted to keep an ideal of the pastorate before those who, through the life already in them, are seeking after such an ideal, they yet present far too few points of contact with the necessities and exigences of daily existence, to serve effectually in the great work of pastoral education.

The value of Vinet's work, on the contrary, just consists in the diffused presence of this element of common sense and reality throughout. At every point he brings the position and duties of the pastor into contact with *life*. No man can be more impatient of abstractions in every sense; none care less for raptures and spiritual excesses of any kind. Ceremonialism has no sacredness for him where it cannot render a speedy account of its reason or usefulness. He carries into all departments of ministerial work the positive spirit, which, as he truly says, "distinguishes our age—which brings back to their proper sense all the metaphors of life—which demands from every sign an account of its value, from every form an account of its reason—which wishes every word to be a fact, every discourse an action—which banishes from style, as from society, all arbitrary or unintelligible ceremonial, and which wishes that eloquence, in particular, should render an account of its processes, no longer to I know not what art, to I know not what properties, but to *life*." The reader is accordingly presented in Vinet's volumes with no mere ideal—the vague responsibilities of which, as suggesting their own impracticability, he can easily shift for himself; but he is presented with a real and living picture, whose truthfulness in its very plainness and simplicity often startles him, calling forth from the slumbering depths of the conscience an answering emotion not easily put to sleep either under the impulses of a fantastic spirituality or a hardening worldliness. Before such a clear portrait, the self-delusions both of the one and the other fall away. It is this union of nature and faith—of the reality of the one and the sanctity of the other—which we feel to constitute the peculiar excellence and usefulness of Vinet's "Pastoral Theology."

Pastoral Theology, according to Vinet, concerns the whole theory and practice of the Christian ministry. The expressions "pastoral duties," and "pastoral prudence," he considers incomplete, as suggesting merely the practical side of the subject, whereas it also claims and deserves our attention on the speculative side. "He who has only regarded the various elements of his profession as they are presented to him in active life, will act neither with liberty, intelligence, nor profundity." The name of Pastoral Theology might thus very well be given to all the collection of topics embraced in the wider name of Practical Theology, for the idea of the pastorate is implied in all these, and governs them all. It is in the light of the Christian ministry, and as bearing on its adequate fulfilment, that they all find their peculiar meaning. At the same time it is desirable, with a view to the more complete treatment of the different branches of the general subject, to apply the designation of Pastoral Theology more immediately to what belongs to Christian *Worship and Discipline*, leaving *Homiletics* and *Catechetics* to be discussed as special subjects. Vinet has not, however, attempted to carry out this distinction with any rigor,—as, indeed, it cannot be done, so thoroughly do the different functions of the ministry mutually suppose and involve one another. The subject of preaching is, therefore, treated by him in the volume on Pastoral Theology, as well as in the larger volume especially devoted to it.

This volume on "Homiletics" appears to us, upon the whole, to be stamped with a higher and more comprehensive ability. The truth is, that Vinet from his previous studies was especially at home on such a subject, in which he finds scope not only for his powers of exposition, but also for his rich faculty of criticism, some exquisite gems of which are scattered up and down its pages.

The subject is divided by Vinet according to the "immemorial and inevitable division" of a course upon the art of oratory; viz., *Invention, Arrangement, Elocution*. Under the first of these heads he has two separate sections, devoted, 1st, to the subject of the *pulpit discourse*; 2d, to the matter of the *pulpit discourse*. "The matter is to the subject what the edifice is to the foundation." "The subject is the proposition; the matter is the development of it; the very substance of the discourse, the pulp of the fruit." The subject, in short, is contained in the text or title of the sermon,—the matter in the sermon itself. Under the second head, he considers

the whole method of the sermon in its general outline,—exordium, transitions, and peroration. Under the third division he treats at large of style and delivery. The field over which he ranges in this volume is thus very copious and interesting, and one just peculiarly fitted for the display of the author's highest gifts,—one in which his fine Christian intelligence and rare literary skill find the freest scope and exercise.

We have exhausted our space, however, and can add only a few words of general appreciation of the great writer from whom we have received so much delight and instruction, and of whose life and labors we feel we have presented so inadequate a portrait. The peculiar distinction of Vinet, it is obvious from that portrait, does not consist so much in any special eminence as a man of letters, or a divine, as in the beautiful combination which he exhibits of the higher qualities which at once adorn literature and give life to theology. A mere man of letters he certainly was not;—a Christian interest being found, we have seen, to underlie his most purely literary productions, and to touch all the springs of his criticism. Still less perhaps was he a mere theologian. There are even some who would be disposed to grudge him this name at all—so entirely destitute was he of the *technique* of theological science. The critico-historical element, which enters so essentially into the constitution of the theological mind, was certainly too much wanting in him, as in one with whom he has been sometimes, although with little propriety, compared—Dr. Chalmers.

But while Vinet may not thus occupy separately the first rank, either as a *littérateur* or a theologian, he was something undoubtedly greater than either. He was a Christian thinker, who had the rare skill to clothe his thoughts in precise and beautiful language. He was eminently one of those nobler spirits whom God ever and anon raises up to stir by their living utterances the hearts of many—to bring into powerful relief that perfect harmony of the divine and human which has been given eternally in the gospel—to speak, in short, "the language of the gospel to the world, and the language of the world to the Church." His comprehensiveness as a thinker we reckon his highest intellectual characteristic. He seizes with direct grasp the central principle of every subject of speculation and discussion—the unity in which it inheres, and from which its whole meaning goes forth. What a refreshing strength and buoyant interest does this give to his writings,

after, it may be, wading through volumes of disjointed, however important, learning: His fertility and variety—the rich profusion of intellectual treasure which he expends so freely and sometimes so brilliantly—is probably his next most prominent endowment. We feel that while we have attempted to exhibit this diversity to some extent, we have only partially succeeded. There is one interesting department of literary effort—that of sacred song—in which he occupied; it may be truly said, a distinguished place, to which we have not even alluded.* It were diffi-

* These sacred pieces of Vinet are mainly found in a collection entitled *Chants Chrétiens*. The first edition of this collection appeared in 1834, and contained seven pieces from his pen. Others were added in successive editions, although he is believed to have written many more than he ever published. These pieces are precious as containing the most intimate expression of the writer's secret feelings. "It was his only way," said one very near to him, "of communicating to me what passed in the depths of his soul." Generally, according to M. Scherer, they fail in preserving the character of the *hymn*. The reflective habit of the philosopher overmasters the inspired mood of the poet. Some of them, however, are very beautiful and touching, and especially one on the death of his daughter in 1838. "If we compare it," says M. Scherer, "with the elegy which a similarly mournful event drew from the pen of Lamartine, we cannot fail to be struck by the real superiority which a living faith

cult, certainly, to point out any one—save his own countryman, Pascal, we know of no one—who possessed in a higher measure that manifold gift which can touch with mastery the lighter felicities of literature, and at the same time sound with freedom the utmost depths of Christian thought.

A genuine simplicity gave their enduring charm to all his qualities. The most polished intelligence, combined with the most perfect moral purity, is the picture which we meet in every page of his writings. A uniform elevation of sentiment—a frank sensibility, which rejoiced in, while it did not invite sympathy—a profound humility—a fearless candor—is the picture which, associated with the name of Vinet, lives in the hearts of all who rejoiced in his friendship. And in bidding farewell to him, we feel that while there are no doubt greater names which the "Church of the Future" will delight to honor, there are yet few, if any, which will suggest a finer union of Christian graces and gifts—a character at once more noble and beautiful.

has given to the Christian poet in the expression of his grief, and the revelation of its true meaning and end." This piece is found in a separate collection, by Mme. Olivier, entitled *Poésie Chrétienne*, Lausanne, 1839.

From the Biographical Magazine.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

No one that has arisen in England for a long period of time can be justly compared with WILLIAM COBBETT for strength of character, independent powers of thinking, and for a naturally lucid and forcible method of giving utterance to his opinions. For a period of more than thirty years, the compositions of no English writer exercised a wider influence on the public mind; nor did any ever sink so rapidly out of sight, almost immediately after his death, as those of the author of the *Political Register*. The cause in this instance did not uphold the man; for though he had the credit of being one of the foremost of the Radical school, there was so much of the idiosyncratic in the Radicalism

of Cobbett that it never harmonized with the popular sentiment; but choosing a sphere of its own, which was rather anti-oligarchic than that of Radical reform, his system, if it could be called such, was kept before the public only by his own genius, and when that was withdrawn, the whole fell to the ground.

Cobbett's account of his origin is the following: "With respect to my ancestors I shall go no farther back than my grandfather, who was a day-laborer, and I have heard my father say that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death—upwards of forty years. He died before I was born, but I have often slept beneath the same roof that sheltered

him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows: a damson tree shaded one and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighboring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease. Every one will believe that my grandfather was no philosopher. He never made a lighting-rod, nor bottled-up a single quart of sunshine in his life. He was no almanac-maker, nor quack, nor chimney doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's devil; neither was he a deist, and all his children were born in wedlock; he never cheated the poor during his life, nor mocked 'em at his death. My father, when I was born, was a farmer. When a little boy, he drove plough for twopence a-day. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach he had learned, and had besides improved himself in several branches of the mathematics. He was honest, industrious, and frugal: it was not therefore wonderful that he should be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, liked, beloved, and respected."

He said in an American autobiography from which we quote, "I was born on the 9th of March, 1766. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my own living, and my first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip seed, and the rooks from the peas. When I first trudged a-field with my wooden bottle, and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles, and at the close of the day to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing peas followed, and hence I arrived at the honor of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team and holding plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride, and happy days!

"Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, as it bears the name

of my country. As to politics, we were like the rest of the country people in England, for we neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the murmurs of a defeat, would now and then break in upon our tranquillity; but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house, and, most certainly, the privation did not render us less industrious, happy, or free. After, however, war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided concerning that war, and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partisan of the Americans, and continued so staunch an one, that he would not have suffered his best friend to drink success to the King's arms at his table. I cannot give the reader a better idea of his obstinacy in this respect, than by relating the following anecdote:—

"My father used to take one of us with him every year to the hop-fair at Wey Hill. The fair was held at old Michaelmas-tide. It happened to be my turn to go there the very year that Long Island was taken by the British. A great company of hop-merchants and farmers were just sitting down to supper as the post arrived, bringing in the extraordinary gazette which announced the victory. A hop-factor from London took the paper, placed his chair upon the table, and began to read with an audible voice. A dispute ensued, and my father retired, taking me by the hand, to another apartment, where we supped with about a dozen of the same sentiments. Here Washington's health, and success to the Americans, were repeatedly toasted, and this was the first time that I ever heard that General's name mentioned. Little did I dream, then, that I should ever see the man, and, still less, that I should hear some of his own countrymen reviling and execrating him.

"Towards the autumn of 1782, I went to visit a relation who lived in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. From the top of Portsmouth I beheld, for the first time, the sea, and no sooner than I wished to be a sailor. It was not the sea alone that I saw; the grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. What I now beheld so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had long been the theme of our

praise and the burden of our songs, and the sight of our fleet brought all these into my mind. My heart was inflated with national pride; the sailors were my countrymen, the fleet belonged to my country, and surely I had my part in it, and in all its honors; yet these honors I had not earned, and I resolved to have a just claim, by sharing in the hardships and dangers.

Though I had walked thirty miles during the day, I slept not a moment at my uncle's. It was no sooner daylight, than I arose and walked down towards the old castle on the beach of Spithead. For sixpence given to an invalid I got permission to go upon the battlements; here I had a closer view of the fleet, and, at every look, my impatience to be on board increased. In short, I went from the castle to Portsmouth, got into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board the Pegasus man-of-war. The captain had more compassion on me than is general, and represented to me the toils I must undergo, and the punishment the least disobedience or neglect would subject me to. He persuaded me to return home, and told me it was better to be led to church in a halter, to be tied to a girl that I did not like, than to be tied to the gangway, or, as the sailors call it, married to Miss Roper. I in vain attempted to convince Captain Berkeley that choice alone had led me to the sea. He sent me on shore, and I at last quitted Portsmouth; but not before I had applied to the Port Admiral Evans to get my name enrolled among those destined for the service. I was obliged to acquaint the Admiral with what had passed on board the Pegasus, in consequence of which I was refused; and happily escaped, sorely against my will, the most toilsome and perilous profession in the world.

"I returned once more to the plough, but was spoiled for a farmer. Before my Portsmouth adventure, I had no other ambition than that of surpassing my brothers in the different labors of the field; but now I sighed for a sight of the world; the little island of Britain seemed too small a compass for me. The things in which I had taken the most delight were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid, and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly fled from my work, was heard with indifference. But on the 6th of May, 1783, I was dressed in my holiday suit to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford Fair. They were to assemble at a house about three miles from my home, where I was to attend them: but, unfortunately for me, I

had to cross the London turnpike-road. The stage had just turned the summit of the hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind till that very moment, yet the step was completely determined on before the coach came to the spot where I stood: up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the evening.

"It was by mere accident that I had money enough to defray the expenses of the day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crown and half-crown pieces, besides a few shillings and half-pence. This, my little all, which I had been years in amassing, melted away like snow before the sun: and when I had arrived at Ludgate-hill, and had paid my fare, I had about 2s. 6d. in my pocket. A gentleman who was one of the passengers was a hop-merchant in Southwark, and had often dealt with my father at Wey Hill: he knew my danger: he himself was a father, and felt for my parents: he wrote to my father, and endeavored to prevail on me to obey his orders and return home. I am ashamed to say that I was disobedient, and I have repented of it from that moment to this. Willingly would I have returned, but pride would not suffer me to do it. I feared the scoffs of my acquaintances more than the real evils that threatened me. My generous preserver, finding my reluctance, began to look out for employment for me, and related my adventure to an attorney, an acquaintance of his, whose name was Holland, and who, happening to want an understrapping quill-driver, took me into his service, and the next day saw me perched upon a great high stool in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavoring to decipher the crabbed draughts of my employer. I could write a good plain hand, but I could not read the pothooks and hangers of Mr. Holland, who was a month in learning me to copy. Time, however, rendered me useful, and Mr. H. was pleased to tell me that he was well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning until eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assisted to foment and perpetuate between those two poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves, and pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our sovereign lord the King,

seated in his court at Westminster! When I think of the *soids* and *soforth*s, and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over, of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber: stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room, but save me from the desk of an attorney! Mr. Holland always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the laundress. It would be wronging the witch of Endor to compare her with this hag, the only creature who deigned to enter into conversation with me. Except the name, I was in prison, and this weird sister was my keeper. I never quitted this gloomy recess except on Sundays, when I took a walk to St. James's Park, to feast my eyes with the trees, the grass, and the water.

"In one of these walks, I happened to fix my eyes on an advertisement inviting all loyal young men who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous where they might enter his Majesty's marine service. I was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of this military bombast, but a change was what I wanted; besides, I knew the marines went to sea, and my desire for that element had increased by my being penned up in London. To avoid all possibility of being discovered, I went down to Chatham and enlisted into the marines, as I thought; but the next morning I found myself before a captain of a marching regiment. When I told the captain (an Irishman) that I thought myself engaged in the marines, 'By St. Patrick, my lad,' said he, 'and you have had a narrow escape;' and assured me that the regiment in which I had enlisted was at that moment serving in that fine, flourishing, and plentiful country, Nova Scotia. As peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send off the recruits. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I learnt my exercise, and took my turn in the duty of the garrison. My leisure time, a considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, was spent, not in the dissipation common to such a life, but in reading and study. I subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greatest part of whose books I read more than once over: novels, plays, history, and poetry, were all read, and nearly with equal avidity.

"One branch of learning, however, I

learned thoroughly, and that the most essential—the grammar of my mother-tongue. I had experienced the want of grammar during my stay with Mr. Holland; but I should never have encountered the study of it, had it not been that accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand made me copyist to General Debeig, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old Colonel being stripped of the reward of his long and meritorious servitude. Being totally ignorant of grammar, I necessarily made many mistakes: the Colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended study, and enforced his advice with a sort of injunction and a promise of reward in case of success. I procured a Lowth's Grammar, and applied myself to the study of it, not without some profit; for, though it was a long time before I fully comprehended what I read, I read and studied with such attention that at last I could write without falling into any very gross errors. I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning, every evening; and when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I have since found it capable; and to the success with which it was attended, the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master."

Cobbett observes, "There is no situation where merit is so sure to meet with reward, as in a well-disciplined army; as those who command are obliged to reward it for their own ease and credit. I was soon raised to the rank of corporal, which brought me in a clear twopence additional per diem. As promotion began to dawn, I became impatient to reach my regiment, and the happy day of departure at last came. We set sail from Gravesend, and after a short and pleasant voyage, arrived at Halifax, in Nova Scotia. When I beheld the barren rocks at the entrance of the harbor, I began to fear that the master of the vessel had mistaken his way. Nova Scotia had no other charm for me than its novelty. Every thing I saw was new—bogs, rocks, swamps, mosquitoes, and bullfrogs: thousands of captains and colonels without soldiers, and of squires without stockings and shoes. In England, I never thought of approaching a squire without a most re-

spectful bow, but in this new world, though I was but a corporal, I often ordered a squire to bring me a glass of grog, and even to take care of my knapsack. After a short residence at St. John's, New Brunswick, the regiment was ordered home in September, 1791, where it arrived on the 3d November, and on the 19th of the next month I obtained my discharge, after having served not quite eight years, and passed through every rank from that of private to that of sergeant-major, without being disgraced, confined, or even reprimanded! What the nature of my discharge was, will appear from the following testimonials:

"By the Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commanding the 54th regiment, of which Lieutenant-General Frederick is colonel:

"These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, William Cobbett, sergeant-major in the aforesaid regiment, has served honestly and faithfully for the space of eight years, nearly seven of which he has been a non-commissioned officer, and of that time he has been five years sergeant-major to the regiment; but having very earnestly applied for his discharge, he, in consideration of his good behavior, and the services he has rendered the regiment, is hereby discharged. Given under my hand, and the seal of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this 29th day of December, 1791. EDWARD FITZGERALD."

"The orders issued in the garrison of Portsmouth, on the day of my discharge, were:

"Portsmouth, 19th Dec., 1791.

"Sergeant-major Cobbett having most pressingly applied for his discharge, at Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald's request, General Frederick has granted it. General Frederick has ordered Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald to return the sergeant-major thanks for his behavior and conduct during the time of his being in the regiment, and Major Lord Edward adds his most hearty thanks to those of the General."

Cobbett generally spoke well of his military life, but why he should have done so is the more extraordinary, as it appears that in his time the soldiers were very inadequately fed. He adds, "to buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own, and I had to read and to write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of at least half-a-score of the most thoughtless of men. Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give now and then for ink, pen, or paper. That far-

thing was also a great sum to me! I was as tall as I am now, I had great health and great exercise; the whole of the money not expended for us at market was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion, I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had on a Friday made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red-herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, *so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life*, I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!"

His courtship and marriage he describes in the following words: "When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John's, New Brunswick. I sat in the room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her marks of that sobriety of conduct which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and the snow several feet on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit when I had done my morning's writing to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk, and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of her hearing. From the day I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her being the wife of any other man, and I formed my resolution to marry her as soon as we could gain permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. At the end of about six months, our regiment was ordered to Frederickton, a hundred miles up the river of St. John, and the artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I had saved 150 guineas, the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the

paymaster, the quartermaster, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed; and wrote to her to say, that if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work till I arrived in England. At the end of four years, however, I came home, landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army. I found my little girl a servant of all work at five pounds a year in the house of a Capt. Brisac, and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my £150, unbroken. I began my young marriage-days in and near Philadelphia. At one of those times, in the middle of the hot month of July, I was greatly afraid of fatal consequences to my wife for want of sleep. My wife said to me, 'I could go to sleep now, if it were not for the dogs.' Down stairs I went, and out I sallied in my shirt and trousers, and without shoes and stockings, keeping 'em by stones two or three hundred yards from the house. I walked thus the whole night barefooted, lest the noise of my shoes might reach her ears; and I remember that the bricks on the causeway were disagreeably hot to my feet. My exertions produced the desired effect, a sleep of several hours was the consequence, and at eight o'clock in the morning I went to a day's business which was to end at six o'clock in the evening. I used to get up, light her fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in cold weather, take the child while she dressed herself and got the breakfast ready. My wife at one time was much afraid of thunder and lightning, and wanted company; I knew well that my presence would not diminish the danger, but I used to quit my business when I perceived a thunder-storm approaching." There can be no doubt of the extraordinary tenderness of Cobbett for his wife, and it is as much to his credit as it was to hers.

In 1796, William Cobbett settled in Philadelphia, as a bookseller, to which he shortly after added the publication of the *Political Censor*, which had but a short existence, but was followed by a daily paper, which the author called *Porcupine's Gazette*; which, owing to its terrific powers of satire and its vehement and acrimonious personality, won great popularity from the less considerate class of readers. The author soon, however, precipitated himself into difficulties, by publishing, in the pages of the *Porcupine*, a libel

on the King of Spain, which was resented by his ambassador, Don Martinez de Yrujo, who commenced an action against Cobbett in the Court of Philadelphia. And in the following year our author was again accused of libelling Justice Dallas, Jefferson, and others, along with Dr. Rush, on which occasion he was fined 5,000 dollars, which was paid at once by some English gentlemen then resident in the United States, and Cobbett himself removed to the State of New York. But America was too small a community at that period for the political genius of our author, who, having published his valedictory American publication, "The Rushlight," embarked for England June 1, 1800. In England, Cobbett began his public course as an apologist for the policy of Pitt; but having been inalienably offended by that aristocratic gentleman, he seems to have commenced rather on an independent footing, and soon fell into his old American propensities of publishing libels. In 1801, the *Porcupine* pamphlets were all collected and republished in twelve volumes octavo, since which period we are not aware that any demand has been made for a new edition. Up to the year 1803, Cobbett, so far as his opinions harmonized with either of the two political parties of England, was considered to be a Tory; but in that year a change came over his opinions, and, as well as writing in opposition to the leaders of the Cabinet, he henceforth made no difference between Pitt and the Tory party. It is impossible at the present time to appreciate the power of Cobbett's pen as a satirist and a political executioner of any character against which he fully arrayed himself. Whether he got the knowledge of human nature by study or by intuition, he could undertake any subject, and cauterize wounds of every class; he was indeed a horrid master at laying open the nerves of the heart to vulgar inspection, and of handling them in such a manner as to produce the most intense suffering. Nor was it the Lord Plunketts or the Attorney-Generals only of that period that winced and roared aloud under the mortification of Cobbett's pen; the whole body of the Government could not drink its claret nor enjoy its venison till it had imprisoned Cobbett for an offence that among the insipid and conventional passed for an unpatriotic action. They did this for his manly and noble sentiments when that Government flogged some of the local militia in the isle of Ely, under the guardianship of Hanoverian soldiers then stationed in England. This was in 1809; and Cobbett says: "The Attorney.

General Gibbs was set upon me; he harassed me for nearly a year, then brought me to trial, and I was, by Ellenborough, Grose, Le Blanc, and Bailey, sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, to pay a fine to the King of 1,000*l.*, and to be held in heavy bail for seven years after the imprisonment." During that captivity, Cobbett had to pay the monstrous charge of twelve guineas a week for permission to live in a room apart from the felons for the whole of the two years; that is, more than 1,250*l.* for the 104 weeks of the whole term. It is no wonder that the wrath of Cobbett against the Government was implacable, and that the most moderate-minded Englishmen have designated this period of despotic rule as the blackest time that England had ever known since the Revolution of 1688. The fine to the King was paid by Cobbett's friends, as was the case with the 500*l.* which he was fined in 1804 for publishing some libellous matter on the Irish Government. When Cobbett was liberated from jail, he was invited to a dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where, surrounded by his friends, Sir F. Burdett, Major Cartwright, and Alderman Wood, with a great number of others, he was congratulated on his services to the country; and he was drawn home by men in his carriage to Botley.

About this time, Cobbett reduced his *Political Register* to twopence a number, which caused the circulation of it to increase to about 100,000 numbers a week. This publication was vigorously continued till, fearful of the consequences on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act by Government, in 1817, he was induced to go to America. He however, when there, continued still his inveterate and withering fire in the *Register*; and, in 1819, when the suspension ceased, again returned to England, had a triumphant reception in Clayton Square, Liverpool, and, cautioned by 6,000 of the borough-reeves and constables of Manchester against making a public entrance into that town, he finally arrived at London. Cobbett had, in 1805, attempted to get elected a member of Parliament, but was unsuccessful; in 1820, he made another effort to stand for Coventry, and in 1826, for Preston, but failed in both instances through the borough influence, which at that period, either by the Whigs or the Tories, was irresistible. In 1829, Cobbett made a lecturing tour through England, which greatly increased his influence, and enlarged indefinitely the sale of his works; and, in 1831, he was indicted for an alleged attempt to excite disaffection among the agri-

cultural laborers; but owing to the effect of his own defence, the jury could not, or would not, agree to a verdict, which quashed the trial. In the following year, Cobbett was elected M. P. for Oldham, which he continued to represent till the close of his life. His appearance in Parliament excited the greatest expectation of his friends, but in this they were disappointed. Like many other strong and vehement, but ill-disciplined minds, Cobbett, when brought into collision with the first men in the kingdom, as acute as himself, more skilful in debate, more professionally ready at reply and repartee, able to talk as long as he could write, found himself at a disadvantage; and the topics in Parliament seldom suiting his vein, he made little or no impression in the House. It is true that he had many friends there, but the vast majority were his sworn enemies; some on account of his views on the currency, others owing to his aversion to the Government, many for his strong leaning to the working-men of England, and, perhaps, the largest number, from the fact that he had once himself been a thresher and a private soldier, and that all his prosperity arose from what they considered to be his ribald pen. With such a confederated host of opponents arrayed against him—a man neither of mild language nor of a forgiving spirit, who had repulsed many of his friends by his extravagances of opinion, his defects of temper, or his ridicule of the rapidly-expanding mind of the age—it was no wonder that Cobbett failed to exert much influence in Parliament.

When we turn to his written compositions, spread over a period of more than forty years, and continued, without a week's abatement for loss of health, for occasional distaste, or through absence from home, we become better able to form a judgment of William Cobbett than from an occasional speech, and that frequently on the wrong side, in the House of Commons. His *Register*, that has now shared the fate of many other periodical writings, and that is by far the most voluminous of all our author's compositions, would furnish the student of modern English history with a political concatenation of the leading events, and, in addition, would also supply him with some of the most lucid and energetic articles that have issued from the press. This magazine may be justly cited as one of the most important agents in the education of the working-men of England; it nourished their fondness for reading and for gardening, as well as for extreme political dogmas, and for a brilliantly terse, but abu-

sive and personal style. Lost, however, though the *Register* as a whole may be to the modern library, its occasional reading will amply repay the trouble of perusal, and will furnish, where the author's opinions have not misled him, a better account of the history of the time than the newspapers of the same period. His grammars, English, French, and Italian, though one of them bears the name of his son, have long been well known, rather than popular. His "Emigrant's Guide," his "Cottage Economy," his "Poor Man's Friend," his "Village Sermons," and his "Rural Rides," have all been the fireside companions of most of the cottagers in England; they are remarkably alike in style, shrewd, sarcastic, nervous, tautologous, but lucid to a fault, and always energetic and thoroughly English. His "Parliamentary History" is a work of a higher order, but having in it less originality, though equally terse in style. The "History of the Reformation," like several of the author's "Legacies," was the production of his prejudices, and his strongly splenetic passion against the clergy, who early indicated their passionate aversion to the writings of Cobbett. His object in the "Reformation" was purely paradoxical, viz., to prove that Popery was more uniformly the friend of the poor than Protestantism, and that the wars of the Roses and the Reformation had greatly reduced the population of England, which Cobbett seriously maintained was as great in 1650 as in 1825! There is probably the most intellectual power that this writer ever displayed in some of the pamphlets under the name of "Peter Porcupine;" but as they were written before the author's change of political opinions, they will be found to be more racy and saucily loyal than any of his later works; nor must it be forgotten that his letters to Lord Hawkesbury, on the Peace of Amiens, were generally admired by all parties, and were even said by the Swiss Müller to have been the most eloquent things that had ever appeared since the days of Demosthenes! But though those letters were written in behalf of England, the mob broke his windows because he would not illuminate them to celebrate that same peace of Amiens.

We shall not stay to describe the nonsense that Cobbett wrote about his corn, the various productions of his garden and of his farm, his incomparable wife, and his wonderfully precocious children; his ridiculous predictions about his gridiron, and the system of paper money; and the countless quires of abuse and rhodomontade that he published

against the manufacturers of Old England. We have greater pleasure in remembering our author as one of the most energetic and powerful writers of that political school which for the last thirty years of his life rather tended to the right way than actually entered within it. He was the recognized satirist of the Ellenboroughs and the Liverpools of his age, with all their unctuous and energetic followers, whose state papers were analyzed, and made lucid and ridiculous for the country bumpkins. He tortured their grand speeches on his grammatical machines, and tried their bombastic state maxims by his coarse but strong logic. If the Prince Regent spoke, he took his oratory to pieces, and showed its weakness and its shams; poked him severely about the disgraceful state of his domestic history, and often threw into his merriment the mortifying aroma of the fine of £1,000 which he had paid for writing in behalf of the English militia that were brutally flogged in the isle of Ely. Judges often found their solemn sentences to the grand juries turned in Cobbett's various works into footballs, to be kicked about the fields of England; and bishops and clergymen, towards whom, as a class, Cobbett had the utmost aversion, were frequently set in mortifying contrast with the doctrines of the New Testament, or even with the Liturgy of the Common Prayer. Our author professed to detest the whole body of political pensioners, and there can be no doubt that it was chiefly attributable to his pen that the Ministry were shamed into a more sparing use of this power of the Government; family cliques were hunted out of the blue-books, their pretentious services were exposed, and their superfluous wealth was often traced up to its ill-gotten sources. In short, there were no varieties of Englishmen that did not at some time figure in the *Twopenny Trash*, or in the *Political Register*; and the aptitude of Cobbett in giving such nicknames to the men he hated, as Bott Smith and Sir Joseph Surface to Sir Robert Peel, gave a dreaded pungency to these inflections, which no doubt repressed the malicious tendencies of many of the politicians. But there is great reason to doubt whether Cobbett, though considered a reformer, loved such reform as other men saw practicable; for he seemed always to work apart from the rest of the Progressionists, and dreamed rather of raising a race of independent cottagers than of moulding the nation of England into a free and an independent people. Cobbett was the advocate of cheap government, of low taxa-

tion, of general reform, and of the growth of public opinion, in a time when all these things, which it is now fashionable to advocate, were considered proofs of a disloyal and a traitorous heart. We can see the hand of Providence in raising up this private soldier to be the great counteractor of the Pitts, the Ponsonbys, the Liverpools, the Sidmouths, and the Cannings of his age; and when the history of the earlier part of the present century comes to be written, William Cobbett must be mentioned as one of the most powerful assailants of those who, after having run this country into a deeper debt and a higher rate of taxation than had ever been known, may be said to have filled up their cup of iniquity by the dreadful panics that from 1824-6 all but ruined England, and which were ushered in by the massacre of Peterloo.

We must, however, hasten to describe the death of Cobbett, which took place on the 18th of June, 1835, at Normandy Farm, in Surrey, from an inflammation of the throat, to which he had been many years liable, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He retained his vigorous powers of thought till within a few minutes of his dissolution; but often as he had used the name of religion in his works, we find no practical mention of it in his last hours; and whatever may have been his private thoughts on the subject, his writings fail to declare, beyond the fact that he hated dissent and belonged to the Church of England. Immediately upon his death becoming known in London, there appeared in the various papers such biographic notices of the event as suited the political purposes of the writers. Some to which he had ever been averse could then afford to praise their fallen competitor; and the *Times* and the *Standard*, that had so often bristled with batteries against the Cobbett school, could at once confess that he was "by far the first political writer of his age; and from his writings may be collected samples of the highest eloquence to be found in our language." He must indeed have been more than an ordinary mortal, of whom Mr. Wyndham openly said in Parliament, "that he de-

served a statue of gold for his writings." Cobbett's triumph over the difficulties of his early life was the more remarkable, as he possessed few or none of the resources of polite literature or of imagination. He never quoted poetry except to strike some political truth nearer home, or to fix on some fashionable buffoon the laughter of the age. He would review books occasionally, but they must have been in some way tributary to his own designs; but of the fine arts or the modern writers of romance, Cobbett seems to have taken no notice, if indeed he cultivated their acquaintance at all. No man was more tenacious and difficult to manage in a quarrel than Cobbett; as may be remembered in the instances of Lockhart, of the *Quarterly Review*, and of the bitter one with Sir F. Burdett in 1817. His quarrels often ended like those of many ill-bred men, who are inoblivious of an offence, and who never seem to be enjoying so much as when they have an opportunity of remembering the occasion, to the disparagement of an enemy or to the aggravation of his friends. Cobbett had either the blindness or the perversity of confounding a man's personal character with the cause to which he was attached, as where he quarrelled with the supercilious and shallow; but with the brave and the eloquent Pitt, he forsook his cause; and every one knows that whatever the Prince Regent loved was certain to share Cobbett's detestation. His powers of analysis were great; and the disentanglement of one subject, overlaid by many others, he would admirably achieve by the force of his logic, writing upon it week after week without wearying his readers; but when his mind turned itself to the delineation of character, he committed the error of all early artists, and acted as if ignorant of the world of intermediate men, and the half-hues and half-shadows that make up the brightest characters the world has ever seen. In simple ratiocinative intellect, keen, strong, and steady, Cobbett was without an English parallel; but in the moral qualities of the heart and the religious life, he stood sadly below the average of great writers.

R. S. B.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

THE Americans are a queer people, to be sure! In some respects so like children, they are in others wise and reasonable as Socrates himself. With all their bragging, they have yet never bragged half enough, nor of the right things. We have seen urchins, drest by their mammas in the best of every thing, yet priding themselves immensely on a parcel of mean shining tatters, ferreted out of some old trunk in the garret, and hung about them to help to sustain an imaginary character; and even so may we observe inconsistent and vain Jonathans, undervaluing their grand and substantial advantages, aim at and sigh for things utterly worthless, out of their own time and place, all the while fancying themselves much dignified by these ill-fitting shreds of a grandam's finery. Yet, in some directions, how philosophical they are! dealing with ideas as if they were solid, tangible realities; scorning all the aids and appliances of outward seeming; able to bow down in obeisance to a principle, as if it were clothed in all the symbolism of crown, orb, and ermine. Then again, talk to them of the horrors and abominations of negro-slavery, and the impiety of daring to own men and women, and they laugh at you for an abstractionist, and point triumphantly at their slaves, as far better fed, and better drest, and more self-respecting than your colliery and factory laborers, bound to the soil by a necessity more inexorable than chains,—the necessity to eat. If they cannot always stop to give a reason, they are at least always ready with an answer to every objection that can be brought against their present *status*; an answer which is sure to derive a certain amount of silencing force from the evident prosperity, happiness, and improvement of their new-born country. Scornfully disregarding the multitude of petty restraints which go to make up fine manners, they are yet excessively sensitive to comments, foreign and domestic, on their behavior in society. Cast in their teeth (not inappropriately) the national vice which defiles marble floors and Persian carpets without scruple, and they will, as likely as not, deny the fact; convicted

in the act, they will justify it. At once the rudest and the most humane among civilized nations, who shall do them justice? But that is not our business just now.

The increasing tendency of the Americans to prefer unmarked men for their Chief Magistrates is very significant, on many accounts; but our present purpose does not include the discussion of general principles. The election of Franklin Pierce, after Millard Fillmore and James K. Polk, is an indication of the fact; and those of Jackson, Harrison, and Taylor, are no contradictions of it, since they were a mere temporary ebullition of the war spirit, consequent upon the successes of the Florida, Frontier, and Mexican wars. The universal question asked by the sovereign people, on occasion of the nomination of each of the three civilians we have named, was, "Who is he?" Yet they were no whit the less ready to throw up their caps, and give their most sweet voices for them, the instant they were lifted by a few potent hands to the position of candidate. Mr. Fillmore—sometimes facetiously called "His Accident," because he came to the presidential throne most unexpectedly by the death of poor General Taylor, hunted to the grave by implacable office-seekers—proved a popular ruler, being by nature, and in all sincerity and good intention, a compromiser, and therefore incapable of giving countenance to any public measure that should raise disputes and set politicians together by the ears. He is a man of majestic figure and bland countenance, with manners elaborately courteous, though not without self-respect. He professes himself much relieved by the permission to lay down his office, though even his friends admit that he could have been persuaded to retain it for another term, if his country had demanded further services. Perhaps the two are not incompatible, after all. Certainly, nothing could excel the smiling grace with which he occupied the second place at his successor's inauguration.

Franklin Pierce has not so much to thank nature for in the way of personal advantages, nor yet so smooth and beaming a counte-

nance, with which to soften refusals and pacify the disappointed. He has the typical Yankee face: sharp, keen, anxious, able, but neither dignified nor prepossessing. Slender and wiry in form, his gestures are automatic, and his voice unmusical, though sonorous. The deeply afflictive loss of his only child by a railroad accident, shortly before his accession, gives naturally an additional shade of earnestness to a countenance never joyous; and the look of sadness which he now habitually wears, adds much to the interest with which he is regarded by the people.

"One touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin."

He has been somewhat in public life, but with no particular *éclat*: and though he figured somewhat in the Mexican war, it was not very favorably. But his brother officers brought home a warm estimate of his personal character, as being unselfish and considerate of others to a remarkable degree. How he can manage these qualities, or preserve this reputation, in his new position, where he must disoblige a hundred every time he gratifies one, remains to be seen. Borne in on a triumphant vote, he is yet almost as much of an accident as his predecessor, having no more hold on the imagination, the affections, or the pride of the country. One must have been very thoroughly acquainted with the American democracy to have foreseen that Webster and Scott would stand no chance with this *pis-aller* of a party crisis.

The President of the United States does not share the hard fate of other sovereigns, doomed to forego the pleasure of strictly personal friendship and esteem. His honors being necessarily short-lived, no man hates him for them; and the knowledge that he is soon to return to private life, guards him against yielding himself up too much to the haughtiness of power. The President is, in truth, the most oppressed public servant in the nation, and perhaps haughtiness is the fault he is least likely to fall into, if one may judge by the aspect of things at the White House. The sovereign people, in their individual as well as collective capacity, feel that house to be theirs, to enter at all hours, and to be attended to under all circumstances. The President and his family may indeed *lock the doors* of the room they happen to be occupying at the moment, but every door not thus guarded will be liable to be entered, at any hour of the day, by booted visitors from Arkansas or Iowa. The entrance-hall of the presidential mansion looks, in all respects,

like the vestibule of a second-rate hotel, all its appointments being calculated for the rough company it is generally used by; and the reception-rooms on the lower floor, being thus made common to the entire public, lack the air of neatness which graces state apartments elsewhere. Not an usher attends to see that the privilege of entrance is not abused. You go in and wander about at your leisure, among gilding, mirrors, and satin damask, and no one asks you for credentials, or hints that you had better not put your feet on the sofas. Is there any other country in the world where this state of things could exist? It seems coarse and careless, certainly; but there must be a considerable degree of refinement somewhere, to make it possible.

The East Room, used for *levées*, has been much spoken of by Western members, who are shocked by its splendor, which, as they aver, helps unwarrantably to deplete the treasury of the nation. This room is eighty feet long by forty-five in width, and its extravagant decorations consist of an ordinary Brussels carpet, window-curtains of crimson damask, half-a-dozen looking-glasses, and a certain number of far from elegant sofas, chairs, and tables. Not a picture, nor a statue, nor a work of art of any description graces the forlorn bareness of the walls; and no American hotel parlor of any pretensions makes half so poor a figure. Now, our Western friend does not know what an important step in his education would be the placing of a few pictures even—let them be by American artists only, if he insists on it—in this gathering-place of the masses.

The city of Washington is redolent all over of its great founder, whose honest pride was deeply gratified by the just compliment paid him by his country, in naming the capital after him, though his modesty prevented him from ever calling it any thing but "The Federal City." It is a place of great interest, curiously characteristic in all respects. Correspondences without number might be traced by a less imaginative observer than Swedenborg. To our thinking, it is more really the ideal heart of its nation than London or Paris, which owe their existence and interest to an immense variety of causes, while Washington has but one. In truth, "The Federal City" is as near an abstraction as may be, spite of a few marble piles which represent, in some sort, the departments of state, and the Gothic Smithsonian Institute, which stands out a transplanted slip of Old England. Even in its laying out, Washington symbolizes, in

an obscure manner, the whole country; for it is built on an English plan—none other than that devised by Sir Christopher Wren for the rebuilding of London after the great fire, rejected then and there, because of its “magnificent distances,” unsuited to an area so valuable, but called up and adopted when Major L’Enfant, the “Capability Brown” of the post-revolutionary era, had scope and leave to use, for the new capital, the best possible idea, with unlimited space to work upon, and boundless (future) means to carry out the details. This fact, unrecorded as yet, as far as we know, was observed by Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, not many years since, in the London Art-Union, where Sir Christopher’s diagrams are preserved.

Whoever will stand on Capitol Hill, or, still better, on the balcony of the Capitol itself, and let his eye wander over the grand scene visible from there, will, we think, be inclined to add another “circumspice” to the great architect’s epitaph. The avenues of immense width, diverging from that central eminence, carry the imagination to the remotest limits of the great empire, for the observer finds it impossible to refrain from following out, in his thought, the triangulation suggested by the commencing points at his feet. These main avenues, named from the thirteen original States, are crossed by streets, numerically designated in one direction, alphabetically in the opposites, so that when we are seeking “the corner of F and Twelfth street,” or “Four-and-a-half street, B and C,” we walk as among algebraic signs, surrounded by all the dim glory of abstractions. From the Capitol we look down upon the President’s house, though that, too, is upon an eminence; symbols again, though we are far from suspecting General Washington of any thing so fanciful. The distance between the Capitol and the “White House” is about a mile, and the way between is a street one hundred and sixty feet in width, as yet sparsely built, and lacking the grace of architectural effect, but grand and imposing from the sweep of its descent and re-ascend, as well as because of its magnificent terminations, the state offices clustering at the western end, while the Capitol crowns the steep at the other. The whole space between the Capitol and the Potomac, southward of this great avenue,—an area of seven hundred acres,—is to be thrown into a park, including within its bounds the gardens and conservatories belonging to the nation—from which are sent to all parts of the Union the seeds and slips of rare and useful plants;

the Smithsonian edifice, expressly picturesque rather than convenient; and the new monument to the Father of his country; a pile of stone as yet shapeless and huge, such as “lubbard labor” could have contrived as well as executed, but destined in the end to be an edifice worthy at least the wealth of a great country, if not the taste and fitness of a highly civilized one. This park will be laid out in walks and groves, with a carriage drive of eight miles—a prototype, we may hope, for the other public grounds in American cities, thus far miserably unfurnished in this respect. It will be entered, from the Capitol, by a triumphal arch, and is to include an arboretum or scientific classification of trees—an American sylvan—planted as a border round the entire space. Evergreens are to be very abundant in it, the mild climate being particularly favorable to their rapid growth and fine size. All this is in accordance with the plans of the lamented Downing, lost by a terrible steamboat accident last summer. Hardly even the far-famed Place de la Concorde will be more beautiful than this esplanade, with its grand adjuncts. The plan of Washington includes a multitude of open spaces intended as small parks, besides this great one.

The Capitol itself, let what fault will be found with its architecture—as who can’t find fault with architecture unprotected by the shadow of great and established names?—is a splendid object, if only for its size and the dazzling whiteness of its material. And who can look at it without remembering that Washington himself laid its first cornerstone? It is three hundred and fifty feet in length, and covers an area of an acre and a half. Already too small for its purposes, great wings are being added, which, with the colonnades, will more than double its present size, and make it a still more glorious object in the sunlight, as one looks up from the Potomac shore, trees and gardens clustering about its base, and flags floating above its battlements.

Within, there is much to drag down the imagination. First and foremost, the state of the floors, which would disgrace Timbuctoo or a Hottentot Kraal. Then the absence of all form and order of reception, the whole thing being just like a street, and a very dirty one. The Rotunda is a fine circular waiting-room of a hundred feet diameter and of equal height, with a dome overhead and doors on all sides, and between the doors large pictures of scenes from American history. One panel only

waits for a picture now painting in Paris by Powell, who has resided there three years for the purpose. It represents the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, and is said to be the best thing yet painted for the Rotunda. Those of Trumbull will, however, always possess superior interest, as containing authentic portraits of the prominent Revolutionists. It will be long, probably, before the masses here will relish pictures—especially national ones—purely imaginative; they acknowledge as yet no reality but literality. Pocahontas throwing herself in the way of the tomahawk raised to kill Captain Smith, passes pretty well, though not exactly a "view taken upon the spot;" but Franklin working at his printing-press would please better, because there would be a real portrait of Franklin, and another, equally real, of his printing-press; the latter easily verified by a visit to the Patent Office, where stands the identical press, in a glass case, as clumsy and black as an infant demon need be. Yet the pictures of the Rotunda and the general harmony and elegance of the room exercise a silent influence, no doubt; let us at least hope it, since there are so many proofs, on all sides, that refinement is the one thing yet to seek at this gathering of the American notables in their legislative capacity.

From the Rotunda we pass into the Library, a noble apartment on the east front, lined and shelved with iron, from the sad experience of a year or two since, when its precious contents were burnt without a possibility of help. Besides many thousands of volumes intrinsically valuable, including copies of all American copyright books, the manuscripts, maps, and records, of material interest and importance, made the loss irreparable, at least by any power of the Government. There is, however, a private library in Washington, belonging to Peter Force, Esq., which probably is destined ultimately—long hence, we may hope, since its owner is universally esteemed—to become the property of the nation, and which contains an immense mass of books, pictures, maps, manuscripts, medals, busts, coins, and autograph letters, every one of which illustrates, directly or indirectly, the history of the country from its discovery to the present moment. Mr. McGuire, another Washington collector, possesses volumes of autograph letters of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, &c.; so that it is possible that in time the loss sustained by the burning of the Congressional library may be, in part, at least, re-

paired: provided always, that the country ever gets time to attend to any matters not directly bearing on its material prosperity.

The few books that were saved from the conflagration, and such as have been already purchased as the nucleus of a new Congressional library, are collected in a room on the south of the Rotunda, used as a fashionable lounging-place and social exchange by members of both Houses, and strangers visiting Washington from all parts of the Union. It is pleasant to encounter there many people one likes to see for various reasons; but far more interesting to the privileged few to penetrate into a retired apartment beyond, used as a committee-room of the Senate, and as a repository for senatorial reports and documents—where sits, studying and writing for the most unfortunate of human beings, Miss Dix, to whose untiring and self-sacrificing labors the country and the world owe so much. Some fourteen State lunatic asylums on the grandest scale, and under the most intelligent care, are already the result of this lady's benevolent importunity with various Legislatures which had before neglected the wants of the most helpless and abused portion of their population. Even the good works of that proverb of beneficent women, Elizabeth Fry, sink in comparison with the reforms in prisons and asylums of a single woman without fortune, who desires above all things to remain unnoticed and unknown. Grateful communities have again and again desired pictures and statues of her to ornament and dignify the scenes of her labors and her triumphs; but the pain which these propositions occasion her is now so well understood, that even those by whom her worth is most justly felt refrain from any further attempt to do her public honor while she lives. The object which at present occupies her time, and, more than all, her failing strength, is the establishment of a central national asylum, which her unwearied explorations into the necessities of the case have convinced her is imperatively called for, to receive great numbers of unhappy waifs and strays who have no claims on limited State bounty. To this work she has now devoted several winters, spending the entire period of the session at Washington, in such efforts as her large experience has shown effectual elsewhere. But although she has an ascertained and sufficient majority in both Houses to carry her bill, sectional jealousy and party venom always succeed in preventing its passing, by the old expedient of tacking fast to

it certain unpopular and impossible addenda, which at once oblige its best friends to lay it on the table.

The Legislative Halls of the United States are much like others of similar character—very much like the French Chamber of Deputies. The House of Lords stands alone, not only in its gorgeousness of decoration, but in the air of gentlemanly calmness and high-bred self-restraint which pervades its deliberations. Congress looks like an assembly of men of business, keen, rough, anxious, watchful. When unpleasant things are said, a “rowdy” spirit is called up in a moment. This is not to be wondered at, for Western and Southern members are in a great majority, and Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Adams—all the men whose august personal presence and irresistible weight of character used to be felt—are gone. Cass is there—calm, quiet, reserved, gentlemanly; but his abilities and accomplishments are shorn of their beams by a settled conviction of his selfishness, his greedy spirit, and his lack of high political principles. There is Hale, a great, stalwart, keen man, the champion of the Anti-Slavery interest, whom not all the unpopularity of his favorite topic, nor the bitter wit with which he enforces it, can make personally unpopular, though in the Senate he is hated and dreaded, like a gilded bomb with its fuse for ever alight. He has, however, more of the sharp-shooter than of the trained artillery-man in his oratory, and what he says is not felt long after the echoes of his sonorous voice have died on the ear. Chase, of Ohio, also an Anti-Slavery man, and, as such, deemed by certain Southern fire-eaters a blot upon the Senate—is handsome, more delicate, more gentlemanly than his bulky friend, more silvery in speech, yet no less effective. But both are on the wrong side for general interest and recognition. Seward, again, polished, elaborate, powerful, earnest, is the best hated man in the room, and can do little by his presence for the general tone. The Honorable Pierre Soulé, with his swarthy southern skin, deep fierce eyes, and diabolical beauty, is a finished courtier. Every word, every look, is just what he chooses it shall be. The lightning soul underneath is subdued to the uses of a telegraph, which carries no messages to the outward world but by order. This man, with his deliberate enunciation in a French-tinted accent, has, perhaps, more personal power in the Senate than any other, and he uses it in favor of gentlemanliness, always. If he killed a man, as he might naturally

enough be expected to do if one should affront him, it would be without a violent gesture or an unhandsome word. If it be objected that this is not an American character, it will be because the objector has not calculated the distance between Boston and New Orleans.

A large proportion of members of both Houses figure during the session in Washington society, which is free as air to all who come properly accredited. It is only in summer that the Washington ladies, including now in this term the wives of heads of departments, take time to sleep. As long as Congress sits, so long do routs and balls, dinner-parties and supper-parties, crowd one upon the other upon the devoted population of the Federal City. Without the heavy splendor and unpleasing costliness of New York or Philadelphia, these assemblies, from their advantage in the constant presence of distinguished and eminent persons, possess a character of superior refinement. The younger people are like other young people—they live and breathe and dress and eat only to dance; from ten at night to two in the morning the vibration never ceases, and harp and piano, “sackbut and psaltery, and all manner of music” that can be danced after, know no rest. Clouds of *tulle*, showers of roses, incense of flattery and bouquets, make enchanting the gas-light, and intoxicate fair-haired brains, as they did of yore the brains of these belles’ grandmothers.

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old!

But with the elders, conversation is the amusement, and for this Washington affords, of course, unusual advantages; for if there be any talent or cultivation, joined with even moderate fortune, anywhere in the United States, it is sure to find its way to Washington, sooner or later; and, wholly free from the weight of any privileged class, ability finds its level and real merit its due reception. No exception to this remark is found in the presence of the government functionaries; for without a tinge of servility of manner, these “public servants” are obliged to recognize, at all times and places beyond their own especial bureaux during office hours, their equality with their constituents. Of course they are at liberty to defend themselves from the aggressions of ignorance and ill-breeding, but they assume no state, and pretend to no social respect not accorded to other gentlemen. It must be confessed that

the world has never before seen such a spectacle as Washington presents in this particular, but a full exposition of its social aspect would require more space than we can spare.

The Torlonia of Washington, Mr. Corcoran, entertains in a style no whit inferior to that of his noted prototype at Rome, though his palace and its gallery are but miniatures of Italian magnificence. The Greek Slave of Power graces one end of this beautiful room, itself enough to throw the glorious light of Art over the whole dwelling. If wealth could purchase princedoms in America, there are few men who would become the state better than Mr. Corcoran, though he is said to have risen by sheer force of talent from very humble beginnings.

General Scott, who resides permanently at Washington as head-quarters, is a man who loses the social advantages he has fairly earned by military ability, success, and integrity, by the weakness of vanity, or the vanity of weakness. Never had giant so little dignity. No one can converse with him half an hour without wondering that he has ever done any thing. There is a strange mixture of respect and contempt in the public estimate of him; and the late attempt to create the office and rank of Lieutenant-General for him, as a reward for his past services, failed as much by means of the prevalence of the latter feeling, as because of the reluctance of many patriotic persons to any increase of military power or patronage. At the late Inauguration, General Scott was "nowhere," if we may be allowed an Americanism literally correct in this case. Clearly the people of the United States do not intend to give undue encouragement to military ambition.

The change of chief ruler is accomplished here with extraordinary quietness. General Washington is said to have had a taste for pomp and ceremony, quite natural for the times in which he lived. What would he have said of his successor of the fourth of March, 1853, in plain citizen's dress, passing from Willard's Hotel through Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, in an open barouche, bareheaded, under a snow-storm, with lace ruffles and a dress-sword, his hair powdered and a cocked hat carefully poised above it, must have made quite another figure; his majestic height, and a presence which struck every beholder with an involuntary respect, more than supplying the lack of regal para-

phernalia. General Pierce is a man with whom one might ride in an omnibus every day for a year, without once thinking to inquire who he was; not that he is contemptible, but common-place—what the Americans call an *average* man. Beside him in a carriage sat Mr. Fillmore, not uncovered, for he had ceased, when the black ball at the Observatory dropped noon, to be a public servant, and as a private gentleman he took no notice of the demonstrations of the crowd. A few companies of infantry, some showy troops of light horse, and a specimen or two of that wondrous flying artillery that, by way of trial, once flew up the forty marble steps that lead to the Capitol, formed the main portion of the *cortège* besides the government functionaries. Then there was a prodigious following on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, not to speak of those spirited "Fire-companies" that make part of every procession in America, dragging gorgeous engines, and hose-carts like triumphal cars waving with flowers and banners. Amid all this, not a policeman was seen. Everybody did that which seemed best in his own eyes, and yet all was orderly. A company of "Fantasticals" or "Callithumpians"—foolish fellows, ludicrously drest, and marching to mock bands of music—showed themselves somewhere on the track of the procession; but they were soon taken in hand, and sent flying in all directions, not by the authorities, however, but by the "sovereigns" in person. The press about the Capitol was, of course, very great, but not a loud word was spoken. Ladies passed in and out of the throng without difficulty, and in spite of the anxiety to secure positions from which the Inaugural Address could be heard, there was no pushing. An Italian crowd in Holy Week, or a French one at a *fête* in the Champs Elysées, could not be more civil. Strange that men who cannot refrain from social enormities within doors, can be so humane and self-governed, in cases where rudeness is least noticed!

A great platform had been erected on the east front of the Capitol, and this was soon filled with officials, members of both Houses, and ladies. In the midst was a table, the plainest that could be found, one would think; and on this table—a pitcher of water! Think of a coronation! A small open space was left behind the table, and in that soon appeared the new President, with the Chief Justice, who was to administer the oath. This was done in dumb show, of course, as far as the crowds below were concerned, and it is

to be noted that during the ceremony the snow continued to fall on the uncovered heads of the dignitaries, while the spectators were sheltered by hats and umbrellas, no carriages being allowed within the grounds, on account of the crowd. A very few minutes sufficed for the installation of the new ruler, and, without loss of time, while the people were still shouting, he pulled off his overcoat in a very business-like manner, and began his speech. The scene was remarkable. There was the dense crowd of people, deemed by a good part of the world only half-civilized in manners, calm and quiet as Eastern sages, listening with critical ears to a man who the day before was but a country lawyer from a little State of the Union, now endued with the power of a constitutional monarch, which he is peaceably to relinquish at the end of four years. Facing the speaker sat Washington, in colossal marble; cold, severe, watchful, and with all the dignity that ever belonged to earthly hero; seeming to try his successor by a judgment almost unerring in his mortal life, and now, to the imagination at least, sublimely pure in the clearer light of a world removed from passion and prejudice. The orator, too, was demonstrative of the spirit of the hour; he had too much of the lawyer in his pleadings and his gesticulations. The speech was energetic in its exposition of future policy, but the exposition itself seemed undignified under the circumstances. It was too much like what is called in the United States a "stump" speech; an electioneering address, out of place when the post of honor has been won. But there was enough of the moral sublime in the scene taken as whole, to counterbalance or overpower this individual error of taste. That a democratic people should do nothing on this, the chief national occasion, to delight the public eye, seems anomalous; but it has been observed, that as the Americans consider government as, at best, only a necessary evil, they are not prompted to any gay or festive manifestations connected with the institution. The exercise of a keen critical spirit is not favorable to pomp and parade, which appeal to the imagination; the people are too much occupied in watching and weighing their chosen minister to care for the mere externals, and, in general, the Americans have no taste for shows, though they love show. De Tocqueville says it is because they are a commercial people, and calculate the cost. Perhaps it is rather because they are a new people, made grave by the necessity of providing and learning. When they do attempt public spectacles, such as com-

memorative processions, funerals, &c., they are mean and paltry, and the people laugh at them, even while they throng to see them, while the more instructed shun them altogether.

The national anniversary, July 4th, is the signal for everybody who can afford it to rush out of town, and the streets are filled with country people, foreigners, and children. Intensity is the law of American life; its *pabulum* is excitement, not superficial but deep and serious. When the period for this has passed—perhaps this is deferring a change to the political millennium—we may see quite another phase of character in the self-governed, who may hope by that time to be in some sense master of themselves and their destiny; a nation of philosophers, able to do what they will, and to show why they do it.

When the procession passes from the Capitol towards the "White House," it simply reverses the order of its commencement—leaving the old President at a hotel, and carrying forward the new one to his four years' palace, where he must instantly prepare to play the host, receiving anybody who chooses to call, after first having given audience to foreign ministers and other officials. The city being thronged with strangers—hundreds having walked the streets all night for want of a lodging, after every bed, chair, table and floor was packed—the rush at this first levee may be imagined. But it all goes off quietly, and after a couple of hours spent in being gazed at and shaken hands with, the tyro in sovereignty has leave to seek his private sofa, where, let us hope, his attendants shampoo his weary limbs, and

"Lap him in soft Lydian airs,"

to prepare him for next day's labors.

Meanwhile, the released man feels like a bird with wings new plumed for a flight into the warmer atmosphere of home and friends. Occupying the suite of rooms at Willard's, just vacated by the new-comer, he sits, serene and smiling, to receive, not the condolences, but the congratulations of his friends. Mr. Fillmore's trooped about him, with feelings of sincere regard, for no "accident" ever won so many golden opinions. With his grand person and gracious manner, he joins an air of dignified reserve and self-poise that inspires confidence even in a politician. This gentleman retires from office under peculiarly gratifying circumstances; for, really, nobody has a word to say against him, while, from his Cabinet, he received a testimonial of regard

such as, so far as we know, is unprecedented in the history of the United States—a letter expressive of their grateful sense of his conduct towards themselves, with the highest commendation of his fidelity and devotion as a public officer. To all this the ex-President replies, with much feeling, of which a single paragraph will give some idea of the terms in which the American chief magistrate is accustomed to live with his official advisers :

“No President was ever more fortunate than myself in the selection of his Cabinet. No manifestation of unkind feeling, or even a hard word, has ever disturbed the harmonious action of the Council Board. This cordial unanimity has not only advanced the public service, but has been at all times to me a source of unalloyed satisfaction. I shall ever reflect upon our social and official intercourse with great pleasure, and cherish, to my latest breath, the disinterested friendship with which it has been marked.”

And thus, with no attempt at state or form, the discharged official slides back into private life, to appear again at the bar or on the bench, in military or civil service, or at the plough, like a greater than Cincinnatus, Washington, who, loaded with laurels and blessings, felt it a privilege and delight once more to traverse at leisure his fields at Mount Vernon, entering with new pleasure into the minutest details of the management of his estate, and receiving his friends with the simplicity and freedom of an ordinary citizen.

Mount Vernon was named by the elder brother of Washington, who had served under the stout old Admiral. It lies some fourteen or fifteen miles below Washington, on the Potomac, or River of Swans, over whose waters the eyes of the hero of American independence were never tired of wandering. Here, in a simple family vault, lie his precious ashes, destined, in the course of time, to be placed under the huge monument now erecting to his memory in Washington—a perishable thing in comparison with the world's sense of his deserving. No traveller from any quarter but takes this hallowed spot in his way, and all ships, as they pass, lower their flags in reverential remembrance of him who sleeps below. The house he loved better than palaces still stands, though unhappily decaying. The Government should buy it and preserve it religiously, and will doubtless do so, though probably not till time has done further mischief. There is the large old rural dining-room, unornamented save by consecrated relics of the past, showing the very aspect it presented to La Fayette and all the noble brothers in arms

who used to love to gather there about their venerated chief. There is the bust of Washington, by Houdon, cast from life in 1785, grand and massive in its contour as that of the Capitoline Jove, but full of human thought, passion, and tenderness, such as the plastic art never portrayed from imagination alone. Enthusiasm sometimes asks, “When shall we look upon his like again?” but this prosperous and happy country of his love and pride may be well content to let him remain for ever unique and unapproached in his glory, since only great and terrible emergencies ever call forth—perhaps it were better to say create—such men.

The monument is designed to be, in the end, something far different from the huge mass it appears at present. Around the shaft or obelisk, which alone is begun, and which is to be carried to the height of six hundred feet, is to be built a circular temple or Pantheon, of two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, intended to contain statues and pictures of Revolutionary worthies and others who may have performed signal service to the state. Below are to rest, besides the ashes of Washington, the remains of those whom the country delights to honor; and the whole will be a centre of consecrated and ennobling national memories, to which succeeding generations may resort as to a fountain of patriotic feeling. Every State of the Union sends a block of native marble for the structure, and on each of these blocks is a characteristic, dedicatory inscription. Should this grand design reach actual consummation—which it is to be feared may not happen in our day—it may laugh at artistic criticism, and claim to be judged by its own rules; or to stand uncensured until a rival memorial shall arise, of equal magnificence and for the preservation of memories equally august. Every day sees the esteem and personal affection of the people of the United States for their first President increase, and every year adds to the numerous memorials of him which States and cities and private individuals are ambitious to possess. In New York has lately been opened a collection of pictures and works of art, called the Washington Gallery, in which are the most valued and authentic representations of the “patriot, hero, sage”—from the age of sixteen, a fine, glowing boy, to that last portrait painted in 1794, which Washington mentions in one of his letters, as the “best likeness” that had yet been made of him. He was at that time sixty-five years of age, and the muscles of his face and form had lost some of their

firmness. But the qualities for which he was most remarkable are still there: the calm self-possession, so different from coldness; the dignity so far above haughtiness; the traces of passion that had been a servant, not a master; the patience which, having had its perfect work on earth, was then humbly waiting for the award of a higher and more awful tribunal. Though not remarkable as a work of art, this picture has an especial value from having the suffrage of the great original, and because it bears in every line the evidence of simple truth.

Returning, after some digressions, which it is hoped the reader will not deem unpardonable, to the city of Washington: the Smithsonian Institute is one of the most curious objects that attract the visitor. The fruit of an English bequest, this tribute of science and benevolence to the spirit of liberty is without a parallel in its origin, and perhaps hardly more commonplace in other respects. Fanciful heads and hands had the care of details in the carrying out of Mr. Smithsonian's grand idea, and the result has been a curious specimen of the pepper-box Gothic, very pretty to look at as a decoration in the great park, but suggesting its object, and fitting its place, as little as a Chinese pagoda for a citizen's country-box, or a garden "ruin," which turns out to be a dairy. Certainly, that long array of towers, turrets, and cloisters seems ill-adapted, at first view, for purposes of science, and, unhappily, the impression of unsuitableness is by no means diminished upon interior examination. In length four hundred and fifty feet, and having an extreme breadth of one hundred and forty, it covers a vast extent of ground, compared with the available space within, since the towers are, one and all, simply useless. The fund, originally about half a million of dollars, has not as yet been encroached upon, as the building was not commenced till interest sufficient for its erection had accrued; and the design of the Regents (the President of the United States and his Cabinet, with some other high functionaries, forming this board, *ex officio*) is to divide the income into two parts, one part devoted to scientific research, and the other to the formation of a library, a general museum, and a gallery of art. The scientific branch is under very able direction, in the person of Profes-

Joseph or G. S. Henry, whose name is no stranger in Europe since his discoveries in electromagnetism, &c., and whose whole heart and soul are devoted to the studies suited to his position. Several scientific works of world-

wide value have already been published by the Institute, under his direction. The library numbers already ten thousand volumes, and is increasing very rapidly; Mr. Jewett, the assistant-secretary of the Institute, and acting librarian, being also an enthusiast in his branch. His plan for avoiding the incessant labor of amending and renewing catalogues is considered very happy. He proposes to stereotype all titles separately, and to preserve the plates in alphabetical order, inserting additional titles as need arises. This promises very much to lighten the labor of librarians, and the cost and delay of that order without which the grandest collection must become comparatively useless. The museum is as yet but a beginning, but has received some valuable scientific donations; and the gallery of art has not even been commenced, unless we reckon as its germ a few specimens, rather curious than beautiful, and a fine collection of engravings and works on art. This department will naturally fill slowly; but in this country it needs only an impetus, which some accidental cause is very likely to supply. There is a vast amount of slumbering or struggling talent in the United States, which, as circumstances become every day more favorable to its development, will, ere long, begin to make itself felt in the domain of art. In sculpture, particularly, American genius is at work, and is destined, as it would appear, to shine to a degree hardly to have been expected so early in the history of a utilitarian and unpoetical people. One obstacle to the steady and efficient encouragement of art in this country must ever be the want of permanence in private fortunes, though there will be, doubtless, in time an appreciation of really meritorious works that will prevent their proving "bad property" in the sales that inevitably follow the demise of an American millionaire. Until this point in taste is reached, few will purchase very costly works of art, and until costly, i. e. exquisite, works of art are brought to view, the public taste for it must grow slowly. All is progress here, however; and improvements that would lag elsewhere, waiting for the entire concurrence of causes, here dart forward in the most marvellous way, and under what would be total discouragements elsewhere. De Tocqueville, indeed, insists that a democratic society will be likely to produce rather a great number of middling works than a few of the highest merit. "In the confusion of ranks," he says, "every one hopes to appear what he is not, and makes great exertions to succeed in

this object. This sentiment, indeed, which is but too natural to the heart of man, does not originate in the democratic principle, but that principle applies it to material objects. Many of those who had already contracted a taste for the fine arts are impoverished; on the other hand, many who are not yet rich begin to conceive that taste, at least by imitation; and the number of consumers increases, but opulent and fastidious consumers become more scarce. The productions of artists are more numerous, but the merit of each production is diminished." This oracular writer, whose vaticinations on the New World are always worthy of respect, did not, could not, take into account circumstances which have arisen as unexpectedly and as much without precedent as the general condition of the people whose tendencies he analyzed with so much philosophical acumen twenty years ago. The increase of wealth since that time has been such as no theories had supposed, and foreign travel has become the every-day occurrence among people who do not even belong to the wealthy class. That proximity to Europe which M. de Tocqueville thought would tend to render the American satisfied with imported works of art, has but warmed his taste and increased

his knowledge of such productions to a point which will force him to attempt to become himself an artist. What he will originate, if originality be any longer possible, remains to be seen; what he has done is sufficient to prove that he is not going to be satisfied with an occasional view or an imperfect reproduction of the treasures of European galleries.

We must hardly quit the Federal City without mention of one of its most important central advantages, the National Observatory, which the country owes to that very original person, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who underwent, in his advocacy of it, an amount of derision which was almost persecution, but which only incited his bull-dog pertinacity to a more fixed determination. Up to his day, the Americans were entirely dependent on Europe for nautical data and meteorological observations. At present, under the care of Lieutenant Maury, the whole round of necessary instruments, and the skill required for their best use, are at home, and constantly occupied in valuable labors. The great equatorial telescope, in its revolving dome, is but one of the grand and costly appliances already collected in this great building, which scornful unbelievers used to call Mr. Adams' "lighthouse in the skies."

LORD BROUGHAM

WITH A PORTRAIT.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, philosopher, law-reformer, statesman, and critic, has, in these various characters, drawn upon himself, perhaps, more public attention than any man of his times. Mr. Henry Brougham, father of his Lordship, was educated at Eton, England, and distinguished himself there as a classical scholar; his verses may be found in the "*Musæ Etonenses*." He was entered at Gray's Inn, and appears to have kept some terms, but was never called to the bar. While travelling in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with Miss Eleanor Syme, niece to Robertson, the historian, and having married that lady, he took up his abode in the house of the Earl of Buchan, No. 10, St. Andrew's Square, where the subject of this sketch was born.

The young Henry received his preliminary education at the high-school of his native city; and at the early age of fifteen entered its university. He devoted himself with great

ardor to the study of mathematics; and about a year after his matriculation transmitted to the Royal Society a paper on an optical subject, which that learned body adjudged worthy of a place in its "*Transactions*." After leaving the university, he made a tour in Holland and Prussia, and on his return settled down for a time in Edinburgh, practising till 1807 at the Scottish bar, and enlivening his leisure by debating at the celebrated Speculative Society.

While thus nerving himself for greater efforts, he was called to appear before the House of Lords as one of the counsel for Lady Essex Ker, whose family laid claim to the dukedom of Roxburgh.

In 1807, he permanently left his native city; was shortly called to the bar by the society of Lincoln's Inn, and soon acquired a considerable practice. In 1810, he addressed the House of Lords two days, as counsel for a body of English merchants, who were ag-

grieved by the orders in council issued in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees.

In 1810, he entered Parliament for the borough of Camelford, then under the influence of the Earl of Darlington, and attached himself to the Whig opposition. Here his energies were directed chiefly to the slavery question, in conjunction with Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Grenville Sharpe.

In 1812, Parliament was dissolved; and on contesting Liverpool with Mr. Canning, he lost the election, an event which excluded him from Parliament for four years, during which the lately-repealed corn laws were enacted.

In 1816, the Earl of Darlington's influence was again employed to procure him a seat in Parliament—this time for the borough of Winchelsea.

In 1820, Mr. Brougham, who had been appointed Attorney-General, had the honor of conducting the defence of Queen Caroline, in which he was successful, and became, in consequence, a popular idol. In the same year, he introduced a bill to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales, the provisions of which have not yet ceased to excite discussion, from the general power they were designed to give to the Church of England clergymen of every parish in the direction of free education.

Believing, when Mr. Canning took office, in the spring of 1823, that he had resolved to sacrifice the cause of Catholic emancipation, which he had always maintained in words, Mr. Brougham accused him in the House, on April 17, of the "most monstrous truckling for office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present." At the sound of these words, Canning started to his feet, and cried, "It is false!" A dead calm ensued, which lasted some seconds. The Speaker interposed his authority, the words were retracted, with the aid of friends the quarrel was composed, and both gentlemen were declared to have acted magnanimously, as they shortly after shook hands in the House.

From this period till the reform crisis of 1830, Mr. Brougham labored energetically and fearlessly in the cause of freedom and the rights of conscience. In the struggle of 1820, which ended in the emancipation act, he bore an honorable part; and in supporting the Wellington and Peel Cabinet on this question, increased still more his popularity. He was member for Knarborough, when the death of George IV. occasioned a general election; and he had sufficient confidence in public opinion to offer himself to the constituency of the great county of York, a body

whose favors, it had been the custom to believe, were not to be accorded to any candidate not boasting high birth or splendid connections. He was triumphantly returned to Parliament, and took his seat, the acknowledged chief of the liberal party in the House of Commons. Flushed with success, he vigorously attacked the Cabinet, and while indignantly alluding to the Duke of Wellington's imprudent declaration against all reform, he exclaimed, pointing to Sir Robert Peel, "Him we scorn not—it is you we scorn; you, his mean, base, fawning parasite!" The calm and ordinarily imperturbable baronet leaped from his seat, and, in his most contemptuous manner, angrily declared that he was the parasite of no man living. The scene which followed terminated in the usual parliamentary manner. The Tory Ministry was very shortly compelled to resign.

In the new Whig Cabinet which was to succeed, it was naturally expected that Brougham would find a place. The country was, therefore, somewhat mystified by several eager and uncalled-for declarations on his part, that under no circumstances would he take office, and particularly by his notice in the House, that he would bring on his reform motion, whoever might be in power. It was asserted by his enemies that he was standing out for terms. His name, however, appeared duly in the ministerial list, and great was the astonishment of Whigs and Tories that the tribune of the people had become at once a lord and a chancellor. In the Upper House his appearance was dreaded as the spectre of revolution. For a long time his Lordship took no pains to conciliate these fears, but rather seemed to wanton in the indulgence of an oratory so strange as his to the floor of the House of Lords. In the debates on the Reform Bill, he found many opportunities of inveighing against prescription to an audience every member of which sat in his place by hereditary privilege; and it was with peculiar unction he told them more than once, that the aristocracy, with all their castles, manors, rights of warren, and rights of chase, and their broad acres, reckoned at fifty years' purchase, "were not for a moment to be weighed against the middle classes of England." This declaration is the key to his political career; it was the power of the middle classes rather than that of the multitude that he sought to raise.

During and after the passing of the Reform Bill, he exerted himself to realize a favorite idea of law-reform, which has since found its nearest expression in the county

courts now established. In June, 1830, he introduced a measure, the declared object of which was to bring justice home to every man's door, at all times of the year, by the establishment of local courts. By this bill the law of arbitration was to be extended; a general local jurisdiction established, and courts of reconciliation were to be introduced. A succession of bills for reforming proceedings in bankruptcy were afterwards introduced by Brougham, who, from his accession to the House of Lords to the last session of Parliament, has labored for the improvement of the law, with a zeal almost reaching enthusiasm.

From 1830 to 1834 he shared the early popularity and subsequent discredit of the Whig Cabinet, but in the poor-law debate drew upon himself a peculiar measure of reprobation, by a frequent, minute, and evidently complacent iteration of the Malthusian doctrines embodied in the new bill, and was attacked with vigor and virulence by *The Times*. He denounced, in the most explicit terms, all establishments offering a refuge and solace to old age, because that is before all men; he thought accident-wards very well; dispensaries, perhaps, might be tolerable; but sick-hospitals were decidedly bad institutions.

The energetic repressive policy pursued towards Ireland, and the prosecution and transportation of the Dorchester laborers, were defended by Brougham, and drew down much unpopularity upon the Whigs; and on Nov. 4, 1834, upon the death of Earl Spencer, the King took advantage of the altered public feeling to dismiss the Whig Cabinet.

On the construction of the Melbourne Cabinet, Brougham was left out of the ministerial combination, and has never since served the crown in the capacity of an adviser. His parliamentary career was henceforth one of desultory warfare; at one moment he was carrying confusion into the ranks of his old friends, the Whigs; at another, attacking the close Tory phalanx. He several times brought forward the subject of the corn-laws, whose iniquity he exposed with great power and fervency, and fought the battle of repeal with eagerness and irregularity to the last.

The session of 1850 exhibited his Lordship as the same eccentric, inscrutable speaker as ever. He both supported and attacked the Great Industrial Exhibition, then in projection for the following year; deprecated the commission of inquiry into the state of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and attacked with almost wild fury those who were seeking to abolish expensive sinecure appointments.

Inconsistency is the first feature in this statesman's character, which the brilliancy of his talents only makes more apparent. He has written to depreciate the negro's capacity for civilization, and yet toiled for years to procure his freedom. In 1816, he endorsed the protectionist fallacy, and wailed over the ruin resulting to agriculture from an abundant harvest; in 1835, he was opposing the corn-laws; and in 1845, again inveighing against the Anti-corn-law League, and calling for the prosecution of its chief members. In 1823, he hurled the thunder of his eloquence upon Austria and Russia, "the eternal and implacable enemies of freedom;" and in 1850 was praising their clemency, and even urging an alliance with the Czar. He is now the champion of aristocracies, but in 1848 sought to become a citizen of republican France.

His literary and scientific labors can only be slightly sketched. Having enrolled his name with scientific writers, in 1802 he became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, then just started by Jeffrey and Smith, and continued for many years some of the most pungent criticisms in that renowned work. In 1803, he published his treatise on the colonial policy of the European powers, a brilliant performance, to which the progress of events has left but one utility, that of a waymark in the development of Brougham's opinions. In 1821, he took a very prominent part in the movement originated by Dr. Birkbeck for naturalizing the mechanics' institutes in England, speaking and writing in their favor. He was the principal founder of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and composed several of the treatises in the series, as well as articles for its *Penny Magazine*, with a special view to the wants of the million. On his loss of office in 1834, he bethought himself of making a reputation in metaphysical as well as natural science, and undertook to illustrate and expand Paley's great work on "Natural Theology," with less success than his talents had justified the world in expecting. He has further published "Lives of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.;" and also three or four volumes called "Political Philosophy." A volume of "Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate" belongs rather to oratory than to literature.

His Lordship, except during the sitting of Parliament, resides chiefly at Cannes, in the south of France, where he has a château. His last winter, however, was passed at Brougham Hall, where he was detained by the state of his health.



ENGRAVED BY S. SAMPSON

J. C. L. G. H. A. R. T.

MANAGER FOR THE ASSOCIATED MANAGERS

